

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Tears will fill the eyes of many a woman in the parched inland country when she sees this beautiful picture. Flowers are the pride of every woman's home in the cities and in the more favored country districts. But the worst heartache of the dry regions is the—

FLOWER TIME

—absence of flowers. This delightful camera study reveals all the magic of acistaria in springtime. It portrays also that other miracle—a beautiful Australian girl in the springtime of life. She is Miss Barbara Chapman, of Sydney.

—Australian Women's Weekly photo.

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No paper in Australia offers such a variety of competitions and features, whereby readers can earn pocket-money for themselves, while having a lot of fun, as does The Australian Women's Weekly.

£100 a week has been set aside for distribution among readers, and every class of reader is catered for.

OF this amount, £75 is for a weekly Couplets competition, details of which appear on page 42. First winners will be announced next week.

The balance of £25 weekly is paid for other prize-winning features. Here are the names of this week's winners:

SO THEY SAY

Miss Gertrude Gardiner, 43 Little Collins Street, Melbourne	£1
Miss Eva Bowman, 35 Powlett Street, East Melbourne	£1
Mrs. E. M. Jackson, Middleton Street, Highgate, S.21, Vic.	£1
Mrs. C. Morris, 4 Myrtle Court, Myrtle Street, Cron's Neck, N.S.W.	£1
Mrs. C. A. Beveridge, 22 Shadforth Street, Mooran, N.S.W.	£1
Edith Paradise, 4 Princess Street, Cammerbury, N.S.W.	£1
Miss C. M. Robertson, 34 Elizabeth Street, Hildesheim, S.A. Vic.	£1
Miss K. Tully, 15 Jupiter Street, South Caulfield, S.E.2, Vic.	£1
Miss F. Taylor, Stanley Avenue, Coblenham, Vic.	£1
Miss J. Brock, 28 Baywater Road, King's Cross, Sydney	£1

THINGS THAT HAPPEN

Mr. Joseph Molloy, Glebe Road, Newtown, Newch. Qld.	£1
Miss W. Brew, 30 Lyons Road, Ballarat, Vic.	7/6
Miss B. McEneaney, The Entrance, Tuggerah Lakes, N.S.W.	7/6
Miss T. H. Fletcher, "Strathaven," Walecha Road, N.S.W.	7/6
Miss M. Evers, 31 Fairfax Road, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.	7/6
J. O. Paynter, 2 Garden Street, Hawthorne, Vic.	7/6
E. Squire, Bellevue Terrace, South Yowong, Qld.	7/6

BRAINWAVES

Mr. W. O. Donnelly, 43 Derwent Street, Glisbe, Sydney	£1
M. Hazen, 274 Miller Street, North Sydney	5/-
Mrs. Rep. Dimmock, Adam Street, West Maitland, N.S.W.	5/-
Mrs. E. Muir, 39 Nolan Street, Frankston, Vic.	5/-
Mrs. Ma. Bette, P.O. Hurst Bridge, Vic.	5/-
Mrs. J. Keith, Eldon Weir, via Alexandria, Vic.	5/-

BEST RECIPES

Mrs. R. Bagnall, c/o Mrs. Youll, Park Street, Woy Woy	£1
Miss F. Freudenberg, 175 Lutwyche Road, Windsor, Brisbane	£1
Mrs. W. Brady, Wendesore, Ballarat, Vic.	£1
Mrs. G. Dent, Spring Vale, Bombala, N.S.W.	£1
Mrs. A. R. Paul, 1 Plummer Road, Merton, Vic.	£1

CLEVER IDEAS

Miss D. Tollington, 223 Liverpool Street, Darlinghurst, Sydney	£1
Miss P. Gordon, Jessie Street, Armidale, N.S.W.	5/-
Miss D. M. Tappenden, 56 Fort Street, Maryborough, Qld.	5/-
Miss M. M. Mair, Denbigh Road, Armadale, Melbourne	5/-
Miss E. Bennett, Hargrave Road, South Brisbane	5/-
Mrs. A. H. Thomas, 59 Dickens Street, Elwood, Vic.	5/-
Mrs. A. Holland, 20 Barton Street, Mayfield, N.S.W.	5/-

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Daphne Kieley, 31 West Street, Hurstville, N.S.W.	£1
Stan Broomham, 53 Robert Street, Wolloughby, N.S.W.	10/-
Jean Gordon, 148 Jessie Street, Armidale, N.S.W.	10/-

It costs nothing to enter these novel competitions. See details under each feature throughout the paper.

Flat LIFE... or High LIFE?

When Girls Live Away From Home

A CONTROVERSIAL statement has recently been made in Brisbane by the president of an important organisation, the National Council of Women.

She disapproves of the custom of young women living in flats, especially when they could, if they wished, live in their own homes.

When their homes are too far distant to be of use to them, she suggests that young women should live in the hostels conducted for their habitation, or even in boarding-houses.

"Why shouldn't a girl have her own flat if she can afford one?" was an opinion expressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, by a business girl. "Or share one with other girls, if she wishes to keep down expenses?"

"Presumably the idea is that parental propinquity ensures propriety, or conversely, that opportunity makes orgies, so to speak!"



Heave-ho there GIRLS!

Typing is as Hard as Stoking

To look at an office full of dainty typists, clicking away at their keyboards, you wouldn't think you were watching a great display of physical energy.

IT is generally thought that a typist is doing light work. However, the recent Business Efficiency Exhibition in London tells a different story, according to cables.

In designing new typewriters, manufacturers are being guided by experts who have proved that each typist, in an eight-hour day, uses as much energy as a fireman stoking a boiler for three hours.

So every effort is being made to create machines which are as easy and as noiseless to work as possible.

An industrial statistician arrived at this conclusion after a series of metabolic experiments.

When the human body uses energy, it gives off heat. By using a specially prepared chamber, in which a typist could sit and work, it is possible to measure fairly accurately the amount of energy used typing or doing other work.

The typewriter which uses the least energy is said to be the all electric machine, but it requires a special technique. The merest touch of the fingers on the keys operates the type face.



A firm of British typewriter makers are featuring a machine, with improved lighter touch, which is claimed to take off forty tons a day from a typist's work.

Will Husbands be Allowed?

The news that Australia may be visited by an English women's cricket team lends itself to a good deal of thoughtful pen-chewing.

THERE will be some knotty problems to be decided before starting.

For instance, what of the so-called baggage man? Will the women cope with the multifarious hand boxes that will be an indispensable adjunct to their tour with the same force with which they wield the bat and ball?

A husband is the obvious answer to this query, but, in accordance with the ruling that forbids the wives to accompany their husbands, one assumes that husbands will not be allowed to accompany wives. We understand that members of the team will be required to sign a form on which they declare that neither husband nor any member of the family will travel with the team, nor be in the country while the team is there.

Baggage Man Theory
THEN, of course, there arises the stipulation regarding the actual

If Women's Cricket Team Comes Here

duties of the baggage man, if any. It will add a certain risk to the position when he is called upon to disclose the contents of the luggage for Customs duty, to adjust leggings and generally act as a sort of super-valet.

English ruling draws a definite line between amateurs and professionals. The former, par example, will be addressed as Miss Montmorency-Morgan, while the latter is just plain Brown.

Touching the deplorable subject of bodyline bowling, no doubt they will be guided by the eventual pronouncement of the M.C.C., but the fact that the Australian women's cricket team includes something in the nature of a surplus of fast bowlers might act as a deterrent in the matter—if, of course, that desirable boyish silhouette receives due consideration from the stalwarts of the women's sporting circles.

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What of Barracking

Then there is the question of barracking. To be forced to face the scurrilous comments of an uncontrolled Australian mob, as depicted by our recent opponents, might well cause the stoutest female heart to quail.

The Australian team will also have weighty considerations to discuss. The members' stand, with its bar facilities will, we presume, be placed at the exclusive disposal of women players and ticket-holders, while the men occupy the ladies' stand and are even forbidden to smoke.

The personal element is one which certainly must not be allowed to intrude. The greatest tact will, therefore, be needed in dealing with fine, square and long legs, slips—and silly point!

He's KNITTED For 78 YEARS

A MAN of 85, who learned to knit when he was only seven years of age, outshone all women competitors in a knitting competition at the recent Melbourne Royal Show.

Mr. Horsnell, of "Corop," Elmore, carried off first prize for a knitted shawl. Mr. Horsnell, who spent more than half a century working on a chaff-cutter, made a hobby of knitting, which he learned 78 years ago.

He is now 85 years of age—a typical old bushman.

He knits practically with one hand, one needle being held firmly on one side. He does most of his work during the winter months when he is to be found busily at work before a fire that seems strongly out of proportion to the little cabin that shelters him.

Mr. Horsnell knitted a cotton quilt with 14lbs. of cotton for the Jubilee Exhibition, but at the last moment he decided, for fear of losing the work, that he would not display it.

The quilt occupied nine months in the making, and is now one of the treasures of the family.

He also knits scarves, cardigans, and sweaters, but says he has given up knitting socks. One of the veteran's claims is an ability to knit socks with wool straight from the sheep's back.

Lionello CECIL is HAPPY

His Baby To Be Born Here

Mr. Cecil, the Australian tenor of Italian fame, is a happy man. Not only is he to sing to his own people, but he has arrived in Sydney with his Italian wife, just in time for their first child to be born on Australian soil.

"It will be a real dinkie-di Australian kid," said Mr. Cecil enthusiastically.

Though the sun has not been shining much since he arrived back, after 20 years abroad, nothing can dampen his joy.

Known as Lionello Cecil to his Italian Opera fans, the tenor's real name is Cecil Sherwood. He is a Sydney Grammar School boy.

Maestro Wando Aldravanti and Signor Franco Izzi have brought him to Sydney to sing in their season of 26



MRS. CECIL

grand operas, which are to be produced by them for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, starting this week with "Mefistofele."

For a man who has lived away from his native land for so long, it is wonderful to return and make comparisons.

The standing of singers in Italy is entirely different to here, according to Mr. Cecil. In Milan, where he lives, he has to obtain an annual syndicate



LIONELLO CECIL'S Union Ticket.

ticket before he can perform. Opera tenors are placed in the same category as workmen by Mussolini.

Italy has treated the Australian generously, however, and he has no complaints.

When he goes back to Milan he will take an Australian baby with him.

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Let's Talk Of—
INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .



MRS. L. KLOOT.
—Dickinson-Montezoth.

MRS. L. KLOOT was for three years president of the Federation of Mothers' Clubs in Victoria, and is still a very active member of the executive. She is the Federation's representative in the Children's Cinema Council, of which she is chairman, and a member of the committee of the National Safety Council.

Mrs. Kloot holds a Lady Literate Art degree of the University of St. Andrews in Scotland, which was the first University to grant degrees to women.

She has always been interested in child welfare since she was a teacher in London.

As president of the Council of Jewish Women, Mrs. Kloot has been very busy working for a big bazaar which raised \$120 for the United Jewish Education Board.



A LABOR LEADER

MUCH of the success of the Six-Hour Day demonstration and street procession in Sydney on Monday was due to the organising ability of Miss Carmel Nyhan, the first woman to hold the responsible office of president of the organising committee.

A fine platform speaker, Miss Nyhan, who is organiser for the Shop Assistants' Union, is prominently associated with the Labor movement in New South Wales, and is at present devoting much of her time to the Six-Hour Art Union and the "Popular Lady" competition, both of which are being conducted by her committee.



MRS. MARIAN GLASS BANNISTER.

WOMEN overseas seem to be admitted more frequently into prominent public positions than they do in Australia, as is evidenced by the examples of Margaret Bondfield, Lady Violet Astor, Miss Perkins (U.S.A.), and Miss Francis Robinson (U.S.A.).

Another American woman has recently sprung into prominence. She is Mrs. Marian Glass Bannister, who has done outstanding work in politics and now has the distinction of having been appointed assistant Treasurer of the U.S.A. Treasury.

Mrs. Bannister is the first of her sex to hold such a responsible position in Government finance circles.

The PATH from the ALTAR to DIVORCE

It is said that one bride in every twelve ends up in the Courts.



Women in All States Discuss Problem

IN two States, Queensland and Victoria, the question of a uniform divorce law for the whole of Australia is again being urged.

In New South Wales attention has been centred on the proposed new law to extend grounds of divorce as follows:—

- (1) Cases of insanity after three years.
- (2) Where the parties have been separated for seven years.

Every law for easy divorce in one State concerns the other States, because of the ease with which couples can move from one State to another. Furthermore, a uniform Federal law, when enacted, will only be influenced by the most advanced State legislation.

From the discussions in all the States it is evident that the majority of women's organisations adopt a practical attitude to the general question of divorce. As far as the proposed N.S.W. law is concerned, the two most representative bodies in the State, the National Council of Women and the United Associations, would appear to approve it in principle, with certain reservations in regard to insanity.

An article by a lawyer, dealing with the proposed N.S.W. law, appears on page four.

THE National Council of Women in N.S.W. has made no official pronouncement concerning the bill.

At the last meeting of the executive the findings and discussions of the Federal council, held five years ago, were revived, in view of the present interest in divorce, and the executive affirmed the principles of insanity and separation as causes, but considered that the term of insanity should be at least five or seven years, and that at least three doctors should have certified incurability.

No definite statement of policy could be made without a general meeting of delegates.

A DEPUTATION from the United Associations which waited on the Minister for Justice, Mr. Martin, expressed approval of the principle of divorce on the grounds of insanity, but suggested additional safeguards for the protection of persons becoming insane during marriage.

In regard to the bill generally, the deputation made a number of other important suggestions. Mrs. A. Outlaw, hon. secretary, informs The Australian Women's Weekly that the following requests were made:—

- (1) The Minister to make the subject of the bill a Government measure.

Divorce is the second doorway to happiness; or else the doorway from unhappiness. And the figure most often found on its threshold is a woman.

Three out of every four divorce petitions are brought by women.

Momentous changes in the divorce laws are being discussed by women's organisations at present.

- (2) To extend the clauses of the bill to provide for divorce after two years of abandonment of the common home.
- (3) That the law as regards domicile should be amended to allow the wife to establish her own domicile by living three years in the State. (It was pointed out that at present a wife, in order to obtain a divorce, has to prove the domicile of her husband and petition for a divorce in the State or country where he is permanently resident.)
- (4) To repeal Section 84 of the Matrimonial Causes Act, which prohibits collusion.

The Minister received the deputation sympathetically and promised to give careful consideration to the points put forward by the United Associations.

In England, Too

A CABLE this week stated that a Divorce Bill which was passed by the House of Lords but rejected by the Commons, is to be reintroduced.

Additional grounds of divorce are provided by the bill as follows: Three years' desertion, incurable insanity, habitual drunkenness and drug-taking.

law, met with a very mixed reception. The State president, Mrs. J. Knight, moved instead that the W.C.T.U. fall into line with the National Council of Women and express its approval, except that the clause regarding insanity should be extended from three to at least ten years, and that certification signed by at least three independent qualified medical men should be necessary before the divorce was granted.

Opinion was so strongly divided, however, that discussion was adjourned for a day. On the resumption of the debate delegates were still divided, some expressing entire disapproval of divorce, while others inclined to admit circumstances under which it should be permissible.

Finally, a resolution was carried disagreeing with the proposals contained in the bill as they stand at present.

Ideas on Divorce

AT the annual meeting of the National Council of Women in Brisbane, Mrs. Cumbræ-Stewart, the president,

Proposed New Law Excites Big Debate

made many interesting and provocative remarks.

One of these was, "We do not want laws that will make it easy to obtain divorce."

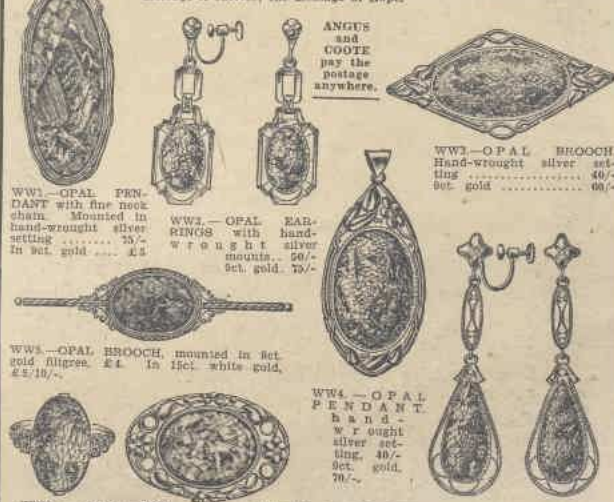
This has been publicly commented on by Mrs. Irene Longman, formerly a member of Parliament in Queensland. She agrees with the justice of the demand that uniform divorce laws should operate throughout the Commonwealth, but spoke of the excellent system which governs these matters in Scandinavia.

If both husband and wife wished for the divorce, they told the court so, and were bidden to wait for a year. The divorce was granted at once, if, at the end of the year they were both still anxious to live apart. Often the people concerned changed their minds on mature reflection. If only one—the husband or the wife—sought release, then he or she must wait for two years, when the divorce would be granted.

(Please turn to Page 4)

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Girls FLY Into The NEWS AGAIN

First Woman Air Instructor & Pilot of Sweet Seventeen

A new zip has been given to women's aviation activities in Australia by Miss Freda Thompson, the first woman in the Commonwealth to win her instructor's ticket.

Although she is not attached to any particular aerodrome as instructress, the idea of being taught to fly by a woman will no doubt have its appeal.

MISS THOMPSON comes from Melbourne, and was winging her way to Sydney, last week end, to take part in the air pageant at Mascot.

Heavy rain and black clouds buffeted her plane, forcing her to stay at Goulburn, and ultimately drove her back to Melbourne.

Interviewed while at Goulburn by The Australian Women's Weekly, Miss Thompson said:

"One sees things from such a different angle in the air, but what gives me the greatest thrill is knowing that I can be at one town in the morning, and by the afternoon I may have travelled over hundreds of miles of country to be in another."

She said she did not consider that there was anything particularly exciting about flying, and no sensation was felt more than any other.

"In fact," she added, "I don't really remember any outstanding sensation, not even in my first trip."

MOST air pageants in Australia and all in Victoria have this courageous flier among their competitors.

Sydney enthusiasts were disappointed that she was not with them last Saturday.

It is three years since Miss Thompson obtained her "ticket" to fly, under the tutelage of Mr. W. E. Gardner, but it is less than a week since she was issued her "ticket of instruction" by the Defence Department.

Miss Thompson deplored the fact that more women did not take up flying.

"It is rather remarkable that so few do," she said, "for a number of girls have won their tickets, but they have just let it drop."

At Sydney Air Pageant

MISS JEAN GARDINER, a well-known N.S.W. woman pilot flew from her home, "Bridgeella," Baradine, to Sydney to take part in the Aero Club's pageant last week-end. Miss Gardiner owns her own plane, and has the hangar at her home.

Flying is her one and only sport or recreation, and she is quite sure that aviation will become very popular among the women of Australia.

In the Aerial Handicap Miss Gardiner came second, but was disqualified for exceeding the time stated. She is leaving again this week to take part in the Aerial Derby to be held in South Australia.

Pilot of Sweet Seventeen

MISS NANCY DE LA W BIRD, of Manly, is the youngest girl pilot in Australia.

Last week she obtained her license, and broke the record by obtaining this after only seven hours' tuition. Only 17 now, she decided two years ago to save her allowance until she could pay for her lessons.

She now wants to win a ground engineer's license, so she leaves home in the early hours of the morning and



MISS FREDA THOMPSON, the Melbourne aviatrix, who was recently awarded an instructor's license. She has had extensive experience in aviation, including blind and night flying, aerobatics, and cross-country work.

spends all day at the aerodrome at Mascot.

Both Miss Gardiner and Miss Bird consider there is absolutely no risk in flying, but that the expense stops a lot of women taking it up.

A GIRL... A MEDAL and some ITALIANS

A MELBOURNE daily paper protested very indignantly this week about Italians who had dared to accept employment as stone-workers at the Shrine of Remembrance.

In the same issue a cable records the striking of a bronze medallion of Mussolini by Dora Olsen, sister of H.C.A., the father of Australian football, married a German engineer, Bagge.

He installed Ballarat's water supply, and laid down Sydney's sewerage system, and later retired to Minto, near Pictou.

Dora, who has a classic profile and a snow-white Eton crop, was English teacher to the Czar's children, and later went to Italy to take up sculpture. She made the Italian National War Memorial.

She has an inspector in the N.S.W. Health Department, a Bachelor of Music, and a blonde for sisters.

We can imagine the outcry from the same daily if Italy had protested about our sculptress. "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own," seems to be the philosophy of a good many Australians.

Photographs seen and liked in The Australian Women's Weekly may be purchased from the photography department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

PATH to DIVORCE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

Bill From Women's Point of View

By a LAWYER

YOU all know of the fuss over Mr. A. S. Henry's Bill to amend the N.S.W. Marriage Act by making insanity and separation for seven years grounds for divorce.

You have seen the protest of the six Anglican Bishops. Nothing surprising there, of course. The Churches have always disliked divorce, no matter what the grounds.

Poor Mr. Henry, who introduced the Bill in the N.S.W. Parliament, is getting few thanks (except from newspaper correspondents), and is standing up to a lot of verbal brickbats. The thing that the average politician fears most is a charge of interfering with the sanctity of the marriage tie. And that is what a lot of people tell Mr. Henry he is doing.

The truth is that New South Wales is behind the other States in its attitude to insanity as a ground for divorce. It is behind Victoria, for instance.

They don't make rash experiments over there, and Victoria has not yet adopted the "restitution" decree as a means to divorce. A husband or wife who leaves the conjugal roof in Victoria has to stay away for three years before the deserted party can, unless adultery is also charged, take action.

But Victoria decided, about 12 years ago, that when insanity of husband or wife has lasted for five years, the other party can be freed by law from the matrimonial bond.

N.S.W. Into Line

Queensland, Western Australia, and South Australia have also made insanity for a term of years a ground of divorce. Mr. Henry's Bill, if carried, will bring New South Wales into line.

THERE is no certainty that the Bill will be carried.

When he asked leave to introduce it, on the 12th of last month, there was only qualified approval from the Minister of Justice (Mr. Martin), and straight-out opposition from the Labor benches.

MOST of the objections voiced so far have been against the insanity clauses of the Bill.

The other proposed ground for divorce, separation for seven years or upwards, is less controverted.

If agreed to, it will be a new departure so far as the Australian States are concerned, though it is law in New Zealand that when the parties have been separated for three years, for whatever reason, either party can apply to the Court for a divorce.

In their joint protest, the six Bishops concentrate on the insanity provision. "All earlier legislation," they state, "was rightly based on the principle that an application for divorce must be founded on some violation of the marriage contract."

If you examine this reasoning you will see it means that people who suffer from an ill-assorted marriage should never be allowed an escape until one or other of them has done wrong. The outlet through the divorce court is a reward for the guilty, and never for the innocent. It is hard for the layman to see how this doctrine can tend either to preservation of public morals, or regard for the marriage tie.

Natural Fear

THE fear that injustice will be done to mentally afflicted wives is natural and understandable. There is one thing to bear in mind, however.

The husband's obligation to maintain a wife from whom he has been freed—that is to say, an innocent wife—will be no less than it is now, whether she is sane or insane.

Another reassuring factor is that the last word, even if insanity is made a ground for divorce, will be with the judge. And our judges are humane, understanding men.

They will have to be satisfied before granting a decree under the new conditions—even if they become law—that it is no "put up job," but a case of hopeless mental alienation, and that the husband is not to avoid, so far as his means permit, making provision for his afflicted ex-wife.

Wanted—Uniform Laws

THE Victorian Women's Citizens' Movement, at a luncheon last week, carried the following resolution:

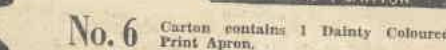
"That the V.W.C.M. expresses keen distress that no uniform Federal marriage and divorce law has yet been enacted, although frequent representations have been made in the matter. The obvious necessity of such an act is shown in the recent case where an innocent woman and her children must bear the stigma of illegitimacy in the State where they are resident. We pray that the necessary action may be immediately taken."

The resolution has been forwarded to the Federal Attorney-General.

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Falling STAR



It is a Los Angeles ritual that stars shall be feted at a supper party, on the night of a successful Hollywood premiere.

So when the big gold curtain swept its way across the Phoenix Picture Palace Theatre stage and drew to a close the premiere of the film, "Hardogon," featuring Oliver Dent, handsomest man in the world, and Ria Nara, Sam Houston, one of the Phoenix Film Company producers, slipped out of his seat to make arrangements.

Sam had witnessed the little comedy which had been acted outside the theatre before the performance, when Oliver Dent arrived for the show with Donca Morescu on his arm, instead of his co-star, Ria Nara, whom all the crowd had expected to see. But Sam did not realise the full bitterness of the comedy...

...and how bitter comedy can be... for he did not know that, during the screening of "Hardogon," Ria Nara had been Oliver's lover. He did not know that Oliver's arrival at the premiere with Donca, a one-time favorite of the silent film days, was the handsome young star's first definite intimation to Ria Nara that the affair between them was over.

Oliver had met Donca in Paris, and had been captivated by her amazing vitality and charm, even though she was much older than himself.

Donca had come back to Hollywood rejuvenated, and with a new talkie-proof accent. She was determined to recapture her former popularity, and she had started by winning the love of the screen's most popular man. It was a good start.

Ria Nara, dark and sullen eyed, had watched the triumph of the premiere being snatched away from her by her rival, Donca Morescu, the Rumanian. But, lacking the noise and sharp wit

"That's that," said Eisenlohr out loud. "I wanted him to-night, the fool. Who was the girl? ... Was she any-one?"

"No one," said the attendant, who was a cynic. "Just another 'extra,' name of Frances Dee. She looked as though she had fainted from starvation."

Eisenlohr shook the thought from him as though it were a damp coat. No doubt Aldens would try and make him use the girl in their next production, but she would have to take her chance with the rest. The film industry was not a charitable institution. Nobody had asked this Frances Dee to come to Hollywood. It was her own fault if she starved. Her real place was probably at home, in a country town, helping her mother shell peas.

Eisenlohr felt suddenly enraged with the Frances Dees of Hollywood. Damn them, he thought to himself, and damn Aldens, too, and damn Oliver Dent for bringing his love affairs into business.

An attendant handed him his hat. "And damn you, too," said Eisenlohr. "Thank you, Mr. Eisenlohr, sir," said the attendant. "Mr. Houston is waiting for you to join the supper party."

"BOYS," called Sam Houston as he entered the room of the One Hundred and Eleven Club, where a poker-game was in full swing, "boys, what a night! I will remember this night even when I am as old as Laemmle Sr. Give me a drink, Henri. Bet your boots Donca was there! One hundred per cent, she was there. And when anybody tells you

that Donca's through, I'll tell you—I, Sam Houston—that she's anything but through. She's great! Our publicity men got nervous prostration. Ask Keller—he'll tell you. MacOrhan has to go to Palm Springs for two weeks to recuperate from the jolt. And little Joe is about done. Whose fault

"Women are wonderful animals," said Sam, "and we don't know a damn thing about them yet."

three cases, and got the whole thing done, and then we all spread out in the lobby and invited the crowd to the feast. I went over to Oliver and whispered to him my little story. He puckered his face—you know, with his upper lip—took on a very English air, and said: 'If Donca wants to come along, I will.'

"And Donca, one hundred per cent, Donca, said: 'I will come, if Ria Nara is not invited.'

"Donca," I said to her, "Donca, my angel, after all, to-day Ria Nara was the star. And you can't forbid her to come to the supper; you, a guest! A dear guest, it's true. We were all very happy to see you again. Your black hair fits you wonderfully. But Ria Nara has got to come to this supper!"

"Very well," Donca answered, "but then I don't come. I have always preferred suppers in tete-a-tete. I am taking Oliver with me. Have your supper without us." Ria Nara was already in Bill's car and on the way to the Ambassador! So I catch up with Bill and tell him, 'Oliver won't come, and tell him why. Well, you know Bill. Stubborn as a mule. Give me another drink, Henri.'

Illustrated by Boothroyd



Donca in sheer silk pyjamas stood by the water's edge. She heard a short splash in the swimming pool and suppressed laughter. It was Oliver, slender and golden. . . .

of the other woman, she was wise enough to keep her head and not make a scene... in front of the crowd. However, by the time the performance was over her endurance had reached its limit.

Eisenlohr, the surprising German producer of the Phoenix Company, was also out of his seat as soon as the gold curtain dropped. He excused himself from his companions and made an obstacle-race-like attempt to get into the aisle. Having succeeded, he steered his way through knots of people to a back row of seats, where he thought he would find Aldens. But his fellow-countryman, whom he had brought from Germany to make a star, but who had only succeeded in becoming an "extra," had gone.

Outside in the lobby Eisenlohr made inquiries. A waiting-room attendant told him that Aldens had come out of the theatre before the performance was over, carrying in his arms a girl with platinum blonde hair. She had fainted. He had left her with one of the women attendants to revive, and had then gone to fetch a car, in which he finally took the girl home.

is it? Bill's. You know the Front Office. He shakes in his boots before every premiere. And Bill Turner is the most superstitious old woman that ever was.

"Give me another drink, Henri. I'm a bit under the weather, but I'm telling you the truth. Bill didn't order any supper for after the premiere of 'Hardogon.' You know, one of his superstitions. It's a new one that he acquired after the failure of 'Laughing Pool.' You know, when he sat down at the table prepared for one hundred and eighty, and only a handful of directors and two baby stars were there? Since then, he has never ordered any supper before he was sure of a success. And so, after the grand ovation to Oliver, when it's discovered that he has to have an arm amputated, Bill came over and whispered that I should order supper at the Ambassador and gather a crowd—a small crowd, no more than thirty."

"That was O.K. I rang up the Ambassador and rang up Light for

"If Oliver doesn't come, then cancel everything," he hollered, Napoleon-like. So I hang on to Oliver's coat-tails and talk sense to Donca.

"Did you ever play poker with Donca? She is a damn good poker-player, and Oliver is a trump in her hand. I dragged her, almost by sheer force, to the Ambassador and got them there by midnight. Ria was as sober as a bishop. You know her; she doesn't drink; she doesn't smoke, and eats just eighty-two calories per meal. I just went grey. You know. Ria is nitroglycerine, and Donca is fire. I am waiting for an explosion. But Donca didn't go off; and Oliver—I have never seen such behaviour. The fool held on to Donca as if he had been dragged by her. She's an old girl, ha? Donca! Well, let's see. I came here with Bill twenty-one years ago. Don't you worry; I am not going to tell the story of how we started in a little shack. Good God! I'm not going to tell you

"When we first arrived here, she wasn't more than eighteen, so help me God! So she can't be older now than—say—thirty-six. She looks like twenty-four. If she refuses to sit down at the same table with Ria Nara, she is right, by God! Because Ria is the one who got the rumor started that Donca is fifty-six, and got the guy from the 'Observer' to call her an old veteran. Ria took the Prince away from her—the one husband Donca has ever given a damn' about. . . . Give me another one, Henri."

"But look at both of them now when they sit one near the other: Ria, just a cold piece of beef. And Donca a warm baby. And then you've got to admit that the Morescu is still worth her five thousand a week."

"And baby mine, listen to Papa Sam. She will get the five grand! God, did they put up a show—the two! It went big. If we could only get them to play like that before the camera! Hm—there

was nothing to be seen on the surface. Ria leaned on the table, and her cheeks reddened while she became paler and paler under the make-up. She looked like a clown, and smiled. And nobody sat down to the dinner before the battle was decided. The Morescu sat in the hall exhibiting her jewels and sables, and waited. Bill himself came out to talk to her.

"Little Joe Ray, from the publicity department, stood by Ria, perspiring heavily. Then suddenly Oliver got up, sprinted into the room, bantered a few words with Ria, then took her by the arm, brought her cloak, and said: 'Ria is tired. Poor little girl! I will take her home, and then I will come back!' He got her to the car. 'We will be terribly unhappy if Ria doesn't stay with us, but we can't keep her, can we?' He pushed her out. Just pushed Ria Nara out! That's Oliver for you. Rotten, you will say. But it wasn't. Not at all. Oliver is no rotter. Maybe he did give her a kiss in the car. What do we know? Maybe Ria hasn't dreamed of anything else in the last three months than to be kissed once again by Oliver."

(Please turn to Page 6)

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P.W.2.—WHITE CELO STRAW is the making of this shady summer hat, that makes its appeal to youth. Smartly creased crown and droop brim. Organdie bow.

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"MAYBE ten minutes with Oliver alone was worth more to her than to sit down at Bill Turner's banquet. Women are wonderful animals, boys, and we don't know a damn thing about them yet. Give me another one, Henri."

"And then there sat Donca in Ria's place, between Oliver and Turner, and no one dares say a word. And if Bill gives her a contract to-morrow, I wouldn't wonder, not a bit, for he looked coo-coo. And now I'll tell you what I mean when I tell you that Donca's one hundred per cent. I know Donca, don't I? I know her long enough to know what it means when Donca's nostrils flutter in a certain way, and her eyes slant a little, and her mouth moves—you know what I mean. When she has a good director, she gets that in the films occasionally. I know how much Donca's in love with Oliver. God bless her! And so Donca just ate a few oysters. Before the bird was served, she stood up and said: 'Thanks Bill; it was a charming evening, but I've got to go. I live far away, on the beach. Oliver will take me home.' And Oliver stood up, handsome as a god, smiled at the crowd, a noble Englishman through and through. 'Excuse me, friends; I will be back soon. I'll meet you at the One Hundred and Eleven Club.'"

"But if you ask me, I'll tell you he won't be here to-night."

"I SHOULD like to take the wheel from your chauffeur," Oliver said as they passed the crossroad of Santa Monica Boulevard. The tang of the sea was in the air.

"No, why?" Donca asked, taking her lips out of the palms of his hands.

"Please. I am just a little tipsy, Donca. I want to clear my head."

"But I love you when you're like that," she said, laughing softly.

"Stop, Meyer," Oliver ordered the driver, and Meyer stopped with screeching brakes.

Meyer was Donca's chauffeur, an impossible groggy German, a former engineer suffering from an inferiority complex. Oliver stood up to get out of the low door without hitting his head.

"Change of scenery," Donca said. "Meyer will sit in the back. I will sit near you, if you drive."

Oliver sat back in the seat and squeezed her arm in his fingers.

"I don't want you near me now," he said softly. "For God's sake, Donca, don't you understand I want to be alone and drive? You make me crazy! You jazz my nerves! What do you want. I should make love to you in the car!"

Donca laughed—a slow voluptuous laughter, into Oliver's eyes. The inside of the car was dimly illuminated by the lights of the boulevard filtering in, which drove sparks out of Oliver's eyes. Meyer was listening against his will to what was going on behind him. Meyer was tired. His wife had gallstones, and he had spent half the previous night massaging her back. He had spent the whole day at parking-places, part of the night before the moving-picture palace, and then in front of the Ambassador between negroes and colored chauffeurs of all shades—he, Engineer Dr. Meyer! He always carried a few books in the car, to distinguish himself from the pariahs whose colleagues he had become.

"Drive on, Meyer," the Morescu said. The air became more humid as they drove on over the shadows made by the palm trees and lanterns on the wet asphalt. It was about two o'clock in the morning. A long file of cars glittered toward them, coming from the opposite direction.

"Take to your left, over the hill, Meyer," the Morescu ordered.

"No, that makes it longer," Oliver objected.

"Are you impatient?" Donca whispered.

He did not answer until later, when they had already climbed the hill and were under the silver spray of the stars. And then he said:

"Yes."

DONCA freed his fingers from the cool flesh of her arm and took his hand delicately between hers.

"You are a foolish boy, Puiu," she said a little later. "You don't understand. I am happy. I have never been so happy in my life. Never been so happy as now. Just now, this minute. It is the happiest moment in my life."

FALLING STAR

(Continued from Page 5)

Puiu. And I want this minute to last, long, very long. . . . But that you don't understand, you foolish child."

Oliver, who had been leaning on her shoulder, straightened himself up.

"You have been nasty to Ria," he accused sternly.

"Not as rotten as she has been to me. Don't you mix in, in women's business!" Donca advised.

"That's right," Oliver thought. "Donca is irascible, but Ria is rotten. Donca is never rotten. Never. Never."

He felt his hand being encircled by hers, as if in a warm vise.

"Little clam!" he whispered close into her ear. It was an expression he used only at the height of their passion.

She stroked his temple with her open lips.

"I love you," he murmured with closed eyes, as if in a dream, so softly that she could hardly hear what he



"Oh, dear! cook's got drunk, and she's smashing up all the crockery. You'll have to discharge her. 'Steady, my dear, perhaps she's won the lottery.'"

said. Perhaps he didn't intend her to hear.

"Yes, Oliver—"

"I love you, Donca, I love you—"

"Yes, Oliver, yes."

"Donca, don't you hear me? Donca, I love you, I love you—"

"Yes, baby, yes, yes—"

Her face was stupefied by great happiness. The car had just climbed over the top of the hill. The Sierra hung in the clear air of the night.

"You, too, should tell me that," Oliver murmured.

Donca was silent.

"I have said it too often. I am afraid," she thought deep in herself.

"I love you, Donca—"

"I love you, Oliver," she said softly, while the car took a curve.

A cluster of stars dusted themselves down from the sky in the distance.

"Oh!"

"What?"

"Stars are falling. Let's wish for something," he said seriously.

"Yes, but you mustn't tell what you wish," she advised as seriously.

The stars continued their downward fall, sinking deeper and deeper between the silvery eucalyptus trees and their tall light tops. The sea was singing, darkly and uneven.

"If it could only remain like that!" the Morescu thought. And at the same time she was conscious that she couldn't.

Meyer, sitting in front of them, had caught a word here and there. It revolted him that they weren't embarrassed to talk of love in his presence. Miserable heaped themselves upon him as upon Job. He took the corner hard by, got into the open road that led to the shore of the sea. There was an odor of burned wood in the air, and here and there flames of camp fires flickered before tents. Way out into the sea, wreathed in festoons of electric lamps, stood the gambling boats. A little farther north, where the shore rose, the sea threw white foam upon the dark sand.

Meyer halted the car and Oliver helped Donca to alight. The house was fully lighted.

"Do I have to take Mr. Dent back to Beverly?" Meyer asked as Donca passed him by in her silver shoes.

"Not now, Meyer. Mr. Dent will be late to-night." And she went into the house without even looking at Oliver, who stood for a few minutes bare-headed under the sky, and breathed deeply, then crossed the short court between the garage and the house.

Some bathing-suits were hung up to dry. There was an odor of wet wood from the cabins, and an odor of burned wood from the camp fires on the shore, an odor of sea and night and summer.

At the door of the verandah Oliver hesitated, looked up at the pillars, then continued farther on to the porch, looking at the small chairs on which cushions had curled up like sleeping dwarfs. The moon had hidden. There was a transparent light in the night that carried with it blackness and darkness over sea and sand.

Meyer still made some noise as he pattered about the car in the garage. Donca waited on the door-sill until the noise was over. She was hungry for quiet. The tenacity of the whole evening was still racking her body. She was just beginning to relax. A little Chinese servant-boy, impossibly thin at the waist, awakened as she passed a small hallway.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, half asleep.

"Go to bed, quick! Get out!" she commanded impatiently, and the white jacket disappeared silently.

(Please turn to Page 40)

HAVE YOU BEEN ILL?
ARE YOUR NERVES OUT OF ORDER?
DO YOU SLEEP BADLY?
ARE YOU ANAEMIC OR RUN-DOWN?
HAVE YOU A POOR APPETITE?

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The blazing forest of Brazil is not the best of places for a love idyll, you'll say, but Peter Harleck found it suitable.

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

The STORY



WAS holding Betty's hand. I remember, when the man entered the compartment from the corridor and sat down opposite us. The Bournemouth-London train began to rock itself into its customary sixty miles an hour, and the stranger eyed us with intelligent comprehension in the yellow sunshine.

"That reminds me," he said suddenly, and grinned in an extraordinarily amiable way. For a moment he continued to examine us. I saw that his face, although lined with the million creases of a tropical sun, was still young—scarcely older than my own.

I released Betty's hand not too obviously, and lit a cigarette.

"What reminds you of what?" I asked.

The train emerged from a brief tunnel, and once more the sunshine streamed into the carriage. The man's face looked younger than ever. I forgave him for having burst in upon us; somehow it always seems less awkward to be discovered in the midst of a romantic scene by a young person than by an old.

"A story," he said, and studied Betty's very beautiful face with considerable interest. I think she smiled at him.

"Perhaps not inapplicable—one never knows," he began somewhat suddenly, and forthwith plunged into the subject of his thoughts. He did not ask us if we wanted to hear it. He jumped us into the torrid heat of another land in five words.

The blazing forest of Brazil is not the best of places for a love idyll, you'll say, and I say it, too. It isn't. But a fellow called Peter Harleck found it suitable at the time. Perhaps it wasn't his fault. Picture the circumstances. Peter had been four long years in the back of the beyond beyond, stifling body and soul in a climate that few men can stand—and few animals either, for the matter of that. Reptiles and the swamp growths, bad smells and pestiferous bacilli thrive in the riverways of Brazil, but nothing much else, unless it's trees. Always trees. Millions and millions and millions of them, rising up out of that soft, hot soil, hiding the sun, but in no way lessening the heat. Peter put up with it all because he liked diamonds. He had an almighty affection for them. He preferred them blue, but he wouldn't look down his nose because they happened to be white or yellow.

Anybody will tell you that the so-called upland districts of Brazil are full of diamonds. And anybody who has been there will add that it's next to impossible to get them out, although the digging part of it hardly counts. I can assure you there are places where a spade is superfluous—where you just have to scratch around a little with a stick to get them out. But the cost! They say that every time you turn the surface you turn up a new disease that is just aching for a body to destroy. Blackwater, particularly.

Peter, like a lot of his kind, wanted to make all the money he needed for the rest of his life in a year or so, and there's no doubt that to some temperaments there's a lot to recommend that way of doing it. But you can

By
SELWYN JEPSON

understand that diamond-digging in that plague-spot of the world is about as suicidal a manner of realising an ideal as a man can choose, temperament or no temperament.

Peter found his diamonds all right. He nearly died three times at least before he even touched the field for which he had been looking, and the finding of it occupied two incredible years. He ranged up and down the swamps under the eternal trees, climbing into healthier country sometimes, only to drop down into the muck of mud and water at others. He stuck to it, in spite of himself, for it was not long before his desire to make a fortune gave place to a desire for a breath of untainted air and a civilised bath. Perhaps it was the strength of his subconscious mind that kept him at it—for the years of planning and dreaming must have drawn ineradicable lines of purpose on its eager slate. He triumphed only because he survived—and he survived only because he was blessed by the gods, who are notorious in their affection for fools.

TOWARDS the end of the fourth year he gathered his strength for the journey back to the paths of mankind, and set forth. By this time he was talking to himself on account of the loneliness, and making faces at the trees because he hated them far worse than death. He never wanted to see a leaf, let alone a tree, as long as he was permitted to live thereafter.

He set out, and by slow and tortuous degrees made his way back to the Amazon, and struck it about 800 miles farther away from the mouth than he had hoped to strike it. It was no more than a hundred yards across, which you realise is not much, compared to the width of its meeting with the sea—a width of 60-odd miles. A hell—if you'll excuse the expression—of a river.

On the very bank of it he stumbled upon a thing that was perhaps the most disastrous experience he could possibly have run into in his then state. A girl, it was, sitting on a log with a fishing rod in her hand and smoking a cigarette.

Peter came out of the trees, and for-

got them for the first time in four years, so amazed and incredulous was he. She had her back to him, and he was able to study the lines of her lithe figure and endeavor to understand what miracle of unusual circumstance could have been responsible for her presence on the banks of the deadliest river in the world. He blinked his hollow eyes and swept a glance up and down the bank, which was free of jungle for a matter of thirty or forty yards—one of those inexplicable clearings one comes across occasionally. He saw a small, very dirty tent, a campfire, an aluminium kettle, a canvas stool, and, drawn up at the river's edge, a two-man Warappa canoe loaded with impedimenta. Thus it was obvious how she had arrived, but what had brought her remained as mysterious as ever. He turned his attention to her again, admiring the slenderness of form and poise of head. He wanted to

He could have killed the old gentleman of the lethal mind two or three times over before the girl came to the rescue of law and order. She said loudly:

"Put down your pistol, father! Put it down!"

a man; almost black with tan where bare skin had suffered the rays of the equatorial sun; his drill shooting-kit was ragged to a degree, his boots were cracked from knee to instep, and the soles of them flapped as he came forward.

A pair of very brown eyes glittered feverishly from the shadow cast by a wreck of a topee that had once been white with immaculate pipe-clay, but which was now adorned with the streaks and imperfections of mould and decay.

In his left hand was clasped a small leather pull-neck bag—containing the diamonds of his ambition—and in his right swung a cherry-wood walking stick. He never went anywhere without that walking-stick. Over his wide, flat back hung his worldly goods—a miserable equipment, but no smaller than the one with which he had gone into the jungle. He always travelled light, id Peter Harleck.

He advanced upon the girl with a little stagger in his walk, like a man who had awakened suddenly after a long sleep. The girl stood up, still holding her fishing-rod, and tried to keep the alarm she undoubtedly felt from appearing in her face. Perhaps she remembered the theory about animals and the power of a fearless human eye. I think any other girl would have cried out, and even she would have done so if it had not been for Peter's sun-hat. It made him a European, you see. And the walking-stick did not look like a belligerent weapon.

Peter stopped at a distance of six feet and gave himself up to the sensation of looking at the first white woman he had seen for four years, and the most attractive girl he had ever set eyes on. He stuttered with the language

of his motherland which he had almost forgotten, in an effort to say the proper thing, which was "How-d'you-do? I'm glad to see you," but he never got as far.

Quite suddenly the flap of the tent was flung back and an old gentleman in green glasses and a suit of dirty white duck emerged with a wicked-looking pistol in his hand. He gave Peter Harleck one good look and let loose a bullet at his head.

Peter was used to emergencies by this time, and the expeditious manner in which he flung himself on the ground saved his oft-threatened life. There can be no doubt about that. He felt the swish of the bullet's passage through the air. Considering the uncomfortable position in which he found himself lying, he got his own pistol out of its holster with uncommon celerity and prepared to give battle over a range of some twelve yards. He could have killed the old gentleman of the lethal mind two or three times over before the girl came to the rescue of law and order. She said loudly:

"Put down your pistol, father! Put it down!"

The old gentleman peered at the recumbent figure of Peter Harleck, wondering if he was dead, for he had fallen down very suddenly, but he did not put down the pistol. He kept it well to the fore.

"He's a gentleman, father," protested the girl. "Can't you see that?" "I can't. Gentlemen don't live in these parts! Look at his hat. He was about to attack you. I saw it plainly. Step aside and let me finish him."

The old gentleman advanced with some determination, his cracked voice rising unpleasantly. Peter got up, and, still keeping behind the girl, said hurriedly:

"I assure you, sir, that I had no intention of attacking your daughter. I am a harmless Englishman; a fellow-countryman, I think."

(Please turn to Page 8)



YOUNG WIFE: It says to beat the eggs till stiff. They must be done now.

HUBBY: Why, are they stiff?

YOUNG WIFE: No, but I am!

see her face.

Then it was, after a full minute of suspended movement on his part, that she moved her head and beheld him. She did not drop her rod nor yet scream, though he was quite alarming enough. She stared, as well she might, for he must have been an amazing picture of a man after four years in those jungles. She saw a skeleton of

"YOU'RE nothing of the sort. My name is MacDonald!" snapped the other.

"How do you do?" replied Peter with a swift appreciation of the fact that the old gentleman's mind had been turned from his intention of dealing sudden death.

He shook hands with the girl without hesitation, watched suspiciously by her father. It occurred to Peter that she was a child for whom its parent possessed a jealous eye, and he was not far wrong, as he subsequently learned. Mr. MacDonald accepted his proffered hand with ill-concealed reluctance, and proceeded immediately with a long cross-examination as to the young man's bona fides. It seemed difficult for him to believe that Peter should be up to anything but harm in the wilderness. This attitude annoyed Peter exceedingly, for he was anxious only to improve his acquaintance with Margaret MacDonald.

"And where, if I may ask, are ye off to now?" demanded her father. "Para, ye say? Para? And how are ye to get there, pray? Will ye walk?"

"I was going to buy a canoe from the natives, and trust to my paddling. It's a good long way."

"And don't I know it? Ye'd best camp here with us a while, and we'll go down river together. Two canoes are safer than one."

Peter realised that the offer was grudgingly made, prompted only by policy, for, as MacDonald pointed out, two canoes stood a better chance than one in many ways. A spill, with no help at hand, was no joke in the yellow flood of that river.

"I shall be only too glad," he told the old gentleman, and turned to the girl, who was smiling at him in comradeship. Perhaps she liked his tact, his politeness, in dealing with her ungracious sire.

"A'weel, then," said MacDonald, and put away the pistol. "We'll not be moving yet. There's something I'm here for."

Peter had decided that such must indeed be the case, and for the moment he had no inkling of what it was, but he was immensely surprised at the cunning expression that came into the old Scot's face, which in ordinary circumstances would be bland and sinless enough, for all its ill-humor. MacDonald went back into the tent, grumbling because he had wasted a cartridge when cartridges cost nearly

The STORY (Continued from Page 7)

three-halfpence apiece, and left Peter with the girl.

In spite of his weariness of body he sat and talked to her for a full hour, refreshed in spirit by the stimulation of her charm. They discussed the civilised world as only it can be discussed by people who have been away from it for any length of time. She had been in Brazil for nearly six months, but she found that the yearning of her heart for the soft things of life was as nothing compared with Peter's. He told her something of his wanderings and his work, and finally, in a burst of enthusiasm, showed her the contents of his little bag. The stones were, of course, dull and uninteresting to her woman's eye, but she tasted something of the romantic ardor of their owner's soul.

HE helped her to visualise the beauty the gems would have when they had been polished, and then, carried away by his heart, he presented her with a yellow diamond worth about seven hundred pounds. She refused it at first, and then accepted it, feeling that it would be wicked to hurt the pleasure the young man was for the first time discovering. The dried-up springs of his being were flowing again, and the torture of the last four years fell away from him. He was tired, very tired, but he was sane. He no longer wanted to tell the trees aloud, how much he hated them, and realised how near to madness he had been. Margaret MacDonald had saved his reason—he was certain of it.

I suppose it is not impossible for a man to fall in love in an hour, yet somehow one wonders. But Peter Harleck's case was different. He had those four years behind him, and Margaret in front of him. The result could be only what it was. He loved her to distraction by the time they left the log by the river bank and started to brew tea. As for the girl, she was less certain about herself than he was, in the way women have in these matters, but she was something more than interested in the strange young man who



SHE: I've worked hand-in-hand with some of the most influential men in the country.
HE: A business woman, eh?
SHE: No, a manicurist!

had wandered into her life with a cherry-wood stick in one hand and half a million pounds worth of diamonds in the other. What girl wouldn't be affected by such a combination of things? Particularly with a father like hers; a mean old ruffian, if ever there was one.

"WHAT on earth brings you as far up as this?" Peter asked her, holding the aluminium kettle on the end of a stick. She looked at the tent for fear of being overheard, and said:

"My father is a collector of native weapons. He has been at it for years and years—ever since he held an official post in Borneo—and there's something in his blood that keeps him at it. He'd much rather find a spear or an iron-wood arrow for himself than buy one in an auction-room, and so he insists on wandering about in these hot jungles looking for specimens. You see that long box that takes up most of the canoe? It's full of odds and ends he bought or stole from the Warpaha tribes when he came through their territory. Oh, Peter Harleck, it's a beastly life!"

"It must be," said Peter, with real feeling, and all but added: "Heaven grant me the right to change it for you."

He looked like it. I think, for she blushed and hurried on:

"And now, when I'd thought we were about ready to get back out of this sweltering land of river and trees"—Peter shuddered—"he has decided to follow up a certain battle-axe which he learnt about from the Warpaha. It is in the possession of the Terapiti, the Crocodile Men."

Peter whistled between his front teeth, for he had heard about the Terapiti, and the battle-axe, and the most unsavory habits and customs of that tribe.

"He may as well turn round and go back according to plan," he commented. "For he'll certainly never get it from them. Why, it's the tribal totem, fetich, whatever you like to call it. The Crocodile Men? There's nobody who knows the upper reaches who won't tell him what a set of cut-throats they are."

She nodded sombrely, a little grim line touching the soft curves of her lips, as she said:

"And anybody who knows Robert MacDonald will tell you that when he gets an idea into his head nothing on the face of the land or the waters will eradicate it. I've said that he's a little crazy about native weapons—he cares for nothing else, unless it's me—and he's going after that battle-axe, whatever the Terapiti have to say about it."

"Crazy? He's mad. Do you realise that the Terapiti have only one way of discussing a thing with strangers, and that's with the head-oven, and perhaps a little unique torture thrown in? He won't get a chance of mentioning the battle-axe. I believe it's death for the Crocodile Men themselves to look upon it except at cer-

tain feasts and ceremonies. You've got to stop him. You've got to!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He has decided to move north into their territory to-morrow. I am not going. I am to wait here for him. He has arranged it that way."

"Something to be thankful for—although safety of body is assured in no corner of this benighted land," said Peter, and was glad in his heart that he had turned up at such a moment in the girl's life.

He would be able to look after her while her father played dice with death.

His mental arrangement of the programme did not reach actuality, however, for MacDonald changed it. The frangible Scot took a long, searching look at Peter's face when he came out of the tent again, and scowled. He saw something of emotions he was always ready to suspect in young men who came in his daughter's immediate neighborhood. He saw that this unknown scallywag of the forest was preparing to make love to his only daughter, and, being the sort of man he was, he wished he had been luckier with his welcoming bullet. With regard to the battle-axe of the Terapiti, he announced:

(Please turn to Page 36)

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CAREERS FOR GIRLS

LEARN the Science of TEETH

Dental Assistants and Attendants

By Our Special Commissioner.

Each year the old-fashioned prejudices against women qualifying for professional occupations are diminishing, and this week I am dealing with dentistry, one of the higher professions which offers a field to girls who have the advantage of a university education.

HUNDREDS of girls also find an avocation as assistants in dental surgeries, particularly in the dental surgeries of the larger cities of the Commonwealth.

There is no fixed salary for such assistants, and they are usually paid according to the professional standing and practice of the employer. The rate averages from £2/10/ to £4 a week.

Unqualified assistants perform no dental work, and their duties consist mainly of attending to appointments, looking after the sterilisation and cleansing of the instruments, and standing by to render assistance to the dentist in the course of his operations. Some, in addition, are required to keep the dentist's books and render his accounts.



MRS. VOST-JANSSEN, well-known woman dentist, of Sydney.
—Peter Pan Studio.

cular development as the attribute of a dentist, and the fact that modern dentistry is carried out painlessly, or at least can be done painlessly, makes the work of the operator much less nerve-racking than was the case in former years.

MUCH as we hear and read about painless dentistry, no one contemplates a visit to a dentist with any great degree of pleasure. Nervous people, especially women and children, dread the ordeal, and it is because of the natural kindness of women in cases of this sort that many people prefer to be attended to by a woman dentist.

When I said that a girl requires to be of robust health I meant to go no further than to say that she should be healthy, have good eyesight—a first essential—intelligence, and confidence in her own ability.

A pleasing and attractive personality is also very desirable, as patients will not return to a practitioner whose personality makes no appeal to them.

In dentistry, perhaps more than in any other profession, it would seem ne-

A dental assistant at work in the surgery. Patients while away the time in the waiting-room with a magazine.



IN New Zealand dental assistants are required to undergo a two years' training course, and at the completion of their training they are allowed to perform minor dental operations, such as scaling teeth or simple amalgam fillings. Throughout the Commonwealth dental assistants are not required to qualify in any way, and they are prohibited by law from carrying out any dental work for the patient.

I DISCUSSED the suitability of women for dental work with a leading medical man during the week, and he expressed the opinion that, temperamentally, women, on the average, were just as fitted for dentistry as men.

"Apart from the fact," he said, "that the work is very onerous, and extends considerably over the 44-hour week, I can see no reason why women dentists should not be a success, as, indeed, they have been in isolated cases in all the larger cities of the Commonwealth.

"I would not advise any girl who is not in robust health," said the medical man, "to enter the profession of a dental surgeon, as it entails a very big strain on the nervous system."

The work of a dentist is practically confined to the four walls of his surgery, and the environment of daily and hourly coming into contact with people suffering or requiring dental treatment, is quite different from that of a medical man. The average doctor in the suburbs makes his daily round of visits to his patients by motor car. He has the benefit of the drive and the fresh air and the change of surroundings in each case, whereas a dentist works in the surgery under the same conditions all the time.

Fortunately for the patients, the days of brute force in dentistry are past and gone.

With the advances that have been made in recent years in the use of anaesthetics, and the scientific improvements that have been made in the instruments of dental surgery, skill has replaced or is rapidly replacing mus-

H. S. HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar is a brew of excellent quality.***

cessary that the surgeon should be able to impress the patient not only with her skill, but also with a complete understanding of the patient's trials, troubles and difficulties.

What a marvellous place the dental chair is for people to relate their troubles!

In between the operations of drilling, sterilising, and filling, when the kindly operator is somewhere behind you performing some magic feat of mixing which you do not see and do not understand, you feel constrained to tell him all your troubles, domestic, financial, and otherwise. By the time he has finished his contract with you, you have come to regard him as a real friend.

In earlier years no particular qualifications were required before you could set up your plate as a dental practitioner.

Now, however, a university diploma is necessary before you will be allowed to practice. A girl must first of all matriculate before passing to the University, and the course is a five-years' one, which includes courses of practical experience at the dental school.

The diploma secured, the way is now open to a girl to carry on the practice of her profession. And here the trouble commences.

To succeed in the dental profession, in addition to overcoming the prejudice against women dentists, a girl must be prepared to furnish her surgery with modern dental equipment. Not only does such equipment make her work easier and more expeditious, but it gives patients an impression of capability, and this is a matter of material consideration.

Operations By WIRELESS

Doctor Lower Gives Instructions

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist.

Illustrated by WEP.

ON a ship which carried no doctor, a man's life was saved recently by instructions received by wireless from a doctor.

This is nothing new; neither is it clever. It even may be positively dangerous. In similar circumstances I operated on my grandfather.

During the recent depression, which some of you may remember, my grandfather was sporting on the village green (with a hey nonny nonny) when he fell down and broke his wishbone.

He was picked up and towed home by the local ambulance, to the great delight of the village constable, who regarded my grandfather as the bugbear of his life, and had frequently told him (my grandfather) home himself (the constable).

THE poor old gentleman lay on a bed of pain for weeks. Which, if you don't mind me intruding these intimate details, seriously interfered with his occupation, which was that of a corner-turner. He had a permanent job while the depression was on. Now, my grandfather regarded himself as a self-made man. I don't know whether this was a boast or a complaint; anyhow, it suited everybody because no one else would take the responsibility. Like all self-made men, he had his little idiosyncrasies which he kept in a small bowl in the dining-room, and the peasants regarded him as "queer."

When he tucked the ends of his serviette into his top vest pockets he imagined that he was a Mason, and insisted on eating with a gavel. He could never get used to modern ways. As a matter of fact, when he heard the phone ring he used to wonder whether it was a fire or an auction sale, or just someone at the front door. Of course, I don't want this to go any farther.

ANYHOW, he wouldn't allow any doctors near him, which hurt me more than it would have hurt him, as I was his sole heir. He had the largest collection of feather dusters in the country and at one time offered the collection to the Museum. The Museum people refused, saying that they had no use for the collection, as they never dusted anything. After they had been rejected by the War Museum, my grandfather

Careers for Girls

PRACTICAL guidance and help to girls in search of a career have been offered by The Australian Women's Weekly in a manner never before attempted in Australia.

Weekly articles dealing with various avocations are published by an authority who has made a special study of the vocational possibilities for girls.

was very annoyed and became an ardent pacifist, and used to spend hours down at the waterfront poking his tongue out at battleships.

Where the devil are we? (You were about to operate on your grandfather.) Yes. Well I made arrangements to have instructions broadcast by a well-known doctor, and having thoroughly sterilised the axe and other instruments, I laid my grandfather out on the table and turned on the radio.

"The appendix," said the radio, "is below the waistline." Which was a bit cricky as my grandfather has no waistline.

"Make an incision low down on the left side."

I did this.

"Place the hands on the head and swing backwards and forwards from the hips." I did this, also. "Be sure," it went on, "to get your boots at Gumbles." And then, very harshly it said, "Beat up the white of an egg! Remove the appendix. Cover with finely grated cheese. The hands should be thoroughly rubbed with lemon juice. Then out popped the little bunny rabbit three times a day between meals and garnished with lettuce. The patient should be kept in a warm place and well corked."

"What the hell are you doin'!" said my grandfather.

"Add a tablespoonful of olive oil a



drop at a time!" yelled the wireless. "Chatham is making a great run on the rails, and don't forget that Garg's biscuits are the best."

It was then that I began to think that there was something wrong with the wireless cabinet. Hastily throwing a sheet over my grandfather, I went to it and examined it. My gridleaker had short-circuited with the revolving gaffle plate, thus disconnecting the directional gibbler, causing the gyratory snugging flap to fuse! I switched the thing off and went back to my grandfather, who was pasting up and down the room in a great rage.

There he was, covered with grated

cheese and breadcrumbs, wringing the lemon juice out of his beard.

"What the devil am I going to do with this!" he shouted, holding out his appendix.

"Let me stitch you up before something else falls out," I said.

"Be damned to you," bellowed my grandfather. "Gimme a safety-pin."

Well, I won't weary you with all the details, but the old gentleman recovered and now goes every day on his tricycle to meet the train. I say! How awfully jolly! Yes. And, what's more, he wears his appendix as a watch fob. You don't tell me! Yes.

Excuse me. I smell something burning.

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 7, 1933.

THIS RANTING
WAR TALK.

REQUESTS have been made to The Australian Women's Weekly to publish articles in furtherance of a sort of war-scare campaign.



We have refused the requests for two reasons.

First: Because everything contained in the articles has been said ad nauseam by the elderly men who are indulging in most of the war talk.

Second: Because we are not in sympathy with the hysterical oratory which is providing "sensation" headlines for a section of the daily press.

We cannot forget that these old fire-eaters belong to that generation which produced the great war of 1914. The pre-war style of oratory sounds a little thin in a world which is to-day trying to escape the results of its last orgy of militarism.

Still there are hundreds of young men who would like the adventure of another war. Just as there are business men who dream hungrily of the profits from army contracts. And there are politicians and humbugs who delight in dictatorship and censorship and brass hats.

Our opposition to the current war talk does not mean that we advocate stripping ourselves defenceless.

While this country is committed to the White Australia policy we must recognise that we are ourselves contributing to the list of factors which make for world disquiet.

But we cannot think that the Commonwealth Government is so puerile that it is afraid to look after the defence needs of Australia without the stimulus of ranting oratory.

THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

HAVE THE WAY

So live your life that worth is not a duty;
It is a way you have, though no one knows.
I doubt if roses think about their beauty,
Each is a rose because it is a rose.
I doubt if many heavens we shall win us
Obeying rules not otherwise we would;
Unless we have a way of goodness in us
I doubt if God will call us very good.

So live your life you have a way of virtue;
The kindly natured are the only kind.
You must be kind to even those who hurt you.

Because you have the way in heart and mind.

There is too much parading and pursuing;
No virtue shouts, its voice is still and small.

Be good because it is your way of doing,
Or it will count for little, after all.

POINTS OF VIEW

A Fallen Philosopher

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN, the noted Relativist, who has had to leave his native Germany because he is a Jew, has been warned by a powerful English newspaper to cease his injudicious anti-Nazi agitation in London.

It does seem a pity that a man whose mental vision has made it possible for him to evolve the theory of relativity should become mixed up at all with the relatively insignificant squabbles of men.

Let Tradition Live

LAST year the Australian Navy broke a time-honored tradition by not including the Melbourne Cup in its spring manoeuvres.

This year the manoeuvres also omitted Melbourne, taking place off the coast of New Zealand. But we are glad to learn it is necessary for the fleet to visit Melbourne on October 21 to enable the crews to take part in the Trafalgar Day celebrations.

It is not clear why the Trafalgar Day celebrations should call for such an impressive display. Sufficient is it that the fleet will remain in Melbourne till after the Cup.

A Plague of Pythons

WE cannot help smiling over this paragraph in an English weekly:

"There has been some talk recently of importing pythons into Australia as a means of dealing with the rabbit pest."

"Apparently Mexican farmers employ these large snakes as 'vermin-scarers'. They are particularly effective in dealing with rabbits."

"It will be rather surprising, however, if the Australians decide to make this experiment. Rabbits aren't the only previous importation that has proved disastrous, and a plague of pythons might easily be the most serious of all."

"Quite a number of them would be required to deal with the rabbits, and if the latter became scarce, the pythons might easily turn their attentions to the farmer's live stock."

We would like to suggest, too, that, with the rabbits as bad as they are, the pythons would have almost as big a mouthful to swallow as this English weekly has given its readers.

Forces of Nature

THE terrible death by electrocution in West Australia of a man and his wife last week drives home the necessity for the inclusion of electrical general knowledge in all school curriculums and those of domestic science schools.

To many people electricity is still a mysterious power like a magic genie. Their knowledge of it goes no further than the switch on the wall and the bulb in the lamp.

When, for some reason or other, it breaks from its bondage and bites, sometimes to death, the hand that switched it on, people call it bad luck. But is it bad luck?

Further Emancipation

WOMEN are now wearing shorts in almost every overseas tennis tournament, with the exception of sedate Sidmouth, in England, where shorts are forbidden by the committee because they might offend old patrons, says a cable.

In Australia the fashion has scarcely had a chance, but no doubt there will be some valiant pioneering done this season.

Local girls who need moral courage should bear in mind that at one time young men used to row in sculling regattas, clad in long trousers and top hats. Moreover the Bishop of Melanesia does the rounds of his diocese in shorts.

Making Fun of Marriage

THE new penal code in Germany makes flirtation by married men, with women, a crime, according to a cable.

The sanctity of marriage, motherhood, and the family will be protected. Words, pictures and writings, making fun of marriage, are illegal.

When you come to think of it, there are hundreds of people all over the world who earn their livings simply by making fun of marriage. Count the number of matrimonial jokes in any humorous paper.

Dirty Swimming Pools

A CAMPAIGN against dirty swimming baths has been started by Dr. E. S. Stokes, Medical Officer of the Sydney Water and Sewerage Board. He has inaugurated a crusade which should be taken up all over Australia, for there is nothing more dangerous to the good health of the community than dirty baths.

Dr. Stokes said, in an address, that an American Committee had recommended that at indoor baths, used by men only, nude bathing

Modern Heroes
and HeroinesWhat Women Writers
Think

Whatever woman's place in literature, there is no doubt of one thing—she is climbing to an always increasing height on the platform.

By "H.J."

AS one of the comparatively few men in a largely feminine audience at last meeting of the Fellowship of Australian Writers in Sydney, I came away with mingled feelings of surprise and admiration.

Where would you get a quintet of male speakers to discourse as interestingly and wittily as the five women who in turn addressed the meeting? Ask anyone who, for his sins, has had to sit out a few evenings of Parliamentary debates.

The subject was "The Feminisation of Australian Literature." (Incidentally, there is going to be a counterblast from live men speakers this month.)

MISS MILES FRANKLIN had the last word. This lady, you remember, burst into literature with her book about bush life, "My Brilliant Career." Since then she has spent many years in America and England, only returning to her native country about a year ago.

Miss Franklin is shy. She hates limelighting. When her name was called by the president, Dr. Mackness, there was at first no response. While the audience was craning its necks to discover her whereabouts, a voice piped from the back of the hall, "Not now. I want to speak last, after you have all gone home." Though the president was gently persistent, she refused to budge.

Needless to say, no one went home. We all waited to hear her. Her ten-minute speech was mostly a series of epigrammatic shots at literature and life in general. As for the feminisation of letters, she was reminded of what George Reid once said when Australia was waiting to know what he would do at a time of crisis.

"There ain't no crisis!" said George. "There ain't no feminisation of literature!" said Miss Franklin. What there had been, she told us, was "emancipation."

"The humpty-dumpty crash of old Mother Grundy" was one of the lady's descriptive phrases. And she brought in the heroine of Ariens' "The Green Hat."

"For most people writing is an expensive luxury—that accounts for so many women's excursions into it," was another pithy sentence.

MISS NORA ELDERSHAW, dark, pleasant-voiced, and with a sense of humor, kept the audience in a simmer of laughter. The heroine of old, she said, was "sweet, gentle and vacuous." Now, in modern novels she was generally "dark-haired and passionate." Contrastwise, the hero was no longer a domineering cave man. To be worth his place in a novel nowadays he had to possess "charm and understanding and diffidence—especially diffidence."

Mrs. Ada Holman made the most original suggestion—that every novel should be published anonymously and remain so for ten years. This would do away with sex prejudice and false pandering to names.

Miss Nora Kelly quoted interestingly from the writings of that great authority on the sex—King Solomon. And Miss Dora Wilcox stressed the increasing part of women in big things, such as war.

Dickens Said It

WHAT more fitting illustration of the present period of democracy and depression could be given our readers than that contained in one of Charles Dickens' stories of the troublous times of the French Revolution. He wrote: "It was the best of times; it was the worst

of times; it was the age of wisdom; it was the age of foolishness; it was the epoch of belief; it was the epoch of incredulity; it was the season of light; it was the season of darkness; it was the spring of hope; it was the winter of despair; we had everything before us, we had nothing before us; we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way. In short, the period was so far like the present that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only."



MISS VICKI BAUM, author of "Grand Hotel" and our sensational serial, "Falling Star," at work in her study.

should be compulsory; in women's baths only the simplest costumes should be worn.

Give Them a New Name

"Is it not time," asks W.M. Adelaide, "that the terms 'unemployed' and 'dole' were done away with?"

"League of Nations statistics reveal that there are now over 20,000,000 unemployed in the world, and that if business improved beyond all expectations this figure would not even be halved. Unemployment has become a permanent feature of modern life, and it is high time it was given another name."

"When a woman finishes her housework she does not complain that she is unemployed. She says 'Thank Heaven I've finished my work, and now I can enjoy a little leisure!'"

"The only cure for unemployment is to call it by another name, and to use it instead of letting it abuse us."

"Supposing, for example, that everyone with a job took three months' holiday a year instead of two weeks. Life would be worth while then for all, and there would be few out of work."

JANE'S JOURNAL—The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

MY TROUSERS SEEMED TO ATTRACT ATTENTION



SO I WENT BACK TO THE BOAT HOUSE



AND BORROWED SOME ROWING SHORTS



BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM TO MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE!



Deception

"First be sure that the apple you chew has not a maggot within."



HE went down from Town with the express purpose of black-mailing him. Without a blink of her beautiful eyes she confessed as much within five minutes of their fatal meeting: "I'm in the cart! And the least you can do, for old time's sake, is to see me through, Jimmy!" Vague, but threatening, as he knew.

Illustrated
by
Wynne
W.
Davies

But, with the wisdom of his profession, he kept quiet, while she continued never disguising that for five years she'd practically forgotten his very existence till that morning, when she read in the paper: "Sir James and Lady Bellamy, having returned from Cairo, are now living at Coppins Mead, the fascinating Sussex property bought by Sir James last year."

"Seeing your name in print, Jimmy, rolled away the years as wind does clouds! Once again you were the unbribeable, underfed, penniless barrister. Once again I was in your arms. Once again—"

"Is this necessary?" asked Bellamy, K.C.

"N-o," she admitted. "But we did hit the high spots, didn't we?"

"We were very young."

"Y-e-s!" Her eyes roved the luxurious, lamp-lit study, rare books, old china, priceless prints. "You've certainly made good since those days! How d'you do it, Jimmy?"

"Hard work—and a certain amount of luck," he told her.

The clock on his mantelpiece chimed nine, reminding him that this woman, this episode from the past, must be brought to the point and got rid of. Ann was due back at eleven. But his visitor seemed in no hurry. Instead, she discarded her cloak, put one exquisite foot on the fender, and smiled into his eyes.

"It was nice of you to see me, Jimmy," she murmured.

He shrugged, then—"Shall I be frank?"

"You didn't want to!"

"No!"

Pause. Then—"Give me a cigarette, please!" And when he had lit it she added, puffing smoke, "Why?"

"Surely that's obvious."

"Because you're now married?"

tauntingly.

"P ARTLY. And because—well—I" he ended lamely with another shrug. The situation was very difficult—and unpleasant.

"You know I wouldn't have come if I hadn't been desperate, Jimmy."

"Supposing you come to the point, quickly," said Bellamy.

"Why quickly? Going out?"

"No. Ann—that's my wife—she's dining out, and—"

"Ah—hi!" she laughed. "So that's why you consented to see me to-night!"

"Possibly," he agreed.

"You didn't want us to meet?"

"Naturally! It's not done, is it? When you rang up this morning and asked for this interview I didn't want to grant it. On the other hand—if you're in trouble—I felt that perhaps I could do something. But that's no reason for telling the world!"

"And she—this Ann—is your world?"

"Yes," he answered simply and sincerely.

"I see. Look here—throwing her cigarette into the fire—I'm in it right up to my neck. Debts, I'm being dunned for close on five thousand quid—yes, you might well whistle—and I've got to have two thousand in my account by noon to-morrow. I want you to let me have it, Jimmy."

He stared at her aghast, her audacity robbing him of speech. And then he laughed, scornfully—

"Are you serious?"

"Absolutely!"

"And expect me to do it?"

"Yes! Why not?"

"Why not! Good God, if you'd wanted fifty pounds or so to see you out of a hole I'd probably have considered it. But two thousand! You're mad!"

"You can afford it, easily."

"Possibly. But that's scarcely the point."

"True—"

She looked up from surveying the point of her shoe. "The real point is—will you or won't you?"

"Most emphatically—I won't!" said Bellamy.

"I—see. As a matter of fact I never thought you would—willingly. But all the same you will, my friend!"

He ignored the threat and went to his desk, where he wrote out a cheque. "All the same, my friend"—he mimicked—"I won't! I don't doubt you're in debt because you always were. Here's fifty quid. Take it as a token of good will. I wish you luck. There's no curse like the lack of money. But don't try this game on me again because if you do—"

"Fifty quid!" she smiled contemptuously, and threw the cheque in the fire. "You damned fool, that's no more use to me than a sick headache!"

"Then have the headache," said Bellamy, fast losing patience.

"I think not!" She walked slowly to his desk and took another cigarette. While lighting it she said: "I should like to meet your wife."

"Indeed! Well, you're not going to."

"Oh, yes I am, and I'll be most interesting! Imagine her—or surprise when she returns and—throwing herself on the cheaterfield—"

"finds me here like this, only not quite so tidy!"

"But—"

"Of course, you will have your excuses. A man always has. They'll be most entertaining, but they'll scarcely cause me to vanish. Naturally—"

waving an arm—

"she'll ask who I am. Women, especially wives, are so biassedly curious. I wonder what you'll say!"

"I shall tell her," bluffed Bellamy.

"Tell her! Tell her what?"

"That you came here to—er—borrow money."

"Quite! Oh, you funny person!" she laughed. "She'll understand that, of course. She's sure to understand your seeing me alone—to—er—borrow money—while she's out—won't she!"

"—"

And that, as Bellamy knew, was exactly what Ann would not understand. Scrupulously honorable herself, she never understood the slightest divergence in others. Quite innocent lives, such as being "out" when one was really in, seriously distressed her.

Anything in the nature of subterfuge or intrigue she loathed. She would never understand why he had not taken her into his confidence. He'd never seen the necessity or wisdom for telling her about this old affair. It was dead and done with. As her husband had been dead straight, adorning the very air she breathed, trusting and trusted.

"So?" he said, eyes half closed in a way the jurist knew, "it's blackmail?"

"Sure thing!"

"But you're dealing with the wrong man. I'm glad you've burnt that cheque. Saves me the trouble of stopping it. There may have been something between us—"

"Something!"

"—between us five years ago, but it's finished now. Completely. By



It was a fine night, and as he carried his strange burden along the moss-grown path he had little difficulty in finding his way.

By DONALD MAULE

—her voice hardening—"It might be extremely difficult for you to prove."

"Difficult! What d'you mean?"

"Practically what I say. Sometimes it's easier to prove you are a father than to prove you're not! Now, unless you cough up a couple of thousand quid at once your baby wife shall find me here in the most compromising situation that my inventive genius can contrive. Upstairs I think, and rather tight! Subtle, that! And of course I shall be chatty. Recklessly so—sort of alcoholic remorse—deserted mistress appealing to young wife for recognition of her ch—cees—id. And as there's seldom smoke without fire, you'll have a damned uncomfortable time, old son! What's more—"laugh-

I'd merely rip this frock to pieces and scream! Scream, like this—AH—"

But that scream snapped in her throat. He was advancing on her, hands clenched. Fear seized her. She was convinced he meant to strike her. It seemed natural he should, for she understood such methods. She put up an arm to ward off the expected blow, and stepped backwards. And with that step her heel caught on a Persian rug, she slipped, and her head crashed on a heavy iron fire-dog.

In moments of crisis the need of a disciplined brain is felt by those lacking it. They panic. Wild thoughts and impulses surge through them, tramping down common sense as stamp-

Progress

We must grow
In wisdom, strength and beauty.
Yes, we must grow,
Each day a larger duty,
Or we shall die,
No fruit, no blossom giving,
Yes, we shall die,
Although we call it living.

We must be
A part of life's procession,
Must more than be,
Or life is retrogression.
We must move on,
Our life all life improving,
We must move on,
And keep the whole world moving!

—Y.F.Z.

peding buffalo tramp down grass. Their world seems over, finished—yet the world goes on.

Bellamy, with a trained, disciplined brain, knew how to use it. For half an hour he sat with drawn curtains and locked door, scheming what he should do. He was not frightened. But he was appalled by this sudden tragedy. That morning he had bathed and shaved as one of the Bar's favorites. Fortune smiled on him. Not a cloud marred the horizon of his fame. He basked in professional and domestic bliss.

Now . . . could he extricate himself from a position threatening to swamp him?

Calmly and dispassionately, an unlit cigarette between his fingers, he turned slowly and looked at the body. With that consummate skill that had brought him riches, he marshalled every fact, reviewed every clue, and saw clearly professional shame and domestic ruin staring him in the face.

It is worth while to follow his reasoning:

That morning he had not gone to the Courts. After breakfast he had received a phone message from the dead woman, asking to see him. While shunning the prospect of such an interview, generosity prompted him to consent. Knowing Ann was dining that night with old Lady Marsh, he foolishly and quite innocently slipped into the intrigue. With the exception of Dase all the servants would be out; and Dase, if running true to form, would now be sleeping in his pantry. The dead woman had walked the short mile from the station and, seeing him in the lamp-lit study, had tapped on the window and been admitted. It was safe, therefore, to assume that no one had seen her arrive; and, thank God, she hadn't taken a taxi!

And now she lay dead on his floor, with her skull fractured at the base.

What should he do? What could he do?

AT first thought his line of action was unquestionable. He should telephone for an ambulance and the police. That was the right, the sensible, thing to do. But what would follow? Her identity would be proved; he would be cross-examined as to her visit. It would leak out she had come at a time when to all intents and purposes she wouldn't be seen and he was alone. A charitable world would infer that such was her habit—their habit. It would never believe the truth, and disclosure of their past relationship would follow as a matter of course. There was even the risk that suspicion would rest on him for having deliberately killed her to rid himself of an embarrassment. That chance was remote, but existed.

But these risks were to him as nothing to the accusations he could already read in Ann's eyes. That even she should believe him was doubtful. She would ask: "But why this secrecy? Why have I never heard of her? Can you expect, in the circumstances, me, or anyone else, to believe you? Why did she come at night? Debts, money, blackmail! Couldn't your legal mind suspect that? Couldn't your solicitors have dealt with her? If you're speaking the truth and your intentions were merely charitable, why see the woman? Or, if you thought that necessary, why see her alone?"

To all of this and more, what answers could he make?

None!

He looked at the body with hatred. Alive she had menaced him; dead she was a curse. She had jeopardised him beyond her wildest intention. He wondered if she were laughing at him, and shuddered. And with that shudder he realised he must act. Quickly. It was the first sign of nerves: giving way under strain.

Thirty seconds later he'd decided that, however foolish it might be, that body must be disposed of. In no circumstances must it be discovered in his house.

(Please turn to Page 12)

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SKIN DISEASES

AMAZING SUCCESS OF
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A Milton (N.S.W.) woman who suffered agony from Eczema for eight years, a Sydney girl whose condition



Mr. J. J. McHugh, F.R.C.

The new treatment has produced phenomenal results in so-called "hopeless" cases throughout Australia, N.Z., and Pacific Islands. That many who suffered for years, spent pounds and almost lost hope, have been released from torture, is proved by scores of letters from patients. Reports of almost miraculous cures place Mr. McHugh's success among the remarkable advances now being made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post, as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write for full details of treatment, and reports from patients, to Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.D., Consulting Chemist, 447 W. Illawarra Road, Marrickville, N.S.W.

Barber's Rash, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, etc.

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Barber's Rash, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, etc.

AND from that point his brain functioned rapidly, accurately. His car was in the garage. His chauffeur was out. Lady Marsh would send Ann back in her own car. Six miles away was Balton Forest, wild forest land popular with picnickers by day, but deserted at night. He should be able to convey the body to some spot on the forest road and leave it there with every semblance of an accident while walking. He knew he was clever enough for that; could divert all suspicion from his home. But he must act quickly. Ann was due back within an hour, as Lady Marsh kept early hours.

After making sure that the garden was deserted, he put on some gloves, lifted the body, and conveyed it to the back seat of his car, where he deposited it on the floor. With the excessive caution of a car thief he released the brakes and pushed the car down the inclined drive.

During his drive to the Forest his thoughts were not with the body behind him, but with his wife. He risked everything for the woman he adored. Being committed, he dare not now contemplate failure. Any legal penalty arising from discovery was as nothing to the shock Ann would get. Their faith and love for each other was overwhelming. So, jamming his foot on the accelerator, he told himself he would rather risk seven years than destroy her trust and beliefs.

The rear light of a bicycle showed far ahead, and he made out the uniform figure pedalling along. It was the village constable on night patrol. At the same time he saw a convenient side lane and turned down it; for constables have been known to read number plates.

Arrived at the spot he sought, in the Forest, he backed into the trees on his off side. Nothing unusual in that, if his tracks were seen by daylight. Night lovers often did it! Then he switched off his lights and accustomed his eyes to the darkness.

After ten minutes he discarded his shoes, alighted, and, with the body in his arms, walked backwards across the road. And while doing so inspiration came to him. He remembered a stream bed...

It was a fine night, and as he carried his strange burden along the moss-grown path he had little difficulty in finding his way.

THE shallow stream was two yards wide, with stepping-stones. He laid the body on the bank, took off its high-heeled shoes, and retraced his steps for a hundred yards. Then, wearing the shoes on his hands, he made well-defined tracks as though the woman had walked there, alone. Satisfied with this, he next placed her as though she had been crossing the stream—but slipped and crashed her head on one of the stepping-stones. He was careful to leave the head clear of the water; for a post-mortem would show that death was not due to drowning or suffocation.

He loathed the whole business. It was ghastly. Death is sordid, but to leave the body—and that of a woman—in cold water... at night time...

When he had finished he was shaking in every limb. His iron nerves were rebelling. He pictured what Ann would think of him if she ever learnt of this. He saw her terror-stricken face... staring... accusing... screaming...

Tears of shame and fear welled in his throat, choking him. He fell face downwards on the moss, sobbing. There came to him full realization of what he had done; something that could never be undone, never atoned for as long as he lived. Always the shadow of this ghastly night would be his. And as men seldom do, he prayed to his God for peace of mind, and presently found it, in some small measure, with the knowledge that he'd committed no real crime. What he'd done was for the woman he loved, to save her agony and doubt. So, with the more material thought that his moss-stained socks must be burnt at the first opportunity, he staggered to his feet and sought his car.

But he took a wrong path and for a while wandered aimlessly; not much caring since eventually he must cut the main road. He had been longer than he intended. Ann would be home by now, wondering what had happened to him. He hoped she had gone to bed. He would slip in quietly and sleep in his dressing-room. He couldn't face her this night. He winced at the thought of kissing her... Ann... his pure Ann... and he... nothing but a ghoul!

Presently he came to the main road and made out the vague shape of a car, but when he got nearer he realised it was a two-seater, not his own saloon, and that he had evidently hit the road about half a mile too far south.

With this knowledge came a ghastly

Deception

(Continued from Page 11)

And from that point his brain functioned rapidly, accurately. His car was in the garage. His chauffeur was out. Lady Marsh would send Ann back in her own car. Six miles away was Balton Forest, wild forest land popular with picnickers by day, but deserted at night. He should be able to convey the body to some spot on the forest road and leave it there with every semblance of an accident while walking. He knew he was clever enough for that; could divert all suspicion from his home. But he must act quickly. Ann was due back within an hour, as Lady Marsh kept early hours.

HE paused, crouching, and listened. Nothing broke the stillness of the night. No voices. No steps in the undergrowth. The car's lights were out, it was pulled well into the forest edge, indicating a desire for concealment. Possibly the owner and his little friend were still inside. If they were he was safe. But he must make sure. He couldn't go home and live through the days to follow, days full of newspaper reports on police inquiries and coroner's inquest, never knowing what evidence might be forthcoming. He must find out.

So he made a detour, approaching the car from the back, and was almost against the side curtains before he knew beyond doubt that it was occupied, before he heard a man's low laugh.

His relief was so overwhelming that he had to clutch the mudguard to steady himself. He had not been seen. He had not been heard. He was safe, bar accidents. Ann would never know. That was the only thought now in his mind.

Then the man in the car spoke. "I think we might have a cigarette now!" And the woman laughed and said: "No, he'd smell it! But you smoke; only kiss me again first..."

Bellamy gripped the mudguard tighter. That laugh, that voice! It was uncanny! Just like—

"You lovely little devil, you love being loved, don't you?" whispered the man.

"By you, better'n all else in the world!" But we must stop—for tonight! I shall be late. Light your cigarette and let's go..."

The match flared up, and Bellamy saw his wife's golden head against the man's shoulder.

He wanted to shout, to scream, to protest. To tell her what he had done for her, believing in her. But the futility of everything robbed him of speech. The engine woke to life. The car started. He was left alone.

Hours later he found his own car...

They met at breakfast; she fresh, charming, and—innocent. Bellamy, haggard.

"Why, where on earth did you get to last night, darling?" she greeted him.

"Where did you?" he countered.

"Young Marsh, the old lady's nephew, took me for a drive after dinner," said Ann, who never believed in lies. "A charming boy. But you, did you have to go out?"

"Yes."

"On a case?"

"Yes," said Bellamy, and helped himself to sausages.

And bearing in mind all the circumstances, was there anything else he could have done?

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First stages of an hypnotic trance. The doctor is passing his hands before the patient's eyes to test the dormant senses.

The doctor, having hypnotised the patient, puts thoughts of strength and good health into her mind.

To test the strength of the trance, the doctor has suggested a simple act on awakening. The patient is puzzled at first.

A VISIT to the DOCTOR of To-Morrow

BY A DOCTOR

AT an important English conference of medical men, headed by the King's physician, Lord Dawson of Penn, recommendations were made for the inclusion of psychology, or mental healing, in the curriculum of medical students.

These pictures give an impression of a doctor of the future curing a patient suffering from an advanced nervous disorder, by hypnotic suggestion. Less serious cases would be treated by variations of auto-suggestion.

THE medical profession in England has at last given official recognition to the practice of medical psychology, according to a recent cable.

This means that hypnotism, the psychologists' strongest weapon in curing serious nervous complaints, will be permitted more general use and study.

At a conference of representatives of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, it was decided to make recommendations for the reform of the medical curriculum, and one of the most important changes is to be the inclusion of instruction in medical psychology for every medical student.

It will not be long before all doctors are psychiatrists. The hackneyed methods of curing ill-health will go by the board. Mental conditions will be given first attention. Doctors will be trained to heal the mind as well as the body.

Among the famous medical men who have made these recommendations are Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's doctor, who was chairman at the conference, Sir Holburn Waring, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Farquhar Buzzard, and Sir Ewen Maclean.

Many people have the idea that hypnotism is a dangerous thing, and that it weakens the will or gives people who know how to hypnotise others an uncanny advantage over their fellow men.

Novels have been written about criminals who have been able to hypnotise their victims at a glance. Exaggerations of this kind are utter nonsense, according to a well-known Australian mental specialist. It is usually extremely difficult to hypnotise any patient who does not lend herself freely and willingly to the operation. And it requires a person of fairly strong will

The hypnotic act, which proves the strength of the health thoughts. The patient taking a watch from the doctor's pocket.



and good powers of concentration to do this.

Patients in mental homes who have been placed under hypnotic control regularly can sometimes be hypnotised easily and quickly, and against their will, but such cases are abnormal.

There is a French term, "Rapport," used by some psychologists to indicate a state of mind existing between two or more people when they are perfectly in tune.

People who are intimately associated, like twins or lovers, are often in "Rapport," with the result that they think of the same things at the same time.

Hypnotism is akin to this state, with this difference, that one of the people, the doctor, controls the train of thought. But sometimes he loses control, and is hypnotised by the patient.

Professor Quakerbos, of Columbia University, who wrote books on hypnotism as a therapeutic agency, tells of numerous cases when he himself would sometimes drop off into a voluntary hypnotic sleep, with the patient he was hypnotising; and the nurse would go, too.

"Put out your mind, not your tongue," the doctor of to-morrow will say.



Above: Still in a state of half-trance, she hands it back to the owner. The patient is under stress of emotion at this stage.

Right: Fully awakened, she walks out of the surgery, straight and vital, with no more thoughts, for the present, of sickness and weakness.



Choose DRESS COLORS With CARE

By DOROTHEA VAUTIER

Since the day when Eve first clad herself in the green of fig leaves, woman has claimed from man the prerogative of color in dress.

COLOR, if well balanced, will make the short and stout appear taller and slimmer; the tall and over-slight, fuller. It will set off the eyes and hair, giving them an added lustre, and the skin a warmer glow.

It is one of the first problems of the dress designer when making her own and other people's clothes to notice the character of lines and coloring best suited to her build.

Colors affect the proportions according to their purity. The purer the color is, the more expansive it is, and, consequently, the more likely to make a stout person stouter.

Warm colors, such as red, yellow, and orange, increase the size, and tones such as blue, green, and violet reduce it. Heavy people appear slimmer in vertical stripes if the contrast in stripes is very slight. A prominently striped design, however, creates too lively an impression for a stout person to wear, because it tends to draw undue attention to the figure.

Although a woman must choose her colors and materials and plan her ensemble according to her figure as a whole, the face should be the dominant feature, the colors framing and setting it off.

It is difficult to classify colors for certain types of people because there are always exceptions to any rule, but they can be generally applied.

Light blondes look their best in blue, green, violet, and their compounds, which set off the rich, beautiful, yellow warmth of their hair.

BLACK-haired brunettes with deep blue glints in hair and eyebrows, will look best in the contrast of reds, yellow, or orange, and their compounds. These high-pitched, warm colors will accentuate the rich depths of the blue-black in their hair and eyes.

On the same principle, people who are red-haired may wear green, black, or blue-greens to add warmth to the hair.

Blondes should avoid too much bright color near the face, as these are likely to overtrivial the delicate tints of their complexions. The youthful brunette will look matronly if she wears dark, unrelieved colors; the warm tinted brunette of creamy complexion,

If she wears blue, should choose the brighter tones; but, as a rule, brunettes should choose warm colors, deep reds, oranges, yellows, browns.

By analysing the color schemes of others in trams, trains, and other places you learn how to apply color to yourself. It is interesting to note a woman's color combination in relation to her face and figure.

Color in dress is a means of providing a frame and setting for the personality of the wearer. It expresses mood, just as the color in a painting does, and as you dress, so you impress those with whom you come in contact.

Serenity, vitality, appealing softness, allurements, and the self-confident, dynamic personality are all released through the medium of color.

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Weight	8 st. 4 lb.	Thigh	19 in.
Bust	33 in.	Calf	13 in.
Waist	25 in.	Neck	12 1/2 in.

GET YOUR TAPE MEASURE

and compare your own figure, and if during the winter ugly rolls of fat have come round waist, hips, or bust, to hide the beauty of your body, go to your chemist and get a 5/6 carton of Youth-o-form Tonic Reducing Capsules, and begin taking just one capsule each day at bedtime.

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Doctors know that Youth-o-form is prepared by highly qualified chemists from the most scientifically balanced formula in the world, and prescribe it as the most effective treatment in ridding the body of ugly, aging fat, effectively, harmlessly, and permanently, leaving no wrinkles or sagging flesh, and acting as a tonic, too.

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Youth-o-form is taken at intervals by thousands of people, not only to reduce ugly fat, but to banish High Blood Pressure, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation, and Indigestion. People of all ages from 18 to 80 take Youth-o-form, and this report from one of our clients is interesting:—

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So they say

Readers' Opinions On All Topics

ABOLISH HONEYMOONS

DOES not the pleasure and relaxation of body, mind, and nerves justify the expense of a honeymoon? Or does such a period of luxury and ease give



a false start and cause the return to everyday life and work to fall flat in contrast, and married life to disappoint the young couple's expectations? I would like readers' opinions.

£1 to Miss C. M. Robertson, 34 Elizabeth Street, Elsternwick, S.A., Vic.

INTELLIGENCE TESTS

RE Psychological Intelligence Tests (W.W. 23/9/33), you may care to know that Victoria is holding her own in this direction. Last year, leading Educationists established a vocational school where, by means of special tests, the child's adaptability for a certain type of work is determined, and a certificate—valuable when seeking employment—issued to that effect.

£1 to Mrs. I. M. Jackson, Middleton Street, Highett, S.21, Victoria.

HISTORY REPEATS

OWING to his expression of unpopular ideas, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Angus raised a hornets' nest in the Presbyterian Assembly, recently. Horror was expressed by many ministers at the upsetting of traditional beliefs.

But is this not merely a repetition of history?

Fifty years ago, Dr. Charles Strong was forced to tender his resignation as Minister of Scots Church, Melbourne, because he advocated beliefs similar to Dr. Angus'.

And it is 1000 years since a humble carpenter of Nazareth suffered a painful death because He, too, preached a doctrine contrary to public opinion.

£1 to Miss Gertrude Gardner, Room 6, "Normanby Chambers," 430 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, Vic.

We Would Like to Know Too—

RECENTLY a well-known English book publisher arranged a competition in which 4000 British school-children participated. All that was expected of each child was to write down ten questions which he or she would like answered. Some of the questions are startling, to say the least! Here are a few:—

Why does a man grow a moustache where do the whiskers come from?
Why does it not hurt when we have our hair cut?
Why are there always so many men out of work after war, when so many have been killed?
Why does the sun fade carpets and not flowers?
Do the people who live at the Poles spin round like a top?
Where does the fog go when it clears up suddenly?
Why does a thunderstorm turn milk sour?
Does a hen know chickens will come out of her eggs when she's sitting?
Why does a fly walk on the ceiling?
Why does a ball bounce?
Why does a dog like being stroked?
Why can't all the countries in the world be friendly?
Why aren't there green flowers?
How did God make Himself?
Why does boiling make eggs hard and potatoes soft?
If a wasp sat on a stinging nettle, what would happen?
How many servants has the King got?
Does a cloud weigh anything?
What did the first living thing eat?
Why does the cuckoo cuckoo?

RICH GIRLS IN JOBS

A GROWING craze among the daughters of wealthy families in Victoria and New South Wales for a temporary incursion into employment on the stage or in big emporiums appears to be in questionable taste when the amount of unemployment among working girls is considered.

If these girls work because they really believe they should not indulge in a life of idleness, why do they not seek posts which benefit the community instead of using influence to secure jobs which would otherwise be filled by girls who really need the money?

At least they might donate their salaries to some charitable cause instead of merely adding to their wardrobes with it or frittering it idly away.

£1 to Miss Ena Bowman, 25 Powlett Street, East Melbourne, Victoria.

POWER OF WOMAN

WHY do not the women of the world make a definite stand against war? If all the women of even one country were determined to end war, that country would be the pioneer of world peace: strong in its sense of right; brave in its defencelessness, and quite safe because unarmed.

£1 to Miss K. Tilley, 46 Jupiter Street, South Caulfield S.E. 8, Melbourne, Vic.



LET NURSES SPEAK

ALL the evidence presented in the recent article on the question of nurses' hours comes from one side—that of the employers and hospital presidents. Let us have something from the persons most directly concerned—the nurses. If there is cause for complaint about the present length of hours and those in command think they are ideal, surely there must be a fruitful source of unrest somewhere. Let the nurses speak forth!

£1 to Mrs. C. Morris, 4 Myrtle Court, Myrtle Street, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

IS IT HERESY?

A BRAVE New South Welshman sat in dignified silence while a band of wrathful Scots rained blows at his "heresy." But . . . is it heresy? The Lantern-bearers of all Ages have been stoned, burned, persecuted or crucified. Do we continue to read by candlelight when electricity is available?

£1 to Miss F. Taylor, Stanley Avenue, Cheltenham, Victoria.

ALSATIANS ARE DIFFERENT

MISS L. FISHER, in her defence of Alsations, very loyally insists that they are no different to other dogs. But is that really true? Granted that all breeds are liable to turn savage for no apparent reason, the Alsation's very real danger lies in his remarkable size and strength.

Against an ordinary dog, a woman stands a chance. Against an Alsation—well, just look at one of them!

£1 to Edith Paradise, 4 Princess Street, Canterbury, N.S.W.

HUGH HOLBROOK says: I have sliced olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?

£10 FOR LETTERS FROM READERS

TEN £1 prizes are to be won each week by readers who send in short, pithy letters on controversial topics of the day or comments on other readers' letters and articles in The Australian Women's Weekly. An "S" coupon, from the competition entry form on Page 43, must be attached to each letter.

MEN IN WOMEN'S JOBS

WE hear so much about women taking men's positions, but did women make an outcry when men entered their domain?

Cooking and dressmaking are undoubtedly women's employments, and yet men have been in them for years, and filling head positions, as chefs and designers.

We could find others, but these two will suffice.

£1 to Mrs. C. A. Beveridge, 82 Shadforth Street, Mosman, N.S.W.

POOH TO MOTHER GRUNDY

THE new season's beach-wear is with us, and Mother Grundy will no doubt have some more—or should I say less—to talk about.

Let her talk! Why should we care, when on every hand we see virile types of man and womanhood, due in no small measure to the wholehearted enthusiasm for sun, sea, and fresh air, which is our national heritage.

£1 to Miss J. Brooks, 28 Bayswater Road, King's Cross, Sydney.



FACE THE SUMMER SUN

WITH THIS SOFT, PROTECTIVE FACE POWDER—Strong sunshine may rob your skin of all its precious suppleness—it may make your face look tired. Guard your skin with a protective face powder—use "Australian Rice," which is fine, pure and harmless, yet has a "tone-density" that shields the skin against harsh sunlight and dusty winds. "Australian Rice" is soothing, cooling, refreshing—its shades are glamorous, gay and young—its perfume is delightful. Keep good-looking by using "Australian Rice" Face Powder—made of the rarest ingredients, in your own Country, by your own people. Only 1/3d—a very big, very smart box. All fashionable shades. All Chemists and Stores.

SUGGESTION—

See what a big difference a French-made Face Cream makes on your sun-tanned skin—just try "Australian Rice" Face Cream. Giant Jar, only 1/3d.

'Australian Rice' Powder & Cream



Don't be Ashamed of YOUR SKIN!

THOSE unsightly skin eruptions—those pimples, blackheads, and raw red blotches on face, neck and chest—they CAN be cleared with amazing speed; this remarkable discovery will clear up your skin almost overnight. It will be like you lifting off the mask of bad skin and showing the fresh, young complexion underneath. Send now for this remarkable literature, and learn how you can clear your face, neck and hands once and for all. This inquiry costs you nothing. Send now and get complete information by Return Post.

Post This Now!

ELLEN HARVEY, Dept. W2,
107 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me your wonderful Free Literature on how to clear my skin. I enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

1/10/33

WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA



MARLENE DIETRICH, the film actress, by continuing to wear trousers, is the talk of Europe. This photo was taken at a Riviera resort recently.



YOU HAVE ALL heard of Popocatepetl, the gigantic extinct volcano of Mexico, but this is probably the first time you have seen a picture of it. Also shown is Ixtaccihuatl (white woman), another volcano.

—Our Overseas Service.



THESE TWO PUNTERS made a compromise to the weather in their choice of frocks for Randwick races. Miss Lorna Bradford's smart pepper-and-salt check was worn with chic. Her friend, Miss M. Campbell (on left), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Campbell, came from Adelong. —Women's Weekly photo.



PROOF THAT GRETHA GREEN has lost all of its romance is revealed in a statement! Mr. Rennie, the blacksmith, that this year has been a record for marriage before the ancient anvil. —Our Overseas Service.



LEFT THE PRINCE. This is Janet Snowden, pretty heiress, who married the Italian Prince Caravita in New York recently, and separated from him after a five days' honeymoon. She said: "I admit it was a mistake, and it would be unfair to the Prince and myself to continue. I don't love the Prince, and that is all there is to it."

—Our Overseas Service.



DUKE LIKES A DIP. The Duke of York photographed after a dip in the sea at Southwold, on the Suffolk coast.

—Our Overseas Service.

GIRL OF 12 to marry farmer boy. Special permission of the President of France was given Adrienne Delamarre, aged 12, to marry a 17-year-old farmer boy.

—Our Overseas Service.

PICTURES taken by The Australian Women's Weekly may be obtained from our Photographic Department at 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.



A MOUND OF PEAS shown to members of the Housewives' Association who visited the Sydney Vegetable Markets last week. The association is fighting the City Council's edict that no peas are to be sold on street barrows. —Women's Weekly study.

BUSINESS GIRLS' LUNCHEONS

—are a new weekly feature to be found at Farmer's. EACH WEDNESDAY AT 1 p.m., smart City Business Girls will find a delightful luncheon awaiting them in Farmer's Fifth Floor Annex. 1/- will be the only charge and PROMINENT PERSONAGES that you've been "dying to meet" will be there to address you. Mannequins will also provide interesting sidelights on current fashions. Make it your rendezvous each week.

FARMER'S

Amazing Offer!

LINE N

Wash Frocks



DETAILS: Three styles in plain fadeless linen, white, green, rose or blue. S.W. W. only. All, 16/11

From the bolt to the last button, these frocks were Farmer's own brilliant idea! The materials (high-grade linens) were selected only after long search. Farmer's is fussy about hems, seams, "cut" and "hang," so a manufacturer was found who would be fussy too! Farmer's was determined to have smart, well-made cottons at a price that wouldn't make buying four or five an extravagance.

Wash Frocks, Second Floor. Why not Lay-By?



From 1/6 each
LINE N
Sports Hankies

In as gay a lot of prints as you've ever seen! Checks and spots and stripes in ravishing colours—you could carry them for decoration if nothing else. Illustrated is one with a hand-rolled hem. In florals as well as spots. Each .. 1/6, 2/11, 2/3 And Hankies are on the Ground Floor. Lay-By for Christmas.

Brainwaves

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

Each week £1 is awarded for the best entry, and 5/- for others used.

"YOU don't seem to think much of me as a worker," said the new hand to dad.
"Worker!" snorted dad. "Why, when I'm not here you're the laziest man on the farm."

A DANKIE went to consult the doctor. As he was leaving, the doctor remarked: "My fee for the advice I have given you is 10/6."
"Yes," answered the dankie, "but I ain't goin' to take your advice."

HE: Does your mother object to kissing?
She: Now, just because I allow you to kiss me, you needn't think you can kiss the whole family.

HE: I never could see much in those crepe-de-chine frocks.
She: You could not have looked at them in the right light.

CALLER: Will you buy a lottery ticket for a poor man in our suburb?
Housewife: I would not know what to do with him if I won him.

SHE met her old lover at a party and pretended not to know him.
"I did not catch your name!" she said, as she was introduced.
"You didn't!" he answered, "but you tried your hardest!"

PATIENT: The wife says I talk in my sleep, Doctor. What should I do?
Doctor: Absolutely nothing that you should not.

"I SEE you are reading that bill of sale very closely!" said the lawyer's clerk. "I'll bet you did not read your marriage license so carefully!"
"May be not!" was the reply, "but ever since that I read everything."

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

**MARIE DRESSLER**

OFTEN ASTONISHES WAITERS BY ORDERING RAW MEAT. SHE LIKES UNCOOKED HAMBURGER.

**JACK HOLT**

WON HIS START IN PICTURES BY DOUBLING FOR A WESTERN STAR AND JUMPING HIS HORSE OVER A 40-FOOT CLIFF.



LOUISE FAZENDA
ONCE SOLD PAPERS ON THE STREETS OF LOS ANGELES.



WHO'S WHOSE
BEBE DANIELS IS WED TO BEN LYON
CLARA BOW IS WED TO REX BELL

A SCOTSMAN, after 30 years in Australia, returned to Aberdeen to find his brother with a long beard. He inquired the reason.
"What could I do!" was the reply.
"You took my razor to Australia with you!"

CONNOISSEUR DE LIQUEUR: By my cups there's nothing I like better than a strawberry milk-shake.
Connoisseur de femme: Gads goblets—I'd much rather see a strawberry blonde shake.

IN London I was received in Court circles.
"What was the charge against you?"

"THE good die young."
"Yes; and it's only the young die good."

Science Wins!

A
LAXATIVE
must be
GENTLE
to be safe
for a
WOMAN!



No matter how fit and well you feel, your system needs a laxative to keep in perfect order. A gentle, efficient laxative that will lubricate the entire body and assist the organs to do their work.

For this, avoid pills, salts, and ordinary purgatives! Their action is too severe and does more harm than good. Instead—take Lubri-Lax, the only lubricating laxative money can buy.

Lubri-Lax follows nature's way of curing constipation. It simply stimulates the intestinal muscles and produces a gentle bowel activity. Lubri-Lax is made from a modern scientific

formula containing Petrolatum. It is perfectly safe and is guaranteed not to harm the most delicate female organs.

Secure a jar of Lubri-Lax to-day. It is the only laxative that lubricates, and doctors recommend it.

BEWARE!

Be sure you always obtain the genuine Lubri-Lax! Many imitations are very close to our registered name. But there is one, and only one—Lubri-Lax. Ask for it by name at all chemists and stores.

Secure
a Jar
to-day

LUBRI-LAX

2/- & 2/9
per
Jar

LUBRI-LAX is manufactured by the Proprietors of FEMMETONE, the world's most famous tonic, invaluable for curing Influenza, and which is also specially recommended by Dr. Du Maurier, 207 Macquarie Street, Sydney, founder of the Australian Broadcasting Health Society. If your local chemist cannot supply you with LUBRI-LAX or FEMMETONE, write direct to the Natural Remedy Company, Box JJ 1436, G.P.O., SYDNEY, and enclose 6d. extra to cover postage.

EXPOSURE in PRINT

A Positive Print Produces a Negative Proof.



WAPER-LIKE, delicate. Ten of them. Of rubber. They fitted snugly over eight fingers and two thumbs. Harvey Prince had had them made specially from the finger-prints of Povey, the chief cashier. It had meant patient waiting before a complete set of Povey's finger-prints had been secured.

But it is not impossible to procure those prints when one works daily in the same office as the man whose finger impressions are eminently desirable to reproduce.

As assistant cashier, Harvey Prince had managed it. The result was the carefully arranged manufacture of ten little rubber sheaths, thimble-like, delicate, which fitted upon Harvey Prince's finger-tips and thumbs. In the quiet of his lodgings, Prince numbered each false finger-tip on the inside. He donned them in their proper order. His fingers lightly touched an ink-pad. He poised his hands over a sheet of clean paper, rested his finger-tips lightly upon it, and compared the impressions with the actual prints of Povey's own fingers.

The two sets were identical. He studied them both with absorbed interest. The rubber finger-tips were faithful reproductions of Povey's own natural skin lines. Beautiful workmanship. A triumph of minute craftsmanship at the mould.

Harvey Prince smiled to himself. The safe in the firm's private office was not approached by any other than the partners themselves. Even Povey, chief cashier, had no access to it. But there had been a scrap of paper on Mr. Weatherall's desk in the private office. Careless of the senior partner to leave that scrap of paper bearing the safe combination unguarded for several minutes!

Harvey had planned everything very carefully. Povey would be working late on Wednesday evening. On Thursday morning, when the private office safe was opened by the partners, they would discover it had been tampered with. They would find finger-prints on the safe. Povey's finger-prints! But the securities would be in Harvey Prince's possession for comfortable negotiation later! Prince looked at his false tips, snugly ensconced upon each of his fingers. Povey's finger-prints from Prince's fingers. What a scream! Poor old Povey! Known to be hard up. Badly paid, too. Well, someone had to be juggled for robbing a safe. It was Povey's funeral. He pictured meek-looking, inoffensive Povey proved guilty of a crime he had never committed. He laughed callously.

On Wednesday night he watched in the yard from a quiet vantage point, saw the light over Povey's desk extinguished at shortly after ten o'clock, and witnessed the shabby-looking chief cashier leave the main entrance to the office, locking the door behind him.

Half an hour later, Prince had entered the building through a window in the basement. He possessed keys to the inner offices himself, and passed within easily.

Soon after he was in the private office. Thoughtfully affixing his "Povey" finger-tips, he stooped before the partners' safe and fingered the tumblers. He swung the door open; then, with a sudden cry, he slumped the safe door, crouched in the blinding light which had snapped on and lit the room in fierce electric radiance, and made a spring for the door.

Mr. Hemmings was a powerful man, too. He recovered from the initial surprise and closed resolutely with Prince's dodging figure. The pair fought grimly, Prince clawing wildly at the other's hands to free the grip upon him. A sudden swirl and he had broken away. With apologetic feet he raced along the corridor. Even as he gained the street, the senior partner was speaking rapidly into his telephone...

NEXT morning, Mr. Povey looked up from his desk as his little room was visited by the senior partner. Mr. Hemmings was thin-lipped.

"Mr. Prince will not be in to-day," said Mr. Hemmings. "His place will be filled as soon as I can replace him. Come with me, Povey. I wish to speak to you about Harvey Prince in the privacy of my room."

Seated at his desk, and regarding his

A TEN MINUTE STORY

chief cashier with prim benevolence. Mr. Hemmings gave rapid utterance. He threw two small objects upon the top of the desk between them, and coughed sharply.

"Harvey Prince is in custody," he said dryly. "I had occasion to visit the office shortly after ten-thirty last night, and I found Harvey Prince in my private office."

Povey removed a puzzled stare from the two objects on the desk and started violently.

"In the private office, sir?" He spoke in a scandalous voice.

"Actually at my safe," said Mr. Hemmings. "At work upon the private safe. He had it open!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the old cashier. "And you—"

"I returned unexpectedly, as I have already remarked," Mr. Hemmings nodded grimly. "I came to check up on certain negotiable bonds, as a matter of fact. The rascal had somehow got the combination of the safe, and the first thing he knew of my presence was when I snapped the light on. I wear rubbers." He tapped his boots explanatively upon the carpet.

"He struggled with me for some minutes and finally broke away. He was apprehended later, however, and is in custody pending trial. Foregone conclusion, the trial, of course. A cunning rascal. See those two rubbers?"

MR. POVEY looked short-sightedly at the two objects on the desk. "These, sir?" He picked them up.

"Those two came off his fingers in our struggle," said Mr. Hemmings. "See what they are. Ridged and seamed like finger-tips. They are finger-tips, in fact. Artificial finger-tips. A police official soon decided for what purpose they were intended. It is fortunate that I returned to the office last night, or on the evidence of those same tips another man would have paid the penalty for the crime. Those prints were on the outside of the safe, and again on the shelf inside the safe—printed in the dust. Just by the spot where the securities had lain."

Mr. Povey looked perplexed as he eyed his superior narrowly.

"False finger-tips, sir? What a terrible idea to—"

"Reproduction of another man's finger-tips," pursued Mr. Hemmings crisply. "Worn so that the finger-prints

"The police investigated first thing this morning," went on the senior partner. "They found the finger-prints of most of the staff at odd places in the outer office. On desks, stools, books, etc. They found that the rubber finger-tips corresponded exactly with your own. A d a s tardy ruse, Povey!"

Mr. Povey wiped a damp forehead with his handkerchief.

"Anyway," proceeded Mr. Hemmings evenly, "Harvey Prince will get the punishment to fit the crime. He has hidden the securities safely, and does everything in his power to throw us off the scent. Rather odd that he should assume your finger-prints, Povey, in an effort to incriminate you, and prove his own actual theft by their evidence! He swears that he never touched the contents of the safe at all, but the finger-prints on the dusty shelf inside that safe just where the securities had lain can't lie! Very well, Povey. There is nothing more to be said. I think. Thank you, I shall want those for the use of the police. I thought you might like to see them as evidence of the rascality to which your assistant could descend. I shall replace Prince with another man as early as possible."

"Don't you think the securities may be recovered, sir?" asked Povey anxiously.

Mr. Hemmings laughed shortly.

"Very unlikely," he said acidly. "Three thousand pounds' worth of negotiable securities, including bearer bonds, are too easily secreted away and later passed with consummate ease for them to be discovered now."

"I am very glad indeed, sir, that you returned when you did," said Mr. Povey earnestly.

"It would have been very awkward for me had you not caught Harvey Prince in the act. Very, very awkward, indeed, sir."

"Quite," agreed Mr. Hemmings.

"That is all, Povey."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Povey. "And thank you, sir, very much indeed. I had no idea he was that sort of man—I always thought him very steady, sir."

HE returned to his own little office, and whistled softly to himself.

"No," he soliloquised, "I feel quite certain those bonds never will be traced. And what a slip, my leaving those finger-prints in the dust on the safe shelf!"

He remembered leaving the office at ten the night before. And he thought of what lay in a snug place at home. Where he had carefully placed them on getting back from the office...

Negotiable securities. Three thousand pounds' worth of them.

(Copyright)



Things That Happen

Her Opinion

THINKING to give grandma a treat on her visit to the city. I invited her to witness the screening of a "talkie," choosing what I thought was a suitable film.

Imagine the amusement of those seated nearby when, halfway through the showing, grandma rose to her feet and said in unmodulated tones, "Well, if that's how they make love nowadays I will never do it." With that she strode up the aisle, and I followed in embarrassment.—"W.B." Ballarat, Vic.

Impudent Seagulls

WHILE walking along the foreshores of Tuggerah Lakes Entrance (N.S.W.), I was surprised to see what looked like seven white kites fluttering in the air just where the bulk of the rod fishermen had gathered for the day's fishing.

On closer inspection I found them to be seagulls which had swooped down and seized the small live mullet that the fishermen were using for catching flathead.

The birds had taken these lines into the air with them, and it was quite a novel sight to see seven men clinging to their rods, with a gull at each end of the line, and when the lines were eventually hauled down we found that only one gull had been hooked through the side of the bill. It has since become a garden pet.—Mrs. R. McGee, Tuggerah Lakes, N.S.W.

Uninvited Golf Guests

TWO golf clubs at Ipswich (Queensland) were conducting their annual championships, and it was unique that at the week-end unusual incidents happened at both courses.

At the Sandy Gallop links the semi-finalists (after two lofty drives) had the unpleasant experience of seeing both balls carried off by crows, and as the balls were not recovered, they had to play the hole over again.

At the Ipswich links excitement ran high as a player, following his drive, was nonchalantly chipping the fairway with his club, and came into contact with a three-foot brown snake, which he quickly despatched.—J. Moffey, Ipswich, Qld.

Appearances Against Me

VISITING Glen Innes Show a few years ago, I went into an hotel for lunch, and hung my parasol on the back of my chair.

A waitress, rushing round, upset a tray of knives and forks.

In the afternoon, standing beside the crowded seats and watching the ring events, I put up my parasol, and out fell a tablefork.—Mrs. T. H. Fletcher, Walcha Road, N.S.W.

Please Read These Rules

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of £1 will be paid for the best entry each week, and others used will be paid for at our usual rates.

Under The Influence

UPON leaving one of Sydney's large ballrooms one evening, one of the members of a party, thinking to make things jollier, although he had not touched a "spot" all the evening, pretended to be a little bit merry and had a joke with the car-minder.

First of all he produced from his pocket a button, then a pencil, then a few more odds and ends and the look on the car-minder's face was most amusing.

However, he cheered up considerably on receiving a substantial tip.

Imagine our friend's amazement when a constable caught him by the arm just as he was stepping into the car and forbade him to drive the car while "under the influence." It took a good 10 minutes to convince the constable that our friend was perfectly sober, and quite capable of driving the car, and had been only pretending.—Miss M. Llevain, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Right Kind of Memory

MY small niece arrived home very late one afternoon, and, on being questioned, told her mother that she had been clearing orange-peel off the foot-path as she came along. Further inquiries brought to light the fact that a few weeks before a clergyman of their church had given a children's address on "The Right Kind of Memory," and had laid particular stress on children having kindly thought for others.

It so impressed the child that whenever she saw fruit peelings on a foot-path she removed them because "somebody, perhaps elderly people, might slip and injure themselves badly."—"Gordon," Hawthorn, Vic.

The Plain Wife

A FRIEND of my father was always being chaffed by his pals for having such a very plain wife. "Well, it's like this," he would reply, "you chaps want a pretty wife, and then you wonder why she is never there when you get home, whereas I can always depend on mine to be waiting for me."—E. Squire, Brisbane (Q.).



"Does the new manager pay much attention to detail?"
"Yes, he noticed the ladder in my stocking before I did."

deliberately left on the safe door and on the dusty shelf would provide clues to lead to the conviction of that man and so cover the real criminal. That man, who might so have suffered, was... you!"

Mr. Povey started perceptibly. "I, sir? Good gracious me!" Mr. Povey paled.

HAIL!

1933 BATHERS!



You can swim and sunbake in complete comfort in this tailored "Formal" Jantzen—three in one costume in royal, black and white. Misses' size .. 22/- Ladies' size .. 23/6

Jantzen Wool Cap, as illustrated on figure—is rubber lined, and obtainable in white, black, white/black, Nile, Bahama, burgundy, red, royal. Price .. 4/6



Fancy Stripe Top Bather—in a durable elastic knit, with low back. Sizes, S.W. and W. Price .. 21/- Attractive Rubber Cap—obtainable in a good assortment of colors and styles. Price .. 10jd.

Inexpensive Elastic Knit Bather with semi-low back as illustrated. In black, Nile, red, sage and royal. Sizes S.W. and O.S. Price .. 7/6 Good quality Rubber Horse Cap, in red, white, royal, and black. Price .. 4/11



Elastic Knit Bathers, with the newest low back and the strap. In fancy designs. Sizes S.W. and W. Price .. 13/6 O.S. .. 14/6 Reversible double Rubber Spotted Cap. Price .. 3/6

Jantzen "Bralift" with Shouldralre back. In Burgundy, ocean, black. Misses' size .. 22/- Ladies' size .. 23/6 Blocked Aviator Cap, as illustrated on figure, in sage, white, green and black. Price .. 2/11

HORDERN BROTHERS

MUSIC and RADIO

LOVELY MUSIC OF ALFRED HILL

A CHANCE meeting several years ago between Alfred Hill and Hugh McCrae led to the composer writing the music to the poet's charming fantasy, "The Ship of Heaven."

On Saturday the operetta is to be produced for the first time by Doris Fitton for the Independent Theatre Club, at the Sydney Savoy.

Alfred Hill's music is delightful. It is full of lilting melody and beautifully orchestrated. It is a work which is destined to international recognition, which will not be anything new for Alfred Hill.

Maisie Buchanan will play Columbine; Robert Scott (tenor), Pierrot; Lorna McKeown, Cupid; Misha Burlakov, the Doctor. The ballets are arranged by the Lightfoot-Burlakov School.

In addition, there will be a large chorus, and an orchestra of 22, conducted by the composer.



ALFRED HILL, whose music has won him world repute.

"TOSCA" Next in National Broadcast SEASON

"TOSCA" will be the next opera to be broadcast through the national network, from 2FC by the Aldrovandi-Franco Iral Opera Company, who have brought Lionello Cecil from Italy for a season of 26 operas.

Madame Gossens-Viceroy will sing Tosca, Lionello Cecil, Cavaradossi; Franco Iral sings Scarpia; Frederick Foxley, Spoletta; Reginald Hood, Angelotti; and Rowell Bryden, Sacristan. The opera is one of Puccini's best-known and most popular works. It contains many delightful and inspiring melodies.

ORIGINALLY written by Sardou as the three-act drama, "La Tosca," the words for the opera version were written by L. Illica and G. Giacosa. It was produced first in 1900 at the Costanzi Theatre, Rome, and later at the Covent Garden Opera House, London.

"Tosca," like most grand operas, has an intensely dramatic theme. The beautiful singer, La Tosca, in an attempt to save the life of the man she loves, offers to give herself to Scarpia, who has condemned him to death for treason.

Scarpia agrees to free Tosca's lover, Cavaradossi, and signs a paper to this effect. It is arranged that Tosca shall tell the condemned man to pretend he is shot when the firing squad shoots at him, with blank cartridges. Having got what she wanted, Tosca stabs Scarpia to death. . . . before he can claim his reward.

Some of the most beautiful music and singing takes place in the last scene on the battlements, where Cavaradossi is to be shot.

The overture, depicting the awakening of the city, is among the most exquisite ever written.

"MEFISTOFELE" Broadcast... A Great Success

A NEW high standard for national broadcasts was set for Australia on Tuesday night by Aldrovandi-Iral opera stars.

Their rendering of Boito's "Mefistofele" was without a flaw. The six principals, chorus of 40, and the large A.B.C. Orchestra were rehearsed to perfection.

Lionello Cecil's singing of Faust was a brilliant premiere for this artist. Some listeners have grown sceptical about local opera broadcasts, but as soon as the tenor's voice was heard books were put down, conversation stopped, and everyone listened.

Cecil shared honors with Franco Iral, whose splendid, deep, powerful voice broadcasted perfectly the role of Mefistofele.

Particularly beautiful was Boito's unusual, slow rhythmic duet between Faust and Marguerite. The voices of Cecil and Leonore Gotsch (Marguerite) were charmingly blended. Other principals who made the broadcast a success were Ernest Gibb (Wagner), Evelyn Lynch, Eleanor and Evelyn Hall (Marta).

Maestro Aldrovandi's conducting of the orchestra was full of power and expression. The epilogue and the overture to the acts were a delight to listen to.

GUEST Pianist From U.S.A.

MADAME MASSON, the Victorian pianiste, who will arrive from America this month, under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, has spent the greater part of her time abroad. She has given concerts in most of the great cities of the world, including London, New York, San Francisco, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Brussels, Paris, The Hague, and Tokio, and has played with the Honolulu and San Francisco Symphonic Orchestras.

New York critics acclaimed her as a genuine piano personality with the most powerful tone of any woman pianiste since Teresa Carreno.

Madame Masson received her first pianoforte lessons in Auckland. Later she won an entrance scholarship to the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music. At the completion of her course she gave a series of most successful recitals in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Perth, and in 1912, on the advice of Professor Marshall-Hall and Herr Scharf, she decided to go to Europe for further study. In Germany she studied under Ewert, the famous teacher and pianist of Berlin.



Madame Masson

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.
MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street, Brisbane.
LONDON: Lorne Campbell, 177 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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Social letters to be addressed to either Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS
(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which paper was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and date.
(c) Such claims to reach this office not later than the last Friday in each month.

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Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication.

PATTERNS
See special notice on the pattern page.

HOST ROLEBOOK says: For the unexpected worst, a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Rolebook's Anchovy slice.



HAS WON £33,965

4 First Prizes

AND

ANOTHER £100, £50,

THREE £30's, ETC.,

LAST FRIDAY

LUCKY FRED is pleased to announce some more wonderful wins in the 155th Lottery, drawn last Friday.
£100—Ticket No. 83502.
£50—Ticket No. 41793.
THREE £30's—Tickets No. 90100, 25028, and 20014.

and dozens and dozens of £10 and £5 prizes. Lucky Fred's advertisements contain facts, and facts only.

In the 154th Lottery, drawn just a week earlier, Fred had the biggest scoop ever recorded in the State Lottery Office. He won cash prizes for no fewer than 255 of his clients, winning his usual £100, £50's, £40's, £30's, £20's, £10's, and £5's prizes. Lucky Fred believes in truth in advertising, and a full list of his winning numbers in this Lottery was published last Sunday. Lucky Fred has won approximately four times as much money as any other syndicate in the N.S.W. State Lottery.

4 FIRST PRIZES—

ANOTHER £5000 SOON!

As there are only twenty prizes at £100, and four bigger prizes, Lucky Fred proves how near he is to the FIRST PRIZE by consistently winning £100's in almost every Lottery.

Lucky Fred wants all his clients to know that he is absolutely confident of winning the first prize of £2500 again in the next few days, so don't be sorry—he in his syndicates when he announces his next great win.

DON'T BREAK THE CHAIN OF FORTUNE.

STICK TO LUCKY FRED.

Ten happy people shared the £10,000 which Fred won during the last five weeks, when he won FIRST PRIZE of £2500 in the 148th and 152nd Lotteries. They were all old clients of Lucky Fred's, who had bought shares before, but since then Lucky Fred changed their luck and received a cheque for £1000 each! You can do the same!

PRIZE MONEY PAID IN FULL—SAME DAY SERVICE.

Lucky Fred wants it clearly understood that all prize money is paid in full, and under no circumstances are there any deductions. When Fred wins the first prize, and you own a winning share, you receive £1000. You receive a whole fifth of any other prize won with your share, and no deductions are ever made.

LUCKY FRED'S CHARM.

If you own one of Lucky Fred's Charms, you will be lucky. If you don't, you can be one too. Genuine owners of Lucky Fred's Charms have won over £85,000, and full names and addresses will be gladly supplied on application. All these winners were Lucky Fred's Charm before they won.

SPECIAL OFFER!

FOUR FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT

TICKETS FOR 5/6.

All the people who shared Fred's four first prizes, had only one share each, so to give you a still greater chance, Lucky Fred offers you FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES in different tickets in the next State Lottery to be drawn, for 5/6. This gives you more chances than when you own one whole ticket.

LUCKY FRED'S SAME-DAY SERVICE.

Lucky Fred has proved his same-day service by paying £5000 in the 148th Lottery, and £2500 in the 152nd Lottery, to his shareholders, an hour after the Lottery was drawn.

Fred writes and tells you at once if your share wins a prize, so if you have won a result slip handy, you always know if you have won a prize in Lucky Fred's Syndicates.

Lucky Fred's only address is at 114 Castle-reagh Street, SYDNEY, and he has no connection whatever with any other Syndicates. Claim your Lottery Luck before Christmas, and enjoy yourself with a big win. Money won in the sweetest money of all.

COUPON

A CHARM & SHARE FOR 2/6

A FIFTH SHARE FOR 1/6

OR 4 FIFTH SHARES FOR 5/6

HOW TO SEND IN

Simply clip out this Coupon, and if you would like a Lucky Charm, as well as a Fifth Share, send a Postal Note for 2/6; but for a Fifth Share only, send a Postal Note for 1/6; for four Fifth Shares in different tickets a Postal Note for 5/6, and please do not forget to enclose a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address. Lucky Fred's Syndicates are insured, and are the luckiest Syndicates you can join. Results prove this! So, while you feel lucky, send 50 Fred!

You know the address—

LUCKY FRED,

BOX 2008 T.L. G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Out with Gloom and on with a smile

Cream of Yeast

MAKES TIRED, RUN-DOWN PEOPLE FEEL FIT AND FRESH IN A FEW MINUTES

Cream of Yeast IS LIFE!



MR. W. H. WHIDDON

Former Director New South Wales State Lotteries
and former Commissioner of Taxation
DIRECTOR—£5000—GOLDEN BOX

*"The £5000
Golden Box
is the greatest
value offered
in the world"*

W. H. Whiddon

[W. H. WHIDDON]

DIRECTOR

Mr. W. H. Whiddon, former Director of the New South Wales State Lottery, is the Director of the £5000 Golden Box, and gives his positive opinion that it is the best value obtainable.

The New South Wales State Lottery offers prizes valued at £5000 for 5/3—the Golden Box offers prizes valued at £5000 for 1/-. Compare this amazing value, then think what those prizes can mean to you. There are nearly 600

prizes totalling in value £6000, and Mr. Whiddon personally guarantees the full value of the prizes.

The Golden Box will be closed as soon as filled and drawn in the Sydney Town Hall under the supervision of the Police, the Press, and the public.

All you have to do to participate in this world's greatest prize value is to fill in and sign the application form below and post to-day—REMEMBER, one shilling can win you prizes valued at £5000.

DON'T DELAY POST TO-DAY
START YOUR PRIZES ON THEIR WAY

THE £5000 GOLDEN BOX

W. H. WHIDDON, Director.
£5000 Golden Box, Desk WW1,
Box 3555RR, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Please allot me tickets at 1/- each in the £5000 Golden Box. Here is a Postal Note for £.....
and a stamped addressed envelope. I understand any of these can win prizes valued at £5000.

Syndicate Name (Optional)

Name

Street

Town State

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Beauty TREATMENTS

... Found In Your Kitchen Cupboards

Have you ever stopped to consider the cosmetical value of MILK? By EVELYN

MILK has, of course, been known as a beautifier for centuries, and many famous beauties of the past are reputed to have actually bathed in it!

We moderns, however, in the rush of everyday life, are inclined to overlook the simplest products of nature as aids to beauty... products oftentimes more beneficial, simple of application, and definitely lower in cost than manufactured aids. So, Business Girls and Women of the Home, spare a few minutes to read how milk, in its various forms, can be used to nourish and beautify YOUR skin.

MILK has an extremely whitening effect on the skin, and for this reason alone—quite apart from the general good it does—it is worthy of consideration by every woman. It is best used as part of your weekly massage treatment. You can, first of all, give your face and throat the usual massage with your cold cream, or skin food. When this has been done, cleanse in rose-water to open the pores for the application of the milk.

You should not need more than a quarter of a pint of milk, which must be used as a lotion, and rubbed gently into the skin with the fingers following the usual massage movements. Thus, the milk will be absorbed into the skin. Leave it on for a short time—say, ten minutes—then remove by dabbing with an astringent lotion. You can follow this by rubbing the face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft cloth.



Many women to-day use milk for loveliness. Yet, centuries ago, Grecian ladies were aware of its cosmetical value. You will find the treatment as suggested in this article simple as A.B.C.

This treatment will be found to nourish and beautify the skin. You need not, if you are pressed for time, have the preliminary massage. The milk treatment by itself is sufficient to soothe and whiten the skin.

For Bleaching

As a whitening treatment before an important outing, or for soothing the skin after a day in the sun, milk is to be specially recommended. Frequent use of milk makes the skin fair, firm and velvety, and is ideally suited for women with tender skin. Women who have a high, natural color and would

like to tone it down will find that milk is splendid for the purpose.

To take away the excess of grease which the milk leaves like a film on the face, wash it in lukewarm water, using a pure soap, and rinse thoroughly with cold, and follow by rubbing the face with a piece of ice. Or, as previously stated, use a good lotion. There are many satisfactory astringent lotions on the market, but if you would like to make your own, you will find the following useful, especially for a greasy or an oily skin: Equal parts of rose-water and witch hazel and half quantity of eau-de-Cologne.

The Buttermilk Way

BUTTERMILK, though not suitable for the entire milk treatment, is an excellent temporary bleach, and a help for removing spots and blotches caused by surface irritation. It is especially useful after exposure to sun and wind if dabbed on the face and throat with cotton wool or soft face tissue. Follow by laying the face in rose-water. In addition to its bleaching and soothing qualities, buttermilk is an astringent.

—And Sour Milk For Beauty

DURING the summer sour milk is thrown away in many households. But it can be used as a beauty aid!

Use it instead of cleansing cream at night, made this way: To two ounces of the solid part of sour milk, add half an ounce of cold cream and a drachm of boracic acid powder. Mix these to a smooth paste or cream.

First wash your face with warm water, then massage it with this milk cream, until it is absorbed into the skin, then sponge off with an astringent.

You will find that your skin will respond marvellously to the milk treatment by looking softer and whiter. And what woman does not desire this?

LEMONS, Another Of Nature's BEAUTY Aids

For many years the use of lemons in the cultivation of beauty has been extolled by beauty experts.

Another product of nature, and, like milk, another old-fashioned beauty aid, they have been brought into a new popularity because recent scientific experiments have proved their value.

BE prepared for summer—with sleeves the high spots of fashion, arms will once again come to light. And it seems



a pity for arms and elbows to be discolored, sallow, or red, when a cut lemon is such an excellent remedy. But many women seem to forget this.

Cut a small, juicy lemon in half and rub it all over the arms, leaving them covered with the film or juice. Then lean your arm over the wash basin and work the lemon like a cup over each elbow in turn. Dig the elbows right into the lemon and rub round and round for a few moments. When the juice has dried well into the skin, bathe your arms with the coldest water available. Use a loofah or large sponge, and continue dabbing with the cold water for a minute or so; finish by dipping the whole of each arm into clear, cold water. Dry with a Turkish towel briskly and well.

Equal parts of lemon juice and glycerine, mixed together in a small bowl, are excellent for bleaching and softening the skin. A little on your hands after washing will keep them soft and petal smooth.

A pad of cotton saturated with this lotion and patted over your face and neck is marvellous. After applying continue to pat the skin gently for a few minutes. Then wash off in ice-cold water.

Keep a cut lemon handy so that it can be rubbed over ink or nicotine stains on your hands before they become set.

And lemon juice does wonderful things to your hair. When shampooing, add the juice of one or two lemons to the final rinse. It keeps fair hair light and fluffy, brings out hidden lights, and makes any hair softly pliable for waving.

OATMEAL is always good for the skin—a soothing, face pack can be made from ordinary oatmeal mixed to a stiff paste with milk. Spread on evenly, and leave for ten to fifteen minutes before washing off with tepid water. This is of special benefit when your face has been exposed to wind and weather extremes. A little refined oatmeal contained in a muslin bag may be squeezed into tepid water for the morning and evening wash. This softens the water, and soothes the skin which chaps and reddens with the application of astringent liquids.



MISS PATRICIA MINCHIN

The beautiful Theatrical and Radio Star, is another of the lovely girls who use and recommend Mergolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Clear Your Complexion

FIRST clear your complexion. Do not be satisfied to mask blemishes beneath a film of face cream. Abandon such methods now. Let Mergolized Wax absorb and thus remove impurities from the pores. This is the first step to skin beauty, the only way, indeed, to establish a permanently good complexion. Mergolized Wax will clear your complexion—and keep it clear. It is the cleanest, pleasantest, safest and most effective of all beauty treatments. Invaluable for freckles, sunburn, windchaps, moth-patches, and Surface Skin Imperfections. It is undoubtedly the perfect powder base.



Mergolized Wax

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

Heart Trouble

What is the cause of palpitation of the heart?

NORMALLY we are unaware of the heart's action. At times it normally beats rapidly and forcibly, as, for example, after exercise. But there are times when we become uncomfortably aware of its action, when there is no apparent reason for any disorder. This awareness may take the form of a feeling of bumps in the chest, or it may be a flutter like a bird's wing. With it often goes a sense of suffocation.

Anyone afflicted with these symptoms is naturally somewhat alarmed and inclined to be resentful if the doctor does not take the matter seriously; but actually there is no reason usually to do this, for palpitations are far more usually due to some condition apart from the heart than to an affection of the heart itself.

Like everything else in the body, the heart is controlled by nerves. It has actually two sets of nerves; one to increase and one to check its rate, acting in concert something like a pair of reins. In certain nervous conditions this balance gets out of order, and palpitations result. The cause may be physical; the palpitations may appear, for instance, during the course of a disease. But it is more often mental, and due to nervous strain.

WORRY is a potent cause, especially when associated with physical weakness or illness. Moreover, the fear engendered by the knowledge that the heart is not working properly aggravates the worry and makes the palpitations worse. Any sudden emotion may bring on an attack, as may sometimes indigestion. It is most common about the time of the change of life.

Of course, palpitation can be associated with heart disease, and a thorough examination is needed to rule out this possibility.

The greatest need in treatment is rest, not so much a physical rest as a mental rest. Excitement has to be avoided, as

has also, as far as is possible, worry. Unfortunately, nervous people are chronic worriers and easily upset by little disturbances round about. Consequently the treatment of palpitation is often out of the hands of the doctor.



TO keep the whole of the abdominal region, including the diaphragm, firm and flat, stand erect and draw the region unprotected by bone framework back as far as it will go towards the spine; relax the muscles and repeat ten times, at intervals during the day.

or the patient; it lies in the hands of the family, who should avoid boisterousness, quarrels, and those little pin-pricks of irritation which are often merely due to carelessness.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

FOR her 85th birthday on Saturday, Mr. Charles Lloyd-Jones planned for his mother and her friends an old-time motor bus picnic to Cronulla?

In the spring, Dr. Anderson Stuart's fancy has turned to a green and silver car?

Tired med. students can hardly wait to be let loose among the padded seats so thoughtfully provided in the new building?

The Marchesa Ferrante is jubilant because the three organs which have been encumbering her house have been sold by their owner?

Horse-Tamer

The racing season revives many memories for the Broadcasting Commission's Major Conder, who, as well as being one of Sydney's most eligible bachelors, is also one of the cleverest amateur horse-trainers in Australia.

He says he has only one method—"Minties." Not long ago he had a horse, standing about fourteen hands high, so greatly under his control that it could almost interpret every flicker of his eyelash.

He used to gather his friends around and wager them that he could do a standing jump over its body. When everyone had agreed it couldn't be done the major would quietly give the signal and the horse would lie down.

Bright Suggestion

When Madame Winifred Fraser, who returned recently from abroad, took part in her first elisteddof, she entered for the soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto competitions.

After she won the first two (Arundel Orchard judged) someone remarked, "Why don't you call yourself a brass-band quartet, and be done with it?"

Chance Meeting

Commenting on different happenings in her life abroad, Mme Fraser mentioned the casual way in which one meets the most distinguished people

At a luncheon one day she said to a quiet-looking woman next to her, "I must rest this afternoon, as I am singing in opera to-night." "What opera?" "Fledermaus." "Oh, yes, my husband wrote it," said the neighbor. She was the wife of Johann Strauss.

Our Civilised

Judge

"Well, here we are at another art show," says Judge Backhouse nearly every time we see him, for the Judge, being brought up in the days when correct young men were educated in the arts, as well as in life-saving, never misses an exhibition, although no painter himself.

Not that the Judge is in any way effete. He often walks from "Melita," his Elizabeth Bay home, to town, aided solely by a walking-stick.

Dad's Deputy

A ten-year-old schoolboy walked boldly into an exclusive Melbourne lingerie shop and asked quite calmly, "What is the price of the green georgette scanties in the window?"

"Two guineas."

"Thank you, I'll take them."

"When the shop duchess had recovered she asked him why he was buying them, and he explained, 'Dad wants them, but he sent me to buy them because he's too shy to come in.'"

Was Dad only being discreet?

"Rotten Row"

A message from Canberra tells of the growing popularity of riding at the Capital. A well-stocked stable caters for the equestrians, and novices have the opportunity to learn before they fall.



It has become fashionable to go for an afternoon canter, and an Australian Rotten Row seems probable with the extension of Canberra's latest popular recreation. The fashion has been a boon for costumiers, who have received many orders for riding suits.

Compensations

Although she originally meant to leave for England in October (no, not to study dramatic art, but to marry Lewis Shaw), Betty Ross-Gore is still uncertain exactly when we are to lose her.

In spite of always looking exquisitely dressed, she is still as tennis and surf mad as when a champion at Ascham, so, perhaps, she won't mind so much. She is, in fact, happiest in shorts, and, with "Clubbie" drives to Bondi surf every morning.

Providing Atmosphere

On Friday evening last Mr. E. R. Bradshaw could be seen dashing out of his Darling Point drawing-room at half-hour intervals and clanging a bell hung in the hall.

His guests, however—Mrs. Jean Stafford, Sir John Harrison, Mr. Oswald Anderson, Mr. A. R. Glen, Miss Edye Taylor, and Miss Dorothy Booth—quite understood this little peculiarity. It was a reunion of friends made on a recent cruise, and this was "atmosphere."

Emulating the Scouts

Knowing Mrs. Clive Teece to spend many of her days on the golf links, we lost a bit of sleep recently after seeing her several times driving Bellevue Hillwards with a nurse beside her. We are greatly relieved to learn she was only indulging her other hobby—driving district nurses to their jobs.

In fact, like her brother, Mr. Russell Grimwade, Mrs. Teece is always doing some good deed. Mr. Grimwade is the public-spirited citizen who conceived the idea of bringing Cook's cottage from England to Australia, and offered to pay all expenses.

Appropriate Name

We have always wondered how Lady Game keeps going, with meetings in the mornings, fetes in the afternoons, and dances practically every evening—at which she really does dance.

But Mrs. John Garlick, wife of Sydney's ex-Chief Civic Commissioner, has our deepest sympathy. Last week she went to a meeting every day, and is now said to be quite exhausted.

No wonder Mrs. Garlick's former home was named "Seldomin."

Interstate

Wedding

People from three States will attend the wedding of Francie ("Mick"), the pretty Blonde daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Jeffrey, of Mosman, Sydney, arranged for October 12. The family, in which there are four daughters and two sons, is well known in the eastern capitals, as Mr. Jeffrey occupies a high official position in the Postal Department.

The bridegroom is Dr. Charles Dale, of Geelong (Vic.), who will motor his bride back to his home town, and Betty and Nan Jeffrey, sisters of the bride, and Bubby Kennedy, will come from Queensland to be bridesmaids.

Nan Rees will also be there.

"Mick" trained as a nurse at Alfred Hospital, where she met her bridegroom.



MARRIAGE PROVERBS

ONE FOOL at least in every married couple.

A Family Affair

"I didn't know you were having a party!" visitors are apt to say to Mrs. George Earp when they drop in to tea. "Oh, this isn't a party. These are my children, and their children!" replies Mrs. Earp. Which explains the crowd travelling to Newcastle on Friday to attend the wedding of Roderick Earp to Connie Challen at the Cathedral next day.

Mrs. Bednall is unfortunately at Flinders, where her husband is instructor-commander, but Mrs. Frank Mason and Mrs. Curnow arranged to accompany their mother.

"Roddy," although only in his early twenties, is already general manager of Earp Bros. works. He and his bride have taken a cottage at Merewether, practically the only one available, for, unlike in Sydney, most people own their own homes in Newcastle, and a house going begging is almost a museum specimen.

Art Treasures

Now that Mrs. William MacLeod has sold Longstaff's "Breaking the News" to Perth Art Gallery for £200, it is said, one of the gems of the collection at "Dunvegan" is missed by visitors. "Dunvegan" is a perfect treasure-house. Cartoons by famous "Bulletin" artists and others, valuable pieces of sculpture, wonderful paintings, and interesting curios and antiques of all descriptions fill every nook and cranny.

But Rosemary Game, who was taken by Mrs. Lane-Poole (Mrs. MacLeod's great friend) to lunch there one day, when asked afterwards what had impressed her most, thought hard for several minutes, and replied, "The pair of scissors hanging from the lamp."

Dates in Question

When Bonnie Smith, of Maitland, married Dr. John Bell Allen, she had a "glass" pre-wedding tea. Now, in view of the third anniversary of their marriage (October 4), Mrs. W. Bell Allen is giving her daughter-in-law another unusual party to which everyone will bring a pot-plant for the bushhouse in the new Bellevue Hill home.

The date of the party, however, is uncertain, for none of the Allens would miss "Ladies' Day" if they could help it, having always had strings of polo ponies and yards of racehorses.

Dates, as a matter of fact, are a sore point with Mrs. Allen at present. Last week she went to Church, having been invited to a christening. She heard no arrivals behind her, but, for about half an hour, was too wellbred to look round. Then she discovered she had come a week too soon!

Racing Whispers

Melbourne visitors cleaned up big on Hall Mark in the Derby. The V.R.C. Derby now looks easy for the Melbourne son of Heroic.

Mrs. Blair, wife of Chatham's owner, gives him three lumps of sugar every day. Chatham duly returned the sugar on Saturday.

New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand each took a slice of the rich Randwick prize-money on Epsom Day.



Fearing kidnappers, Norma Shearer and her husband have never given permission for their small son to be photographed, until on the occasion of this picture, taken in a car when Norma returned from her European tour.—OUR OVERSEAS SERVICE.

PARISIAN MODELS transform the Quaker Girl!



• **LA LENGLEN.**—For tennis, this Viennese model conforms to the backless vogue. A triangular cape is made in the same material as the straps of the frock, and it slips over the head, fastening like a bib. Panama cotton is the material used for the frock, and blue and white pique for the cape and straps.



With it a shady model hat of white stitched linen is vastly becoming with its shallow crown and very wide brim.



• The Quaker Girl looks very wistful in her bonnet, but she is radiant in Parisienne attire.



• **PROMENADE.**—With wide revers and accentuated shoulders, this street suit is made in American crepe of fine brown and white check. A flowing bow at the neck is a charming finish to the blouse, and the skirt has three inverted pleats in front. The handbag of white Panama straw is topped with the new ring handle. Models from David Jones. Photos by Monte Lutz.



• **POUR LE DANSE.**—This graceful model in navy blue and white checker-board starched chiffon fits closely to the knees and then flares to form a train effect at the back. Beneath the diaphanous material gleams a white tulle slip, and round the neck is a ruffle worthy of Harlequin.

of incredibly fine texture are combined colors that suggest the palette of an artist.

Accentuated shoulders are a feature of the vogue, and, combined with big puff sleeves, are very attractive. Their quaint outlines and warm colorings are reminiscent of picturesque Chinese lanterns, while a tiny capelet confers a further finish above.

In the realm of sportswear, the backless vogue will be de rigueur on the beaches or on the tennis courts. Cleverly designed shoulder straps give the necessary firmness to the shoulders, and the triangular cape in this model is a graceful addition for spectator wear.

Following the vogue for pique this model adds a novel note with its blue and white cape and straps. The Panama crepe is one of the newest materials this summer.

WHEN the charming princess returned to Paris, she took with her the little Quaker Girl, so the story runs. In Paris the lass found a city of dreams. Her sombre garb was replaced by the daintiest gowns the couturieres could evolve, and the Quaker Girl became the toast of Paris.

Miss Madge Elliott, who has just opened at Sydney Royal in "The Quaker Girl" after a very successful season in Melbourne, posed in these delightful models. The ghost of the little Quaker Girl peeps down from the corner of the page, her wistful gaze in sharp contrast to the radiant lass below.

Promenade, the very distinctive street suit, was chosen by Miss Elliott for her own wardrobe, and "when she next doth walk abroad," she will be wearing this brown and white check ensemble.

Particular interest attaches to the materials of which these gowns are made. Starched chiffon, used in the evening frock, is quite new this season, and vastly intriguing. It com-

bines the crisp, fresh charm of organdie with the alluring gleam of a rare silk.

The floral union of the cocktail gown owes its charm to its colorful design. "Field flower" suggests an artistic result, and in this medium

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A diamond is chosen for its beauty, which is expressed in quality—fire, colour, brilliance, and freedom from flaws. The size of a diamond or the fact that it is offered at an extremely low price does not necessarily mean that it represents good value.

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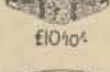
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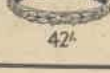
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42

MISS JESSIE TAIT each week gives Australian women the benefit of her unusual talent for dressing, as exemplified in the frocking of many famous I. C. Williamson Ltd. shows.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

THE very newest hats are vized, and you tug them on your head from the front. They resemble jockey caps, except that the crowns are highish.

BLACK is the new color for sports clothes, they use it here with greys, browns and reds as well as a solid color.

LELONG uses the apron idea for day frocks. She puts a little half-moon apron with bias ruffle on the front of a red afternoon dress, or takes it off and makes it into a little shoulder cape.

IN nine out of ten cases evening shoes match the gown, a few contrast, most are sandals, not so "naked" as before. In the daytime pumps still lead.

SATIN ribbon is twisted in and out of the edge of a decolletage, with a huge bow at the front of one shoulder. See that the field flowers that trim your summer hat are fixed only with clips—so that you can change your color scheme at will.

The FASHION PARADE by Jessie Tait

Making ONE DRESS Serve As THREE

Accessories of Pique, Gingham, Crash

or
Dressier
Fabrics

The motive behind good dressing has completely changed this summer. Instead of dresses being the outstanding attraction, they are the background against which dazzling accessories shine.

FUSSY, frilly, odd little frocks are still here, but the well-dressed women will choose simple dresses, well cut and made of specially good material.

With two or three of these frocks the owner will have several sets of accessories for each, and will then be ready for any daytime occasion.

Color and Material

When picking out these summer dresses a lot of thought will be expended on color and material. The cut of the smartest frocks is the kind that lends itself to the desired effect, because it is so simple. Color is chosen for its lack of daring, and material for its subtle beauty.

The Colors Worn by French Women

Tourists in Paris have often noticed that the Parisienne never wears "pretty" colors or noticeably bright frocks. This summer, blue (in dark or pale shades), white, pale grey, string, and beige, eel grey and black are the colors that they choose to wear all day.

The color chosen, the next thing is to select the material. For practical

A black semi-sheer crepe dress after Molyneux. It is sleeveless and has three transformations. First, a capelet of the same crepe, and sash, gloves and hat of black and white print. Second, the dress is worn with a black and white striped crepe coat and a white hat. Third, the accessories are of turquoise blue satin. A tie-on capelet, gloves and hat. These frocks are described in detail on this page.

look fresh and cool. Their complements are black and navy blue, and nearly all prints. Dark brown accessories are at their best when worn with beige and string color, pale greys, yellow, pastel pinks, blues and greens. Navy blue hat, gloves, shoes, etc., with powder blue, dusty pink, greys, string. Black with bright red, emerald green, yellow and prints with black in them. Printed materials used for accessories are now worn with plain frocks. Some of the very latest color combinations are a bright red blouse with a green suit; a purple blouse with a brown suit; dark grey with flame color; yellow with bright green; brown with white-red; brown with orange; a bright henna with black; raspberry red with pink; beetroot-red with grey and brown.

To Change One Frock Three Times

Sketched on this page are two designs, each disguised as three different dresses.

Take the dress shown in the lower panel. It is of navy blue mossy surfaced crepe. The skirt is a two-piece with seams down the centre front and back. The blouse is plain with raglan sleeves and a square neck. The first transformation shown at the extreme left is a vest of red and white striped pique that ties on at the back of the neck and around the waistline, a pair of slip-on gloves of the same material, and a band of it around the dark blue straw sailor.

The second, and very practical set of accessories is of blue and white gingham. A square, folded across, ties round the neck. The gloves are of the same gingham, as is the crown of the large straw hat.

The third change consists of a jacket of string-colored crash. The navy sailor may be worn with a crash band or else a crash hat with a navy band. A bag of plain navy calfskin will go with all the changes. Good pumps of navy blue kid or calf are the correct footwear.

Afternoon Accents

In the upper panel is a Molyneux frock of black semi-sheer crepe, with a plain skirt and sleeveless bodice.

In the first sketch it has a capelet top (of the same crepe) closed like a coat, black and white printed crepe sash, gloves and hat.

The second transformation is the sleeveless frock worn with a coat and sash of black and white diagonal striped crepe-de-chine or linen. The hat and gloves are white.

For very grand occasions the same dress is outfitted with pastel blue satin details, like those shown on the extreme right. There is a tie-around surplined capelet of the satin, which ends in a sash, and there are gloves of the same. A toque of the satin is tucked all over, and worn with a black veil. A black bag could be used with all three, and black pumps.

occasional rough-surfaced woollens, silks, and cottons. Smooth fabric frocks are not used for practical wear. Elegant daytime clothes are usually of creped fabrics, or crisp, smooth materials. These are almost always silk.

All Manner of Accessories

To make one dress serve as three with accessory changes is a simple affair after the matter of material, line, and color is settled. Accessories are no longer confined to hats, bags, shoes, and gloves. Odd-shaped pieces of material are worn round the neck and waist.

They make fichus, ruffles, ties, vests, bows, capes and collars. Coats and jackets can be interchanged. Sometimes the hat is made of the same fabric as these accents. Sometimes the same as the frock. There is such a bewildering display this summer that it is difficult to make up one's mind. Color is, of course, the first consideration, then material. It is no longer necessary to have cotton accessories with cotton frocks; silk with silk, etc. Pique, gingham, organdie, and linen accents are worn with crepe and satin dresses, satin accents with cottons and woollens.

White trimmings are still first favorites. They wash well and always



A navy crepe dress with three sets of accessories. First, a vest and gloves of red and white striped

gingham, with a hat of navy straw trimmed with a pique band. Second, the details are of blue checked

gingham, a large navy straw hat with a gingham crown. Third, a string colored crash coat and hat.

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Fine Quality!!
Perfect Fit!!!

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1.—Note the aristocratic lines of this delightful Parker Shoe. Black Silk Kid Step-in Court style. Fascinating! .. 27/6



2.—Silk Kid 4-hole Derby Apronfront the Shoe. Tastefully trimmed with genuine Grey Lizard .. 49/6 Brown .. 55/6



3.—Attractive Cabana Court style in Ivory White Calf. The height of fashion this season .. 27/6



Smart Shoe in White No-buck 4 hole tie style, with popular Matisse Cross punch .. 29/6



5.—A Spencer Model 3-hole Derbyette in smart Brown Kid. Grey Snake laces .. 30/6 Black .. 32/6



6.—Designed for the Matron, this Black Glace Kid Shoe features three buttons and arch support .. 19/11

JUST slip one dainty foot and then the other into Rigney's Shoes, and you will be so completely enchanted that you will never wish to change. For here are shoes so smart that every time you wear them they will delight you anew.....so comfortable that you will forget that you ever suffered from foot-fatigue

... so fine in design and materials that for twenty-six years they have been recognised by fashionable folk as the best shoes that money can buy.

No matter what type of shoe your activities demand, you will find it at Rigney's—whether it be a Brogue for out-of-doors, or a graceful Evening Shoe. Rigney's ranges are wide enough to fulfil the wants of everyone.

Come in and inspect!



7.—Black Glace opera step-in court. High or low heels, medium toe, 21/- Also Brown Kid .. 22/6 Whitebuck .. 21/-

WOMAN & HER WORK

Sydney Hospital

Auxiliary

FEW hospital auxiliaries can claim such a fine record as that attached to the Sydney Hospital. Last week Lady Game presented a cheque to complete payment of £1000 raised in 21 months for the endowment of the Gertrude Winn Memorial Bed. Mrs. Winn was president of the auxiliary from 1924 to the time of her death in 1931. But, in addition to this amount, the auxiliary, reported Mrs. R. T. Ball, its president, since 1931 has paid £40 a year for the maintenance of a cot in the children's ward, bought an electric cardiograph at the cost of £430, and has given 3523 articles, such as dressing gowns, night-gowns, and pyjamas, for the use of patients.



MRS. R. T. BALL, President Sydney Hospital Auxiliary.

Mothers' Clubs to Confer?

THE Federation of Mothers Clubs for Infants' Schools of New South Wales had a very successful annual meeting at David Jones' Auditorium, when their full contingent of 44 clubs was represented, and was addressed by the Minister for Education (Mr. D. H. Drummond), and the Director of Education (Mr. Ross Thomas).

Mr. Drummond stressed the fact that the Federation was registered under the Educational Act, and was not connected with the Parents and Citizens' Association.

Mrs. M. A. Walsh presided, and, on behalf of Lady Game, expressed appreciation of the excellent work done throughout the city by the clubs.

It was decided to hold a conference of clubs during Health Week.

These Street Barrows

ALWAYS out to see that workers do not suffer too much from any high costs of living, yet careful to defend producers and sellers as well, the Housewives' Progressive Association has been enquiring into the reason why the 89 fruit and vegetable barrows had been reduced to about 40, in the streets of Sydney.

It was not only because the police, the Government, and the City Council considered that too many barrows spoilt the streets they found when they visited the markets last week, but also because the ban on selling peas and beans from street barrows had handicapped the street sellers.

Realising that this indirectly but surely affected the growers and the public, in that the medium and inferior grades of peas and beans not bought by barrow-vendors were sent to the tips at a dead loss to the growers, and also that such a ban would in course of time put men on the dole, the association made representations to the Lord Mayor (Mr. Hagon) to have the ban lifted.

It looks now as if the excellent work of these energetic women is about to bear fruit—or, in this case, vegetables—for their resolution, backed by another from the Vegetable Growers' Association, was considered last week by the Works Committee, and has been deferred for further consideration.

W.C.T.U. Convention

ENTHUSIASM marked all sessions of the 51st annual convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, held over a period of five days.

Mrs. J. Knight, was persuaded to revoke her decision, and on the unanimous wish of convention, consented to act as president for another year.

A wide variety of subjects was dealt with by different speakers, and, as the outcome of subsequent discussion, resolutions were carried protesting against smoking in places where food was prepared and served, the clauses in the proposed Divorce Amendment Bill which provides for insanity of three years' duration and separation for seven years as grounds for divorce, and also against the State Lottery.

Novel Competition

AN unusual and instructive competition of interest to adults and children has been arranged by Miss Florence Sulman to raise funds for the Surry Hills Free Kindergarten. It takes the form of a folder with a colored plate of 18 protected native wild flowers and plants, opposite which is a black and white key to be colored by children. First and second prizes are to be awarded in two sections, for girls and boys under 13 years of age, and over 13 years of age. The folders may be bought from the Kindergarten Union at 12 Spring Street, Sydney, and should be returned there by December 1, 1933.

Planning Their "Day"

THERE won't be merely a sale of badges on Red Cross Day this year. Instead, the public will be lured by the fun of a fair, arranged to take place in Martin Place on December 1.

With Christmas in the offing, organisers have decided on two special stalls, one for dressed dolls, which Santa Claus will find useful to include in his parcel, and another for Christmas cakes. Prizes will be awarded in both these sections.

Mrs. John Moore will preside at a meeting at the Hotel Australia on October 4, to make further plans for the fair, and also for a party at "Hopedwood House," Darling Point.

RIGNEY'S

TELL YOUR MENFOLK!

You are interested in the appearance of your menfolk, so mention Rigney's to them. The advice will be appreciated, because Rigney's Shoes for men possess all those features of style, quality, strength, fit, and long wear that discerning males most want.

Splendid Handmade Shoe. Good style that will wear extremely well. Selected Brown Calf .. 30/6 Same last, Black .. 30/6 Walkway .. 30/6 Black Phoenix Calf .. 32/6 Tan Willow Calf .. 32/6

Black German Calf 20/6 Same Last. Brown Genuine Scotch Zug or Zebu .. 30/6 Tan Zebu .. 30/6 Brown Calf .. 32/6



Call in to Rigney's regularly for a Shoe Shine—costs only 3d.—and to your smartness—preserves your footwear. Enclose 1/- with all mail orders.

RIGNEY'S, 147 KING ST. (2 doors from Castlereagh St.), Sydney
262 EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE



ON October 14, at Farmer's Blackland, Oatley, the concert of the Old Boys' Unions of the Great Public Schools will hold their "Athletics Dance." Tickets can be procured from School Clubs Limited, Warwick Buildings, Hamilton Street, B2291.

THE Sydney City Mission ladies' committee will hold a garden party at the home of Mrs. M. J. Dorrin, 32 Telegraph Road, Pyrmont, on October 14, at 2.30 p.m. There will be tennis and croquet. Lady Harvey will open the party.

TWO of the hon. secretaries of the "Bospy Sydney" Revue, which will benefit the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Miss Audrey Peters and Miss Pamela McPhillamy, are organising a dance at Elizabeth Bay House on October 12 to augment the proceeds.

THE Australian international tennis players will be welcomed home at a ball to be held in their honor at David Jones' on October 10. Their Excellencies, the Governor-General and Lady Bessie, and the Governor and Lady Game, have given their patronage to the ball, which will assist the Tresillian Homes.

A LARGE committee of tramway men is working for the success of Miss Clifton, who, as "Miss Tramway," is contesting the Queen's Competition in aid of the Balmoral District Hospital. A dance in Leichhardt Town Hall on October 14 is one of the many social events they are planning.

THE Mater Misericordiae Hospital, North Sydney, will benefit from the ball held at Warrington Hall on October 31. For reservations ring 22387.

AN enthusiastic committee is working for the success of the ball to be held by the Inka Younger Set. Manly, on October 14, at the Manly Soldiers' Memorial Hall. The party will aid the Dalwood Rest Home.

THE hockey girls of the Y.W.C.A. invite you to an old-time party on October 9, when there will be old-time games, dancing and supper. Admission by gifts of pickles or jam.

TO take place at the Palais Royal on October 24, Grace Brothers' annual ball, proceeds of which this year will benefit in equal shares the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind, and the Children's Hospital.

HOT HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

SHOULD WE Have Women CLERICS?

Question Considered by Churches

By Our Clerical Observer

Since some few women have taken to burglary, it has presumably been thought right to balance matters by a few others of them entering the Church as full-fledged clerics.

Catholics, Anglican and Roman, have not been disturbed by the question; but some of the other denominations have taken it more or less seriously, and one of them actually has two women ministers in charge of churches at the present time.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly, held recently in Melbourne, passed the matter by on account of a technicality. The adoption of the general principle traversed a constitutional point in Church law, and the making of the necessary alteration demanded a different method of official approach from the one pursued by the N.S.W. State Assembly, to which an application had been made by a woman Church member.

Apart from every personal consideration, those able to gauge the feeling of the Assembly members incline to the opinion that to very many of them the technical obstacle came in the guise of a friend in need; in other words, they were none too keen on the notion of women parsons.

Preaching For a Call

With no desire to give women the cold shoulder, it has to be recognised that the Presbyterian Church order presents some difficulties in the way of a woman's employment in the full ministry.

Ministers seeking new spheres have

General Conference in Melbourne, in May, 1933.

Two Women Clerics

It is perhaps not generally known that there are, however, at least two women clerics in Australia. The Congregational Church is freer by its constitution to take up such cases.

Each individual church being left practically to its own charges in such matters, it can in great measure arrange for its own minister, with just a general oversight by the Union, as the entire official body is called.

Of these two women clerics, one is Mrs. Winifred Kiek, M.A., B.D., who is minister of the Colonel Light Gardens Church, Adelaide, which about a year ago joined forces with the Presbyterians in the same suburb. As Mrs. Kiek is wife of the principal of Perkin College, Adelaide, the ordinary difficulties arising from marriage do not apply, at least in the same degree.

Miss Joan Hoare, B.A., is also minister of a church of the same denomination, at Islington, Newcastle, N.S.W., under the auspices of the Home Mission Board.

In Great Britain

Miss Vera Findlay, M.A., is minister of a large church in Glasgow, Scotland; and the case of Miss Maud Royden is world famous. Continuing a member of the Anglican communion, Miss Royden conducts regular services and institutional work in an independent Church club, to which the Congregational authorities are sympathetic, while not denominationally allied.

No Discredit

Disapproval of the principle of women clerics would carry no disparagement of the sex, and it has nothing to do with the question of comparative qualifications, mental or otherwise, as between men and women. It is a question only of all-round practical suitability.

All the churches provide spheres for feminine religious work, in their differing ways, short of the severer responsibilities of a place in the full ministry.

It is not at all certain that even many women would care for women clerics at close quarters. There are situations in which it might become very trying for one woman to have to "take it" from another woman, however charitably-minded either or both might be.

Finally, I would say to any woman with her heart set on entering the realm of parsondom, "Don't; there is something far better—what about being a parson's wife?"

In Methodist Church

In the Methodist Church, as in the Presbyterian, the matter of the general principle of women ministers had first to be considered by the legislative court, in its case the General Conference for all Australasia. This was done at its last meeting, held in Sydney in May, 1932, when the principle was approved, though it was recognised that there were difficulties in the way of its practical adoption.

One of these is the Methodist system of itinerancy, requiring ministers to move on at the end of from four to five years in one sphere, with exceptions in the case of one or two departmental and a few other appointments.

When Love Comes By

It would almost inevitably happen, too, that Cupid would shoot his dart at the fair cleric, disposing of her case and of most of the arguments for the system at a single stroke. Things like this are said to have actually happened in the case of feminine aspirants.

In view of such possibilities it was decided that marriage in the case of a woman should count as a resignation—excepting a vital flaw in the entire scheme.

The whole matter of love and sex, with the inescapable necessity of attractiveness of appearance on the part of at least of younger women, draws a streak of fragility across the trail, creating obvious side-issues which, while having their rightful place in life, would in most instances have a hampering effect on a feminine pastorate.

A committee appointed at the time is still supposed to be engaged over the consideration of the matter, and there it must rest till the next meeting of the

SUCCESSSES OVERSEAS

Speculation is still rife as to whether a woman will be elected to the Legislative Council, N.S.W., but there is not much optimism displayed.

HOWEVER, women in this part of the world have not yet given up hope and look forward to the day when there will be many members of their sex in legislative halls.

The election of Mrs. McCombs as member for Lyttelton, New Zealand, has put fresh impetus into things, and women here are bestirring themselves.

Meanwhile, overseas progress is being made in this direction, even in the countries that have not had the franchise for as many years as we have.

It is not long since the South African women won their suffrage victory, but already a woman has been returned unopposed to Parliament. She is Mrs. Reitz, wife of the Minister for Lands.

Brazilian women have just been granted their franchise, and at the last elections for the Constitutional Assembly voted for the first time.

Mrs. Parker, a former member of the Northern Ireland Parliament, has been returned as a member for South Londonderry, and is stated to be the only woman M.P.

At the last Parliamentary elections in the Netherlands, four women candidates gained seats. They were Dr. Bakker-Nort, Mrs. Suzie Groeneweg, Mrs. Annie Meyer, and Dr. Frida Katz.



Beginning EARLY With the CHILD

Work of Free Kindergartens

Free Kindergarten Unions, of whose work we hear so much nowadays, are no childish movement, though working for children.

It is a world-wide one, with followers in every land; it is an old one, having begun in Germany last century; and it is an increasing one, for new branches are constantly being started.

AUSTRALIAN kindergartens compare very favorably with those in other parts of the world, and, in addition to the high standard of training given, the children have many advantages due to climate.

But the kindergarten movement did not originate in Australia. Germany holds the honor for that, for it was Froebel, about the middle of last century, who started the system, and held a training school in that connection at his teachers' college. One of his pupils carried on his work in America from where it spread to England at the end of the century.

THE Montessori system was subsequently established in Italy, but the underlying difference between Montessori's ideas and those of Froebel were that while the aim of the latter was to teach the child to create, Montessori felt that all material used should be of a didactic nature.

Neither principle is followed rigidly to-day, most kindergarten teachers realising that circumstances and environment must be considered.

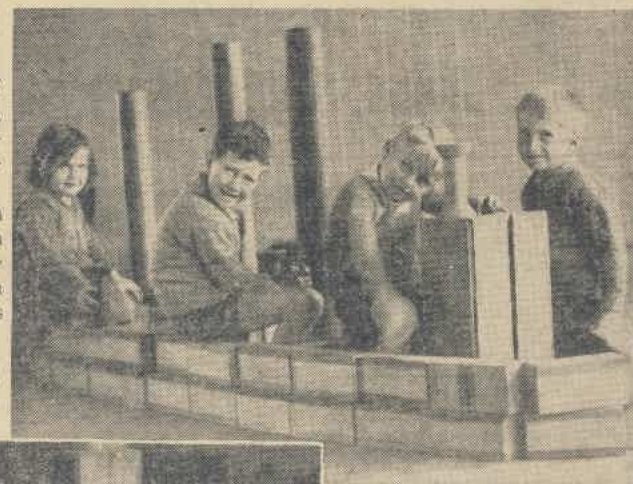
Aims of Teaching

There is hardly one aspect of a child's development that is not catered for in the kindergarten training system.

Its creative instincts are catered for by building, painting, moulding, and cutting materials. Its desire to follow out rhythm is met by "percussion bands," the members of which beat time on imaginary instruments to the music of the teacher at the piano. Quite tiny children often make excellent conductors.

The curriculum of any ordinary kindergarten generally includes physical education and hygiene and certain elementary household tasks, such as setting the luncheon table, are included.

These are the outward and visible teachings of the kindergartens. The subtle influences are much greater and cannot be measured. The mere attendance at school keeps the child away from the pernicious influences of the streets and contact with undesirable. Their daily association with cultured



It is not all work for the little pupils. At top is shown a bathing-pool at a Sydney kindergarten, and the other two pictures are Brisbane kindergartners at play.

the City Health Officer; and Dr. Williams, who has established a nursery school at the Children's Hospital, were tremendously enthusiastic about the success of this new departure.

A history of the kindergarten movement in Victoria is being prepared for the Centenary next year. In addition, conducted tours where visitors will be able to see the kiddies at work and play will be arranged. A "Kindergarten Week" will be held this year.

Sydney kindergartens are of a high standard, and in addition to their activities common to the unions in other states they work in association with some of the day nurseries and have a holiday home at Thirroul, on the South Coast.

An arrangement from which excellent results are expected has been entered into with the Municipal Council whereby the Union will control all city playgrounds. The playground at the Frances Saywell Kindergarten, Moore Park, is one of these, and is proving highly successful.

There are two nursery schools in the metropolitan area, one at Woolloomooloo, and the other at North Sydney. Miss M. V. Gutteridge, who received her training in England, established these schools in Melbourne and in Sydney where they are now conducted by trainees from the Board of Social Study and Training. Miss Gutteridge is visiting Brisbane shortly, and maybe there will be developments along similar lines in that city.

Garden inspections have proved a great source of revenue to the N.S.W. Union, £400 being raised in this way last year.

TRAINING colleges are established for teachers in the different states. The one in N.S.W. is conducted by Miss Zoe Benjamin. Miss Gutteridge is in charge of the training school in Melbourne, and Miss Gladys Pendred is principal of the Western Australian College.

In cities where there is no training college there are centres at which students may train.

women of lofty ideals inculcates high ideals of citizenship.

Work Progresses

NEW SOUTH WALES was the first Australian state to take up kindergarten work 38 years ago. Victoria followed six years later, and both have spread so much in the interim that there are now 15 free kindergartens in Sydney and 24 in Melbourne, in addition to those in country centres in Victoria. Brisbane, too, has its kindergartens, with creches attached.

A big community service, to the tune of more than £13,000 annually, is being done by the Free Kindergarten Union in Victoria.

Although the movement is 33 years old the Union is only 24. Mrs. T. a'Beckett, the quiet and charming mother of Ted a'Beckett, the Test cricketer, has been president for many years.

The union spends £8.7 per head on the 2000-odd children who attend the 29 kindergartens, and of this the Government contributes £1 per head.

The most important development in the Victorian Union's work is the establishment of the nursery school, for children under the kindergarten age (4-6 years). Many interested people opposed this innovation bitterly, saying that the idea of taking such young children away from their mothers was alarmingly Russian, and not wanted here. Nursery schools have been introduced in four kindergartens. At a meeting last week, Dr. Vera Scantlebury, the Union's health inspector; Dr. Dale,



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FEMMETONE is an invaluable and invigorating tonic, containing wonderful health-giving ingredients, produced from the formula of Dr. Bernhardt, the noted French Women's Specialist, and is particularly useful in all cases of nervous debility, lassitude, neuralgia, insomnia, loss of appetite, and that run-down feeling resulting from the vicissitudes of everyday life and women's peculiar weaknesses.

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A GAME for GENTLEMEN and LADIES

Bridge Book Gospel

J. R. ADAMS, noted Australian bridge authority, has published a book on contract bridge, which might well be described as the gospel of the bridge player. It not only sets out the method of play in an interesting and simple manner, but exposes a number of fallacies with regard to the game.

The author deplores the idea that contract bridge is a highly scientific and complex development of auction, to be played "only in a spirit of earnest endeavor, or greedy money-grubbing." His philosophy is that "Bridge is a game," and a game for gentlemen . . . and ladies.

Sixteen deals of the 1933 World's Bridge Olympic are analyzed by Mr. Adams, and form an intriguing feature of the book. In the chapters on "Fallacies" and "The Essential Principles of Hand Valuation," he presents part of the basic theory of cards which has never been explained in any book. Beautifully printed in handy magazine size, for the author, by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., J. R. Adams' Bridge Book, price 2/-, is a work which no bridge player should be without.

The diagonal stocking is something new, of universal appeal to women. Diagonal lines meeting in the centre-front of the stocking give an illusion of slimmness where it doesn't exist.



Lady Gordon, at her home, Edgecliff, Sydney, engaged on her picture for the novel competition she is organising for the St. John Ambulance Association. Only those who have never painted a picture may enter, and the exhibition will be held at Grace Building, York Street, on October 11 and 12.

—Women's Weekly study.

WOMEN Councillors All Too SCARCE

A woman, speaking once at a meeting where the advisability of having women on municipal councils was being discussed, said: "They SHOULD be on councils. Who knows more about garbage tins than women do?"

ADMITTEDLY, the function of a male councillor is not limited to dealing with garbage tins. But the suggestion implied was that women, who deal daily with household affairs, should be particularly suitable for the work of a councillor, which has such close association with home life.

No great advance has been made in the effort to have women elected to municipal councils.

In N.S.W. numbers of women have stood for election, but only two were successful. Mrs. L. Fowler was on the Newtown Council for three years, but was not re-elected. The other woman,

Mrs. Dunn, has been a member of the Glebe Council for the last two years.

In Victoria the position is better, but even there the representation of women on councils is small, in proportion to numbers.

INTERVIEWED by The Australian Women's Weekly, Councillor Ibbott, who is, in her sixth year as a member of Heidelberg (Vic.) Council, said that there was still a strong prejudice against women in public life. Unlike Australia, England welcomed the woman councillor. Miss Grace Watson, who was a councillor in the borough of Islington, told her quite casually that there were seven women members in her council, while the whole of Victoria boasts only four women councillors, Mrs. Beasley (Brighton), Mrs. Booth (Dandenong), Mrs. Ross-Watt (Gisborne), and herself.

NEW Society to PROTECT Women Workers

A much-needed new Australian organisation to help women workers was launched in Sydney last week.

It is the "Australian Open Door Council," and is affiliated with the "Open Door International Council" which was first formed in Berlin in 1929.

As its name suggests, it is to enlarge opportunities which have hitherto been restricted for women, whether married or not, to undertake paid work.

The detailed objects are to secure freedom for women to work and be protected as workers on the same terms as men; that legislation and regulations dealing with conditions, hours, payments, entries and training shall be based on the nature of work, and not on the sex of the worker; to secure for women, irrespective of marriage or childbirth, the right at all times to decide whether or not they shall engage in paid work; and to ensure that no legislation or regulations shall deprive them of this right.

Representative Committee

A vice-president from each State with Mrs. A. Littlejohn (N.S.W.) as Federal president, was elected. They are Miss Gilman-Jones (Victoria), Mrs. I. Longman (Queensland), Mrs. J. Street (N.S.W.), Mrs. Driver (W.A.), Mrs. Calvert (Tas.). The South Australian representative is yet to be elected.

Big Conference Ahead

THE Christian Endeavor Convention, which is held every two years in Australia, is to be larger than usual this year. It will take place in Launceston (Tas.) this month. More than 1200 delegates will attend. Not only are the three central States—Victoria, South Australia, and New South Wales—to be represented in great force, but Western Australia and even New Zealand are sending substantial contingents.

The meetings are to be held in the capacious Albert Hall, where Dr. G. Guinness is to be one of the main speakers. Civic authorities, public bodies, railway departments, and even shipping companies are helping this great movement by offering concession fares, the "Zealandia" actually inserting a special trip into her schedule to take 141 N.S.W. delegates to Beauty Point, on the Tamar River.

Rev. S. E. Dorman is the national president, and will be there.

is hon. secretary and treasurer of the Central Council of Benevolent Societies, secretary of Ivanhoe Austin Hospital Auxiliary, president of Heidelberg Ladies' Benevolent Society, and hon. secretary of the U.A.P. in Ivanhoe.

She was formerly chairman of the Liberal Party in Essex, and a member of the Liberal Federation executive.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetiser.***

In Aid of Parramatta Helping Hand Society

Cumberland Crossword No. 3

£10 FOR EARLY ENTRIES.

PRIZE MONEY

ENTRY FEE

£10/- each to First Two Prize-winning entries from Residents of N.S.W.

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6d. each For First Four Entries.

£2/10/- each to First Two Prize-winning Entries from outside N.S.W.

FIRST £60
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3d. each All Additional Entries.

Any Entry either Winning or Sharing one of the Three Prizes eligible for Early Entry Prizes.

You may send One Entry, or as many as you wish. Enclose 1d. Stamped and Addressed Envelope.

CLOSING DATE, THURSDAY, 12th OCTOBER.

Interstate Entries will be received up to the 16th inst.

PERMUTED LISTS OR YOUR OWN DIAGRAMS ACCEPTED.



CLUES ACROSS:

1. To unite.
6. A covering (worn by humans).
8. A Chinese measure.
9. A male Christian name (dim.).
11. A bone.
13. North-north-east (abb.).
15. A head covering.
16. Independent Labour Party (abb.).
18. Yec.
20. Not round.
22. A stain.
24. Bill of Sale (abb.).
25. A well-known tool (dim.).
26. To inquire info.
28. A male Christian name (abb.).
32. To walk.
35. To bring together.
36. A plant.

CLUES DOWN:

1. A body of water.
2. Northern Territory (abb.).
4. An opening.
5. A trench.
6. An inlet.
7. A sailing boat.
10. Hard.
12. S.T. (actual).
14. A measure of length.
15. A carpenter's tool.
17. A vessel used for cooking.
19. E.S. (actual).
20. To oppose.
21. To acquire by one's own effort.
22. A chamber.
23. Beautiful.
24. A coloured fluid.
26. An abbreviation meaning "For example."
28. Orange Free State (abb.).
34. Alternative.

ALL WORDS USED FROM CHAMBERS' DICTIONARY EXCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.
I AGREE TO ACCEPT THE DECISION OF THE JUDGE AS LEGAL AND FINALLY BINDING.

NAME

ADDRESS

Full Conditions and Extra Entry Forms can be obtained by sending 1d. Stamped and Addressed Envelope.

Post or Deliver Entries to:—

CUMBERLAND CROSSWORDS,

194 Church Street,

PARRAMATTA, N.S.W.

ENTER EARLY AND WIN EXTRA PRIZE-MONEY.

The promoters believe that this Crossword contains less alternate solutions than any previously offered; therefore SUPPORT THE CROSSWORD WITH THE FEWEST ALTERNATE SOLUTIONS.

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

—: By Jane Anne Seymour :—



WRITING from our nursing home. What with the action and reaction of our afternoons at Randwick, our determination to open the surfing season at Palm Beach on Six-Hour Day as usual, wondering why everyone keeps asking how we like the spring, nights eaten up in feverishly dashing from Race Ball to Race Ball, from Artists' Ball to private party, we feel we are very lucky indeed when nurse says we can go and stroke the bears in Koola Park to-morrow, if we don't have a relapse.

Our private festivities consisted of a trip to Palm Beach, where, although we are more than prepared to be howled down and also jumped upon, we still think, in spite of the Hagons, Horderns, Pat Levys, Coyles, and others, that now that people like us have ears, one finds it a horrible sight in comparison with Collaroy.

There was also the Dan-gars' party of 300 at the Golf Club, an annual affair.

WE are, however, having to thank Melbourne for two of our biggest successes—Hall Mark, whose owner obviously agreed on Saturday with the copybooks, that "the horse is a noble animal," and Mr. Walker Farr.

Mr. Farr, who has just been brought over as assistant secretary to Mr. Rowe, had been giving his Victorian ideas full rein, and transformed the grandstands. It was his work that Lady Gane was admiring when she stopped to praise the basket of pink geraniums over the Vice-Regal door, and he, too, was responsible for the pot plants decorating the stands and the window-boxes.

On Saturday horses and pot plants rather overshadowed the feminine butterflies, for, with rain in the morning and sun in the afternoon, few were really more than chrysalises.

Mrs. Guy Belisario, who is among our women racing enthusiasts, snapped at the Spring Meeting.

—Women's Weekly photo.

AT the reception at the Australian Club, one woman, who had sneaked upstairs, confided on her return that she "did not wonder that men preferred to remain bachelors when they were surrounded by such comfort," while Mrs. Rex Chambers tapped her dainty sandals on the polished parquet and pined for a dance. And why is it that when a men's club entertains there is no feeling of fear among the women, but a women's club always seems to inspire terror in the male?

FASHIONS at Randwick on the holiday were mostly expressed by summer hats, wide and floppy. If they were small there was always an organdie motif. An all black frock was worn by Mrs. Sep. Levy—very distinctive—and her shoulder cape was adorned with slinky monkey fur. Her hat fitted well down on her silver shingle, while three strings of pearls afforded a relief. Mrs. Alan Poot, looking charming in a folded hat and rich chocolate toned tailleur, was with her mother, Mrs. A. T. Anderson. The largest crowd seen for years was present, but, what with the weather and nobody winning, things weren't nearly as gay as they might have been.

THE features of the Girls' High School jubilee celebrations are even up to his week dependent on "Ita."

"If" Mr. Norman Carter can finish the

portrait of Miss Campbell, which the schoolgirls are presenting to her, the ceremony will take place next week, and "it" expert opinion says that the treelet sprung from the original fig-tree in the old building can survive spring transplanting, it will be given to the new school as a lasting souvenir.

On Sunday representatives of the Church of England, the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational denominations, and of the Jewish Faith, will speak at the Commemorative Service, for which the Salvation Army has donated its best band. On October 9 the jubilee dinner is to be held, and on October 14 the jubilee garden party.

Miss E. F. Campbell, present headmistress, will be present at all functions. Mrs. Garvin, the former head, who is in England, has sent a letter of congratulation and good wishes.

WITH Grafton Elliott Smith for one brother, and a former Director of Education and member of the University Senate for another (S. H. Smith), a wife who was a Miss Pitt, of Wentworth Falls daffodil fame, and three beautiful daughters who are highly talented amateur actresses, if Dr. S. A. Smith cannot manage to make a suc-

FOR eleven years Catholic charities have benefited from the Randwick Race Ball, and Tuesday's party at the Palais should continue with the good work, for about 1200 tickets were sold. Melbourne and Adelaide race week visitors, as well as Sydney fans, and owners, congregated here, including Mrs. B. R. Payten (Pretzel, Cynical, Le Touquet), Mrs. S. Muro (mother of "Jimmy"), Mrs. James Barden, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Riordan, Mr. W. Rudder (Vic.), Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Enwright (West Maitland), and Ann Hannan. Mrs. B. B. North was president, and Elsie Gorry and Ellen Tier were hon. secretaries.



WHEN Noel Coward was a very poverty-stricken and very sick young man indeed, the late Mrs. Cheeka, hearing of his brilliance and his need, paid his expenses to the South of France, and set him on his feet. Oswald Cheeka, therefore, who has just landed in England, is looking forward to seeing his mother's protegee—especially since writing a play, "Cinderella," on the voyage home.



MISS PEGGY CARRUTHERS (left) and her sister, Alice, daughters of the late Sir Joseph Carruthers and of Lady Carruthers, photographed at their home, Sydney. Alice is the fiancée of Dr. Geoffrey Maitland.

—Women's Weekly photo.

JUNE WALTON, who finished her education at Frensham not long ago, has been among those who made preparations for Sydney Spring Race Week. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Walton, of Darling Point.

—Women's Weekly

BEING a woman with vision, for her little cakes are most poetic, Mrs. Hubbit, just to make it harder—who before attaining his majority took a flying visit to Australia, buying a station at Longreach, and then returning home to settle down. Miss Arline Waddy is a worthy secretary of the Overseas League ball, arranged for October 5, in aid of the Far West children.

NO power on earth could keep us from the Picnic ball this week at the Palais, for, with 1300 others, we believe it to be the furor of past and coming functions for some months. After cutting down trees (188) at Botany every Sunday for eight weeks, the committee has since been faced with a three-months life work of making and attaching blossoms, and everything has only cost 150! Moreover, these decorations will later be hired out to other charity balls (they are to adorn the Battle of the Roses at the Town Hall on October 12), and be a continual source of income for the Home for Incurables and Far West children.

WENT to the Women's Loyalty League ball at "Hopwood House"; but, although we thoroughly examined the place, even to the large green bathroom (how weakening to be surrounded by goldfishes blowing bubbles on a morning after), the only trace of schoolgirlhood we found were some French notebooks in a cupboard. Mrs. Edmund Playfair quite won our hearts by agreeing to a barn-dance, followed by a Jolly Miller; Mrs. J. Ruthven was a proud mother of the lovely Jean, in blue frock and blue hair bandeau, and of Nancy, who shared her spray of white carnations with fiancé John Buchanan; Dinah Hordern was in one of those simple, but frightfully expensive, field-flower frocks; Miss Elizabeth Plummer were green taffeta; and Elizabeth Robinson crimson velvet; Mr. and Mrs. M. Robson were a strikingly graceful, tall, young couple; and Kath Garvin and Kim Osborne had a heated argument as to whether there are any generals other than army ones.

RELATED to Lord Hobart—pronounced Hubbit, just to make it harder—who before attaining his majority took a flying visit to Australia, buying a station at Longreach, and then returning home to settle down. Miss Arline Waddy is a worthy secretary of the Overseas League ball, arranged for October 5, in aid of the Far West children.

SO Senator Carroll is a feminist! At least, he was the only male present at the women's rally organised by the Federation of Women Voters in Sydney. Mrs. Rischbieth (W.A.) explained how marvellous Woman has been ever since Lot's wife turned round to get the first authentic account of the destruction, thus causing Woman to become the salt of the earth. Mrs. Littlejohn spoke of present achievements and future hopes. Now that equal marriage, divorce, and infant guardianship rights are fairly safe, and the Woman's Property Act, which offended Gladstone's "poetic notion of wedlock," has arrived, the present problem, of which the men are still making such a hash, is to obtain world peace.

WITH five thousand yards of festooning of roses, and ten thousand balloons, the artists prepared brilliantly for their ball on Wednesday. There were sixty-four masks (the "arty" word for posters), some classical, others humorous in the modern manner. Harry Weston, for instance, had one depicting several very sour and cranky sailors, whose caps read "H.M.S. Skylark," "H.M.S. Delight," while Fred Leist, Rowe, Rayner Hoff, Stan. Cross, Harry Julius, Harry Weston, and D. H. Soutar designed sixty-four posters of "modern women" for the pillars—one for each side—which were too fetching.

MRS. R. A. ORMSBY MARTIN, formerly Miss Royale Journeaux, of Brisbane. Mr. Martin is the son of the N.S.W. Minister for Justice.

—T. and E. Desales.

cess of the Sydney High School Jubilee celebrations, of which he is chairman of committee, we will want to know the reason why.

A very interesting arrangement was planned for Wednesday's reception at the school by the headmaster and staff, when well-known men did their best to give a short historical account of their particular period in the fifty years of the school's history.

The speakers were Mr. H. S. Dettmann, Dr. S. A. Smith, Dr. A. L. Buchanan, Mr. C. N. Hirst, Mr. W. Wiedersehn, Mr. A. M. Eddy, the first pupil to be enrolled, was thought a fitting person to unveil the commemorative tablet.

UNLIKE flapper parties, Wednesday's matron's ball was a dignified affair, not a frolic, featuring not whoopee, but flowers. A special Chinese scheme of jade green bowls, containing lacquer red gladioli, pink and white watscias, and blue lupins, was carried out in the decorations. Mesdames Wallace Arnott, John Charley, E. M. Eyles, Douglas Fell, William Hay, Alan Hardie, Graham Pratten, Alan Watt, and John Stewart were among the twenty-five hostesses. No. 11 Onslow Avenue's marvellous tablecloths and carpets still looked as good as new to us, but we still wonder how Mrs. Hall escapes the cigarette butt ends through party after party.



Youth
will have
its Berlei!

THE new Berleis are so beautiful... supple... skin-fitting—youth will have it so!

And only in a Berlei can the pretty Sway Back types find free and easy grace. For the Sway Back figure with in-curving waist needs its own foundation; a Sway Back Berlei created with extreme intelligence and care.

The Two-way Stretch Elastic in Berlei Suspender Belt 6294 stretches this way and that with you! Waist: 21-26

TWO-WAY STRETCH 6294



If of shorter Sway Back type, wear Berlei Corsette 6512, in tea-rose art silk figured broche with lace up front Bust: 28-33

Berlei Front-lacing Corset 7128 for longer Sway Back types. Peach figured tulle. Non-slip lock lacing. Waist: 22-26

Berlei Side-lacing Wrap-on 7144 (waists: 20-24) of tea-rose broche should be worn by short Sway Back types with Berlei Berlette 6087, in tea-rose lace. Bust: 28-34

Short slender Average types should wear Berlei Corsette 6567, in tea-rose art silk figured broche. Rose beige lace bust and Hone Bust: 30-35



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On receipt of your name and address with 2d. stamp to cover postage and packing, we will forward you a 60 Piece Jig-Saw Puzzle.

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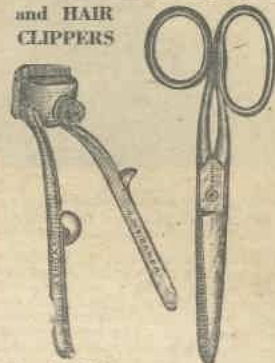
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OF Opals the EMBLEM of HOPE

Being the weekly diary of Saide, a discerning shopper

IN cunningly wrought settings the opal scintillates in every shade of the sunset. I was instructed, too, as to the correct procedure if one would appreciate the coloring to the full. You do not hold the gem up to the light as is commonly supposed, you hold it in such a position that the light shines on its surface and it gleams and gleams back at you as though thoroughly enjoying your gesture.

EVEN a small piece of opal will twinkle like a tiny star. Hence the charm of opal earrings. With ears so important that, for the very nicest parties, we put a spot of scent behind them, earrings are very desirable.

The ones I found devastatingly attractive had an oval-shaped piece of opal in an antique setting of platinum. They were £10/10/-.

A LARGER piece of opal that displayed all the rich, deep coloring of a ruby or a sapphire was set in platinum wrought into a quaint setting with oak leaves interspersed in a magnificent brooch, for £15/-.

There is an old-world air about these brooches. They recall the days when our Victorian grandmothers modestly placed a large cameo brooch in the front of their delicate fichus of spotless muslin or priceless lace.

Many consistent losers would have less cause to complain about "bad luck" and "bad cards" if they were to concentrate on improving their defensive play.

I RECENTLY saw a rubber thrown away because sound defence was lacking.

South dealt and called "one spade," West passed, and North nominated "four spades."

West had to lead from—S: 8 2. H: A 7 6. 4 D: K 8 5 4. C: 5 3 2.

He selected the ace of hearts as his opening, and when dummy failed to disclose the king he scrutinised his partner's card with interest. East played the 2.

Much discouraged, West switched the lead and led clubs through a tenace in dummy. The declarer won the trick, drew trumps and made game before losing the lead.

East held the ace of diamonds and the top cards of this suit accounted for the last two tricks. South had discarded a losing heart upon a club lead.

East's hand was—S: 9 7 4. H: K 8 2. D: A 9 3 2. C: 10 7 4.

When his partner led the ace of hearts he should have called for a con-

People who were fortunate enough to be chosen by the stork to make their debut in October have a perfectly wonderful birthstone. Their stone is also our national gem, the opal—just a piece of the sunset made into a precious stone.

CAN you imagine anything more intriguing to hang on a slender chain round the neck than this pendant of two exquisite stones and more oak leaves like those of the brooch, for £20/-?



AT the sparkle of the gems one thought instinctively of diamonds, and, following the train of thought thus engendered, of rings. A truly lustrous opal cut in a perfect circle nestled in its quaintly carved bed of platinum, for £6/6/-.

JUST glancing again through my price-list, I seem to have been in extravagant vein. Let me hasten to remove any erroneous impression I may have given. The prices of opal do not run exclusively in guineas. There are delightful rings and brooches and such trifles for as little as 12/6.

If you are not quite convinced that an opal is the most beautiful of all precious stones, you will at least concede that it is the most interesting. Here's an infallible test. Next time you take a little jaunt overseas, wear an opal. You will never be at a loss for bright conversation, and you will be gratified beyond measure at the admiring comments it evokes.

Defensive PLAY at the BRIDGE Table

By FRANK CAYLEY

Many consistent losers would have less cause to complain about "bad luck" and "bad cards" if they were to concentrate on improving their defensive play.

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East's hand was—S: 9 7 4. H: K 8 2. D: A 9 3 2. C: 10 7 4.

When his partner led the ace of hearts he should have called for a con-

tinuation of the suit by dropping the 8—an encouragement card.

"The Echo"

Players must also realise that if their partner leads king of a suit in which they hold two small cards, they must "echo"—that is, play the highest card followed by the low one.

Similarly, with Q 7 3 of a suit, play the 7 on partner's king, and the 3 on the ace. This simply says, "Partner, carry on with this suit."

In the first case a ruff will be obtained, and in the second case the queen is set up as the master card of the suit.

Some Questions

Answered

N.A. (Stannmore): I recommend the following bids upon the hands forwarded—1. One club. 2. One no trump. 3. One heart. 4. Two hearts. 5. One heart.

M.B. (Darlinghurst) asks: "What should I respond to an original '2 spade' bid, holding S: K 5 4 2. H: 7. D: A 7 3 2. C: 8 7 5 4?"

Answer: Do not include the king of spades as a raise. Give one raise for the ace of diamonds and two more for the singleton. Five spades is the correct response.

H.O.T. HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchovies. It makes lovely sandwiches and savories.***

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Perfect Local and Interstate Reception.



NEW 2A5 AND
2B7 VALVES

Large Dynamic
Speaker
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HEAR THIS SET

No obligation to Buy. Twelve months' Guarantee. Free installation. Free Service.



Upholstered in best quality Genoa Velvet this artistic Lounge Suite has five fully-sprung Loose Cushions and is really remarkable value at the introductory price. Usual Value is £25/10/- This Week's Cash Price, £19/17/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

19'. Deposit **4'6** Weekly

Full Size OAK LOUGHBOY

Here is a Modern Loughboy, 5ft. high and 4ft. wide, fitted with sliding trays, trouser-rails, adjustable mirror, etc.



Usual Value, £5/5/-
Special Cash Price, 75/-
Immediate Metropolitan
Delivery on

5'. DEPOSIT
2'. Weekly

British Axminster Carpets

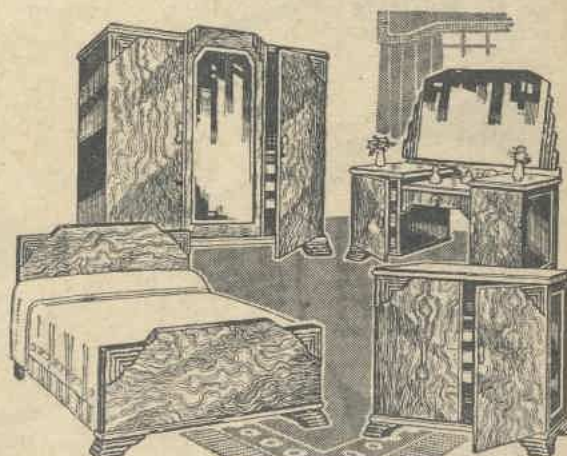
SPECIALLY REDUCED THIS WEEK

9ft.x8ft. 9ft.x7ft.6in. 9ft.x9ft. 10ft.6in.x9ft. 12ft.x9ft.
£3/2/6 £3/16/- £4/10/- £5/7/6 £6/10/-



British Imit. Lino Squares

NOW 9ft.x7ft.6in. 9ft.x9ft. 10ft.6in.x9ft. 12ft.x9ft.
AT..... 27'6 32'6 37'6 42'6



This magnificent Figured Walnut Bedroom Suite has 5ft. Wardrobe, 3ft. 9in. Dressing Table, and Double Loughboy, all fully fitted. Usual Value, £27/10/- This Week's Cash Price, £19/19/- (Bedstead Extra.)

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

20'. Deposit **4'6** Weekly



This Oak Breakfast-room Cabinet is 5ft. 6in. high and 4ft. 6in. wide. It is of superior construction and design and fully fitted. Finish and Leadlight doors (one full length) make it particularly attractive. Usual Value is £7/15/- Special Cash Price, £5/15/-

Immediate Metropolitan Delivery on

5'. DEPOSIT **2'.** WEEKLY



Here is extraordinary value in a Dining Room Set. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has mirror back, and 5ft. x 3ft. Refectory Table has massive turned legs. There are four Chairs (two only shown in illustration). Usual Value is £15/15/- This Week's Cash Price, £9/10/-

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Blind Man's Buff



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ONLY FROM YOUR
CHEMIST**

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE—
FOR CLEAN, WHITE TEETH—**

Both dentists and chemists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps the teeth perfectly clean and makes them brilliantly white. 2/- a super-size tube. Trial size 1/6.

PARKE-DAVIS COLD CREAM

Delightful for night use and as a skin food. An ideal medium for toilet massage. Relieves sunburn, chaps, and roughness of the skin. In jars for the dressing table, 2/6. In Tubes for the Handbag 1/6.

CEREBOS

HEALTH SALINE
Pleasant to taste, gentle to the system, a certain corrective of functional irregularity and its symptoms—headaches and feverishness. Take a teaspoonful in half a glass of water every morning.

Bottle, 3/-

MERCOLIZED WAX

Famous Beauties Use It! If you value your complexion, apply a little Mercolized Wax before you go out. It prevents chapping, chafing, windburn, and a fine face cream.

**"SOLYPTOL"
ANTISEPTIC**

The Ideal Mouth Wash.

This valuable germicide should be in daily use in every home. At the first sign of "flu or cold, use a gargle as directed. Small size 1/6. Large size 3/6.

MIRPIL

Soothes Sunburn. Mirpil Skin Balm will be found wonderfully cooling and soothing in cases of Sunburn.

Price, bottle, 2/6

VINCENT'S A.P.C.

To stop "flu or a bad cold, take a genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet with a hot lemon drink before retiring—as recommended by doctors, chemists, and nurses. Used successfully in influenza epidemics. 12 for 1/6. 24 for 2/6.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

With hard water, cold water, even ice water, Listerine Shaving Cream whips into a satiny, fragrant lather in just four seconds, and softens the most wiry whiskers. Get a Big Tube To-day for 1/9.

**DENTALUX "ADDIS"
TOOTH BRUSHES**

There is a Dentalux "Addis" Tooth Brush for every need. Strong, sterilized bristles make for service and safety. Guaranteed by the oldest firm of tooth-brush manufacturers in the world. 1/6 to 2/6.

PUBLIC NOTICE
The closing hours for Pharmacy are 7.30, Mondays to Thursdays, 9 p.m. Fridays, and 1 p.m. Saturdays, with two hours of service on Saturday evenings, 7 to 9 p.m. After these hours only urgent prescriptions can be attended to.

NOTE—Prices mentioned in this advertisement apply to the metropolitan area.
Your chemist's stocks of proprietary medicines and toilet requisites are always complete. There is no need to go alone to desire for substitution.

**FOR SAFETY'S SAKE
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CURRENCY EXCHANGE**

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BUYERS.
HIGHEST PRICES
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**Work While "VAREX" Heals
Your Bad Leg**

Sufferers from varicose veins and bad legs can be permanently cured by the VAREX Treatment. Where other measures have failed. There is no "laying up," and the patient can keep on working throughout the treatment. Only one dressing a week required, and there is no pain.

Call at the Treatment Rooms, and see the course in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.
ERNEST HALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, VAREX Ltd., 302N, George Street (between Love's and Angus & Coote's), Sydney.

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BLUE
NARCISSUS
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- POWDER
- BRILLIANTINE
- TALC

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TRANSFORMED As If By MAGIC

How a spring bedroom, sewing room, and sun-porch were evolved from an old-fashioned room, a small, disused room, and verandah.

By Margaret Jaye

Taste, rather than costliness, is the mother of beauty. Over and over again I hear people sigh and regret they haven't as much money as their luckier neighbors, but long experience has taught me that what is most of all to be envied in a home is taste—allied with a contented mind.

THE happy owner of both these qualities makes the most of her home, wherever she is cast, beautifies it at little cost, and enjoys the fruits of her work. The rooms and verandah described herewith were redecorated for just such a woman, and the results, frankly, were delightful.

We chose a color scheme of turquoise blue and pale sea-green for both rooms. The bedroom itself was a large, old-fashioned room, with two French doors leading on to a disused verandah. Next to the bedroom, also opening on to the same verandah, was a smaller disused room.

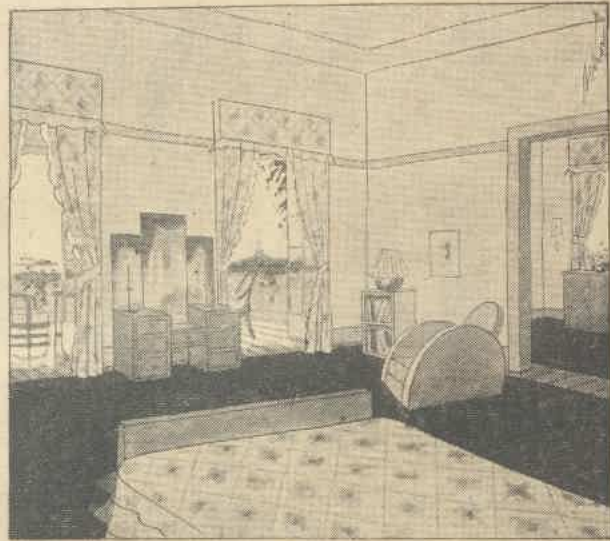
It was a two-storied house, the upper verandah having a lovely view. It seemed a crime not to enjoy sitting in the sun in such delightful surroundings. We decided to modernize and entirely alter the old-fashioned look of the bedroom. The next room we remodelled as a sewing room and snuggery for use in the mornings, while we made a delightful sun-porch of the neglected verandah. Here is how we set to work:

We repapered the walls in both rooms a very soft duck-egg green, and painted all the ugly old light brown woodwork a lovely deep sea-blue color—the color as near as possible to the sea on a stormy day. The carpet we chose for both rooms was a very deep peacock-blue, and reached the skirting boards all round the rooms. Then we lowered the existing picture rail, which we also colored a sea-blue, and painted the deep frets and the ceilings in both rooms a pale gold color. This had the effect of giving a sunny look to the rooms, and neutralized what might otherwise have been a cold look from the dull greens and blues used.

In the bedroom, we selected an old world chintz with a grey-green background and formal bunches of old-fashioned flowers on it. To add to the daintiness, the curtains had frills of plain grey-green organdie right round them, and the same organdie was used for the tie-backs. The bedspread was topped with plain organdie with the side frills of the cretonne, and three rows of tiny organdie frills were added to the hem of cretonne. The bolster was of cretonne, with six ruffles of organdie at each end.

Bringing Furniture Up To Date

THE furniture had as far as possible been altered to look different. The old very high bed-legs had been cut



Artist's interesting sketch of the charmingly transformed spring bedroom, sewing-room, and sun-porch described in this article.

down—the ugly front of the bed cut completely off—a really good panel of walnut veneer added to the old head of the bed to bring it up to present-day fashion. The huge old wardrobe was completely scrapped and a lady's well-fitted loungeboy substituted. The man's new loungeboy was placed in the sewing-room next door.

A long cheval mirror stood in one corner—the old ugly tiles were hidden by an interesting fire screen of walnut, with a panel of velvet in lovely peacock colorings—featuring the bird itself with wide outspread tail. The dressing-table was also remodelled, part of the centre of the drawers cut away, and the mirror cut in three. A long centre mirror was added, also glass tops to the drawers and a new French table lamp in soft green and crystal to throw back the charm of the whole room.

Two easy chairs covered in plain duck-egg green linen, piped with a deep peacock-blue, looked inviting. And round two corners of the room we placed a low bookshelf with light, night-time reading handy. A bed-light to throw just the right light for comfort, and behold! the old heavy, dull look gone as though by magic, and in its place a symphony of blues, greens, and turquoise colorings.

A Charming Sewing-Room

IN the next room we used exactly the same coloring—soft duck-egg green walls, deeper paintwork, pale-gold frets and ceiling, all-over peacock-blue carpet, and comfy tub chairs, covered in the same linen cretonne. But curtains of soft gold-colored gauze were used to give warmth and glow to the room.

Etchings on the walls, bookshelves with well-used books, several tables of various heights and shapes for sewing, knitting, reading, cigarettes, etc., table

lamps very simple in design and really serviceable for sewing or reading by, were added, also a long, low trough of pottery on the mantelpiece in which almost any flowers would look well—especially lovely with lupins or delphiniums. One could readily imagine this former disused room becoming a favorite gathering-place for morning tea and gossip.

Making a Sun Porch

THE floor of the outside verandah we stained a deep blue color to match the carpets inside. Put amusing round-striped blinds in blues and gold to tone; comfy cane furniture, lacquered a deep-sea blue, and lots of gay cushions in blue and gold stripes. A wicker tray-table, with long glasses for cool drinks, was chosen to match our color scheme. A large, comfortable-looking table on the verandah for sewing and books, and here again a lamp.

Now you have in your mind's eye what can be achieved before and after, with a little originality, interest, and—taste!



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**CLEVER IDEAS
HINTS FROM READERS
CLEVER IDEAS**

TO REMOVE smoke marks from ceilings, mix a thick paste of starch and water, and with a clean flannel, spread it over the marks. Allow to get thoroughly dry, then brush off with a soft brush, when the marks will have disappeared.—Miss P. Gordan, Jessie Street, Armidale, N.S. Wales.

POTATOES CAN be baked in half the usual time if they are allowed to lie in well salted water for 15 minutes before baking. This greatly improves the flavor of them, and incidentally saves gas.—Miss D. Follington, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

INSTEAD of putting cotton wool in the toe of a shoe that is too long, try filling the space with a piece of rubber sponge. This will prevent the shoe from wrinkling and the sponge does not harden into a lump as cotton wool does.—Mrs. E. Benstead, Hardgrave, Ed., South Brisbane, Queensland.

AFTER WASHING net casement curtains, hang them on the rods while they are still damp. This saves ironing and makes them fit perfectly.—"A.H.H."

AN OUTDOOR mat is easily and economically made by obtaining a piece of wire-netting and a discarded motor-car tube.

First cut the netting into the required size, and then the tube into strips, and thread the strips of tubing through the netting.—Mrs. A. Thomas, Elwood, Vic.

HOT HOLBROOK says: No sugar in used vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.



WX163.—Frock of striped silk cut on unusual lines. Material required, four and a half yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX164.—Frock of white pique with attractive bodice lines and unusual shoulder treatment. Material required, three and a half yards 36in. and one yard 36in. for sleeves. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, and 40 inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX165.—Smart frock of figured linen with jacket which is held in place in rather an unusual manner. Material required, five and seven-eighths yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

STEPPING Out GAILY Attired

SHOULDERS are still the centre of interest in the new spring mode, and our patterns this week give a delightful choice of treatment. There's an unusual neck with buttons as a finish in one model; there is a quaint droop, surmounting frilly sleeves in another. Pointed reverses give a tailored note to the dark frock on the right, and the three-tiered collar of muslin is a dainty finish to a frock that has very smart pleating in the skirt.

Gloves continue to follow a variety of ideas, and to be really smart should be made to match your frock. They are delightfully inexpensive if you make them yourself. You will find them quite simple to make with the pattern pictured below as your guide.

There is a nice selection of garments for the kindergarten folk, too, while our free pattern is ultra-smart with its straight collar and puffed sleeves. It is cut to fit size 36in. bust, and all hems should be allowed for when cutting.



WX166.—Smart frock of the new sand crepe with front coat effect and contrasting vest and revers. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards 36in. and half a yard contrasting. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, and 40 inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX167.—Frock of marocain with double inverted pleats in skirt and contrasting triple collar of organza. Material required, five and five-eighths yards 36in. three-quarters yard 36in. for collar, and half a yard lining. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX168.—Double collar of pique, linen, organza, or organdie. Material required, five-eighths yard 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. PAPER PATTERN, 6/4.

WX169.—Gloves with fancy gauntlets. Material required, three-eighths yard 30 or 36 inch and one-eighth yard 36in. contrasting. To fit size 6 1/2 hand. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

For the Kindergarten



WX142.—Dainty sleeveless frock of spotted muslin with smocking on the shoulder for the small girl. Material required, one and one-eighth yards 30in. To fit size 2-4 years. Other sizes, 1-2 and 4-6 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.

WX145.—Boys' cotton shirt and serge trousers. Material required, two yards 36in. for shirt and five-eighths yard for trousers. To fit size 10-12 years. Other sizes, 6-8 and 8-10 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.

WX144.—Trim little school or play frock for the small girl. Material required, one and one-eighth yard 36in. and three-eighths yard 36in., contrasting. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 4-6 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.



WX168

WX169.—Girl's dressing gown. Material required, one and seven-eighths yards 54in. To fit 6-8 years. Other sizes, 2-4, 4-6, 8-10, and 10-12 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.

Our Stock Pattern

THIS week the pattern illustrated from our stock patterns is one for the youngest member of the family, a practical garment for the babe's layette.

It has long sleeves and is cut to use a minimum of material and still afford the tiny wearer absolute comfort. A touch of hand embroidery would make it a very welcome gift for a new baby.

Have you taken advantage of our stock pattern department yet? There are practical

patterns of economical cut for every garment that is in everyday use. The range includes patterns of those garments for which the home seamstress is constantly finding a demand, such as a schoolgirl's tunic, boy's trousers, shirtwaist, pyjamas, and dressing-gown, and a complete baby's layette. Write in for a pattern of any garment you are wanting. The price of stock patterns for sizes 12 years old and over is 1/1, and under 12, 9/4.



WX167.—Baby's nightdress with long sleeves. Material required, two yards 36 inch. To fit size six months. Other sizes, infants and 1-2 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns may be obtained on personal application at our offices as follows:—
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.
MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street.
When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to the following address only:—
Pattern Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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WE Welcome OLD FAVORITES "Bitter-Sweet" on the Screen

If an enterprising producer took an actress with a past of the calibre of a Thorndike, or a present on a par with that of Gertrude Lawrence, would their reputation, of which we have only a hearsay knowledge, offer a more insistent appeal than that of the stars of whose performance we have personal knowledge?

By SAIDE PARKER

Audiences may be "on with the new love," as new programmes are announced, but evidence that they are not "off with the old" is afforded by the revivals of such an old-time favorite as "The Quaker Girl," greeted with the utmost enthusiasm in Melbourne and playing to capacity houses at Sydney Criterion.

POPULAR favor attaches not only to a well-known show, but to the stars themselves. Madge Elliott and Dot Brunton, Cyril Ritchard and Gus Blissett are still greeted to the ringing applause to which the theatres echoed in bygone seasons.

In reply to a pertinent question as to whether the popular vote was registered in favor of a well-known star or a famous player from overseas, Mr. C. B. Westmacott, general manager for J. C. Williamson, said, "It all depends on the show itself." Which, of course, is delightfully non-committal.

Meanwhile Dot Brunton's spontaneous humor and radiant personality are enjoyed to the full in "Roadhouse," while Madge Elliott's portrayal of "The Quaker Girl" is so full of delicate enchantment as to give an entirely new conception of the circumscribed life of those of the Quaker persuasion.

Further shows with which audiences will have at least a passing acquaintance are billed for the near future. Isabel Elsom is to play Noel Coward's "Private Lives" and "Her Cardboard Lover." Tidings, too, of the departure of dainty Marie Bremner to play the lead in "Rose Marie" in South Africa will rouse many memories of that spectacular production and its haunting melodies.

This trend to give the public productions to which they do not need to be newly introduced is also apparent in the film world. From Hollywood we are

to have "The Merry Widow," and from Elstree studios "Sorrell and Son," two films widely divergent in their appeal.

Most outstanding of all is that of the making of a film from the most successful show to grace the stage at Her Majesty's "Bitter-Sweet."

Anna Neagle, the twenty-three-year-old London girl, plays the part of Sari Linden; the part for which the leading actresses of two continents were duly considered. Evelyn Laye and Jeannette MacDonald were thought to be the most likely choice until the final decision was announced.

A FURTHER exhaustive search was made to fill the male lead, Carl Linden. As befits the role, the man who was eventually cast for it is a true cosmopolitan. He is a Belgian by birth, was educated at St. Paul's, England, and came to the studios direct from an amazingly successful season in musical comedy in Paris.

One instance alone in the career of Ferdinand Graavey (alias Carl Linden) gives conclusive evidence of what we may expect from the artist who is to fill this exacting role. Ferdinand Graavey was offered a contract in Hollywood that would have placed him in the footsteps of Maurice Chevalier—and he refused it!

"Bitter-Sweet" on the film will present to us again a glittering pageant from the colorful setting of a betrothal party in 1875 to the ultra-smart presentation of a modern ballroom scene.

Hyde Park has been recreated as it was sixty years ago, and Mrs. Millick, mother of Sari, takes a genteel constitutional in her victoria. The Millick home has been elaborately decorated in the style of that period, and the scene in which Sari and her six bridesmaids indulge in a girlish frolic after the ball is truly delightful. Their choice of diversion is blindman's buff, and it is played to a veritable salvo of Early Victorian giggles!

In the café scene in Vienna, where, after their romantic elopement, Carl be-



FERDINAND GRAAVEY and Anna Neagle (above), who will appear as Carl and Sari Linden in the film version of "Bitter-Sweet."

comes conductor of the orchestra and Sari a professional dancing partner, two hundred "extras" have been pressed into service and into bustles of every conceivable design.

VIVIDLY and faithfully portrayed are the picturesque days of the last century, when the arm of the law was upheld by corpulent gentlemen, heavily mustached, when the man about town was addicted to dundrearies, side-boards and high collars, and the gentler sex were very coy with parasols, bustles and bonnets.

In picturesque settings and in very human portrayals, discriminating directors are bringing to us again the characters with whom our first introduction, either on the stage or in our favorite novels served to whet our appetite for further acquaintance.

It's a case of "the devil we know or the devil we don't." We make our choice the devil we do!

PRIVATE VIEWS

Films are seen by our critics at trade screenings arranged by film distributors. The reviews, therefore, sometimes appear on this page considerably in advance of releases in metropolitan theatres in the various States.

"KISS ME AGAIN"

If you have enjoyed technicolor in the past, you will enjoy "Kiss Me Again," but, while admitting the striking effects that can be attained with this process, one is apt to feel that smoked glasses would be an asset before the film concludes. Bernice Claire's singing and dancing throughout are ample compensation, however, for temporary eyestrain.

Victor Herbert supplies rich music throughout, and Edward Everett Horton, incidental humor, though he has not been given his usual scope. Bernice Claire's portrayal runs the complete gamut of emotion from gaiety to feeling that is at once tender, tense, and powerful.

She is in love with Walter Pidgeon, a young and handsome French courtier, but complications get in when Claude Gillingwater (Pidgeon's father) does all in his power to terminate the association. The finale of the production is very spectacular, and depicts Bernice Claire's triumph as an operatic star.

The cast includes June Collyer, very demure, and in love with Horton, and Frank McHugh, an unfailingly obliging butler.—Warner Bros.

"I LOVE THAT MAN"

THOUGH the continuous releases of films in which amiable crooks do their worst, and are redeemed by the

"KING OF JAZZ"

ANOTHER revival that is certainly worthy of note is that of "King of Jazz." Technicolor makes it a very vivid film, but, with a few exceptions, the color is restrained, and in the majority of scenes, delightfully artistic. Paul Whiteman with his orchestra is portrayed as the deus-ex-machina of American jazz, and the music is a continuous programme of delightful numbers. Though one is apt to resent the assumption of the finale that the music of all nations has been cast in a melting-pot from which "jazz" has emerged as a triumphant result, one is forced to admit that there is more melody in jazz than customarily meets the ear when such numbers as Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" are played.

"MELODY CRUISE"

A SINGING-ACTING treat is assured all seeing "Melody Cruise." The dominating individual figure, of course, is Charles Ruggles—genial and humorous throughout the entire show. Phil Harris, Helen Mack, and Greta Nissen are also in the cast. They all decide to leave cold New York for a hotter climate. Wherefore they all go West—to Los Angeles. Then begins their "melody cruise." At the commencement of the picture, Ruggles, who is very much "under the influence," gives Phil Harris some sound advice, here it is—"Rob a

"Roadhouse" For All the States

Dot Brunton opens at Melbourne "Royal" on Saturday, October 7, in "Roadhouse," after a very successful season at Sydney "Criterion." John Longden, who came to Australia with the Seyler-Hannen company, is the burly "John Hop." "Roadhouse" is billed for His Majesty's Brisbane, in the near future.



loyalty and somewhat cloying affection of the sweet young thing, are apt to pall, one has to admit the realism of "I Love That Man."

Realism is the striking feature of "I Love That Man," with Edmund Lowe, Nancy Carroll, and Robert Armstrong in the principal roles.

Edmund Lowe is a confidence man who decides to "go straight," and is taken down by his supposed honorable partner. This makes him bitter, and, in an endeavor to repay two uncouth burglars for services rendered him in the early part of his life, he is shot down by police. Nancy Carroll is in love with Edmund Lowe, and goes everywhere with him, trying her utmost to persuade him to lead an honest life. It matters not whether Lowe is selling a glass coffin case or a "petrol intensifier," he makes money, and with that money he gambles and loses. Such is the existence of this genial crook, who every now and again has to run for dear life to miss a few unexpected bullets. Seventy-odd minutes' amusement is offering in "I Love That Man"—Paramount.

"GIRL MISSING"

LIGHTNESS and brightness, with comedy the dominant role, is the promise in "Girl Missing," with Ben Lyon, Glenda Farrell, and Mary Brian in the main parts.

The picture centres around a millionaire antique collector, a hard-boiled gangster, and three ex-chorus girls. Mary Brian and Glenda Farrell are admirable as two mercenary ex-chorus girls who regard the opposite sex as legitimate prey. Guy Kibbee is their first victim, but he wears of their company and walks out, leaving a large hotel bill to whom it may concern. The picture is full of "wise cracks," by Glenda Farrell, and much confusion. Peggy Shannon, Lyle Talbot, Harold Huber, and Edward Ellis are also in the cast.—Warner Bros.

bank; do anything—but DON'T get married.—R.K.O.

"THE VAGABOND"

A COMEDY-DRAMA in picturesque settings is "The Vagabond," with that ever-popular comedian, Charlie Chaplin, in the main role. The laughs he gets with his easy-going methods fully explain the eminence he has achieved in a keenly competitive profession. Not a single word is spoken throughout the production, but carefully selected music is played instead. Practically all the scenes are taken outdoors beside an old dilapidated caravan. Of course, as is the case in all Chaplin's pictures, there is a lot of knocking men on the head, tumbling people falling all over one another, wicked aunts running hither and thither, and such things, but the comedy interest is sustained right through.—R.K.O.

"THE MAN OUTSIDE"

SURPRISE follows surprise in "The Man Outside," with Henry Kendall as the amateur detective. All the acting takes place in "Raven Hall," an old mansion, which belongs to one of Kendall's college friends. Kendall is young and tall, has a distinctly pleasing stage appearance, is easy, clear and natural in his speech, and admirable as the amateur detective—tender and virile in turn, without a suggestion of affectation. The others in the cast include John Turnbull and Cyril Raymond.

A masked man, who persists in throwing stones through glass doors, with letters wrapped around, warning occupants of the house that trouble will befall them if they do not immediately leave the premises, and his continual prowling round the house, are overdone. For all those who like a good mystery drama, "The Man Outside" will provide excellent entertainment in that line.—R.K.O.

"NINDOOIMBAH" Awaits The BRIDE!

Beautiful Australian Homestead

When Mrs. John Collins, daughter of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Sydney (Alderman and Mrs. Hagon) is abroad on her honeymoon, it is unlikely that she will see any more interesting home than the one that will be hers on her return to Australia.

MRS. COLLINS will "settle down" in one of the loveliest old homes in Queensland, for at "Nindooimbah," near Beaudesert, pioneering tradition as well as beauty awaits her.

The house to-day is a very large one, but it began as an average-sized station homestead. Wing after wing and room after room have been added, all these additions making for the roominess which is "Nindooimbah" to-day.

THE wide gardens are always beautifully kept, drought is not allowed to interfere with the beauty of the flowers and trees which form the homestead's setting, and the fair bride who chose all white for her wedding will be able to deck her rooms each morning, should she wish it, with blooms of every hue and almost every kind.

In front of the house is a long line of lagoons which make desirable swimming-pools in summer.

The drive to the house sweeps between flowering trees, and leads to a pergola always covered in roses. At the back of the house is a stately hill brooding over



all this beauty which nature and man have collaborated to make.

THE house itself has verandahs which are wide even for Queensland; one of the rooms is so spacious that it has frequently been used as a ballroom. Much of the furniture has been fashioned many years ago of timber hewn on the property, a particularly choice and valuable piece being the round dining-table which matches the panelling of the room's walls.

THE bridegroom's grandfather, the original John Collins, had three sons, William, George, and Robert. William, who was the father of the John of to-day, died in 1909 when his only son was a small boy.

The John Collins of to-day has his own aeroplane, and rumor says that much of his wooing was done on this

THE HOMESTEAD, set in the midst of undulating country, and surrounded by beautiful trees and gardens. —Mount Lake.

exalted plane. He also has a "kink" for making movies-pictures, and to this end sometimes takes about a movie-camera on his visits to friends on neighboring stations.

THERE is a story that he once brought the queer-looking camera to such close quarters with the beasts during a muster that a stampede among the cattle was narrowly avoided, and that some of the stockmen on this occasion proved the richness of their vocabulary at the expense of such modern contraptions as movie-cameras, etc.

But all that the enthusiastic photographer said was, "Goah, what a great picture this'll be—full of action!"

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DAVID MANNERS
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"SHE DONE HIM WRONG," starring MAE WEST with Cary Grant, Noah Beery, and Owen Moore.

"COUNSEL'S OPINION," with Cyril Maude, Henry Kendall, and Binnie Barnes.

"COLLEGE HUMOR," with Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, Mary Carlisle, Jack Oakie, Burns and Allen.



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The annual report for the year ended December 31, 1932, disclosed these colossal figures:

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Assets - - - - -	£263,694,842
Claims Paid - - - - -	£407,000,000
Annual Income - - - - -	£48,685,145
Profits Paid to Policyholders in 1932 - - - - -	£8,346,635
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On the stage Miss INGE STANGE in expressionistic dances with Corps de Ballet, also Albert Cazan and Concert orchestra playing "Famous English Melodies."

For YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS How Alcohol and Smoking Affect Mothers-to-be

By M. TRUBY KING

Recently an expectant mother wrote asking whether she need give up drinking wine and smoking while carrying her baby. She had been told that both of these practices would gravely injure the child, and wished to know how they could affect the unborn babe.

NEIGHBORS are rather given to drawing terrifying pictures which would do more harm through frightening the mother than the evils they wish to denounce. It is better for the unborn babe for the woman to smoke a few cigarettes daily and be blissfully happy than for her to let her mind prey on the mental and physical abnormalities of some new-born baby whose deformities the neighbor has put down to the occasional smoking of cigarettes on the part of its mother.

One meets with fanatics of every kind; so it will be cheering for the expectant mother to realise that almost every little baby comes into the world a wonder of perfection!

It is AFTER birth that these little mites, in the great majority of cases, suffer.

Nature protects the unborn at the expense of the woman. If there is not sufficient for her to eat in order to keep her body weight, the baby will derive the benefit from what nourishment the woman may be able to afford, and will grow while the body-cells of the woman live on short rations.

However, it must not be supposed for an instant that one is defending the immoderate use of alcohol or tobacco. The expectant mother is definitely better off in every way without either; but she need not work herself up into a state of nervous prostration because in the early months she did not realise these things.

In order to make these little sacrifices, it is necessary for the mother to understand just why alcohol and smoking are bad for her and the coming little one.

Sir Truby King says: "Alcohol taken by the mother flows as a poison in her blood. The tender growing cells of the baby, directly nourished by this poisoned stream, or fed with milk derived from it, do not grow or develop properly; they become stunted and degenerate. Therefore, an expectant or nursing



mother should take no beer or stout, however strongly such drinks may be recommended by well-meaning friends and nurses."

One has only to think of the effect of a few cocktails on oneself, or of an over-indulgence in wine, to realise what effects even a couple of glasses of wine daily will have on the tiny, striving-for-life-and-growth cells of the babe within.

Think of the effect on his teeth. "Oh, but the unborn babe has no teeth!"

Famous Doctor's Daughter

THE Australian Women's Weekly has arranged for a special series of weekly articles on Mothercraft by Miss M. Truby King, daughter of the world-famed specialist on matters of child welfare. The preceding articles have dealt with exercise, diet, and general care of the mother-to-be.

Every young wife and mother is advised to follow this series of articles closely, as they will prove of immense help to her in the rearing of her family.

you exclaim. Certainly he has! Quite a long time before baby is born every tooth in both the temporary and permanent sets has been begun.

From the mother's blood-stream. When baby is born, the first set of teeth are all ready, hidden under the gums, where they remain for about six months after birth. You cannot see them, but they are there. So you see one reason why it is so necessary to have the very purest blood-stream during those nine months of waiting.

Any poisonous matter in the mother's blood would slow down the building operations of the teeth cell workers and cause them to produce a bad job. When the little teeth come through they would tend to decay quickly, and the decaying roots (which are absorbed into the blood stream before the first teeth fall out) would adversely affect the "finishing touches" to the second set of teeth—so one evil leads inevitably to another, and the child, grown up, soon has to resort to artificial teeth in place of the set which Nature intended would last him a lifetime.

In like manner, the unborn babe depends on his mother for pure air; then why give him a smoke-laden substitute? Drinking and smoking both impoverish the cells of the body, and, in conjunction with many other unwise practices, are often responsible for childless marriages.

The subject of sterility will be dealt with more fully in next week's issue.

On HOLIDAYS Without MOTHER Louise Mack Advises

...on a problem affecting girls of to-day!



Do you let your girls go holidaying without you? Or do you feel hurt when they show they don't want you? Do you try to edge yourself in? Or do you accept the inevitable, and let them go off on their own?

THIS problem exercises many a mother. And here is a typical letter asking advice.

"I couldn't believe it at first," writes my correspondent, "when my girls suggested my staying at home while they went up the mountains for a fortnight with three other girls. We had always taken our holidays together. It was a fearful shock to find they wanted to leave me at home. I hid my feelings so as not to upset them. But really I needn't have bothered about that. They weren't in the least upset. Their girl friends' mothers always stayed at home, they said. They even told me it was kinder to me not to have me with them."

I wonder if you can understand how I took it to heart? Was I right to give in? I am only in the forties, but I fear now that I am left out for always."

My advice is never use the word always.

Always, is too big a word for little finite folk like us to tackle, isn't it? I mean, it covers something that none of us can possibly grasp. For who can realise eternity? And what little human brain can aspire to vision the everlasting?

Don't say always! Don't think always! It's morbid and egocentric.

And it's false as well, because some day they will want you back.

Just now your girls want something that you're not necessary to, while others are; that's all.

But surely it's quite natural that girls should want girls to go picknicking with, girls to laugh and scream with, girls to

Weren't we all like that once?

Let us hope so, because we can't be like that now.

Our time ended for skipping down to the bottom of Katoomba Falls and back, or leaping off diving boards at St. Kilda or Merdall, or frisking through Lorne's magic, or skiing down the proud Victorian Alps, or surf-riding among those thousands that love Yeeppoon's incredibly lovely sands.

As George Meredith put it so very beautifully, "The time for violets is over."

But you must not feel that you have any absolute right to all your girls' time and love.

Any way, it is good for families to separate sometimes. It is good to get away from the frightfully close associations of family life. It is good to make fresh contacts that will bring fresh healthy interests presently into the home circle, making life so much the happier and bigger.

But it is not good for mothers to be moaning about it and feeling that their children are getting away from them, and feeling also aggrieved and neglected.

The remedy is in a mother's own hands.

If she wants company she must fraternise with her own contemporaries. For her Bridge. Yes, Bridge for us, not Falls and billies!

She must remember that to youth mother and father seem always about a

"Should Separate"

hundred!

But wait! As Thackeray said tenderly, "Wait till she comes to forty years."

Truly, the time will arrive when your children, grown up themselves, are going to happen upon the most marvellous discovery of their lives if you leave them alone now and play that you are old and they are young.

Some day they will find out that mother and father are not old at all.

Mother, in fact, is the same age as oneself when one is forty and mother sixty.

And that will be the time when they won't want to go holidaying without you.

Then you'll be their most precious, precious guest, and they will know themselves lucky that "we have been able to get dear mother to come holidaying with us once again!"

ETIQUETTE



When dining, never commit the unforgivable mistake of using the plate as a lean-to for knife and fork.

jobber to, girls to walk arm in arm with, girls to munch with and crunch with, and boys to coquette with, as they tear with their blisses up and down our wondrous mountain steps in our blazing golden sunlight and dark cool shadows these spring days.

Like goats, your girls want to frisk to the bottom of the Falls and up again, laughing all the time.

OH, those girls at the Katoomba Falls!

Those dear, delightful, happy amazing, chattering Australian creatures that I saw only this week flinging themselves with the lightness of fairies down thousands and thousands of steps, leaping round platforms, laughing, rushing, hurrying through green wet ferns and silver spray, wildly gay with the elation of youth and action and mountain air, and joyous because there were no old minds to call them back from their delicious goathoods.

BLEACH THEM

HAVE you any frocks, or perhaps curtains or covers, that are still fit for service and yet too faded to be used? If you feel that the expense of having them dyed is unwarranted, or wish to avoid the somewhat sticky process of dyeing them yourself, why not bleach them? By the simple expedient of putting one tablespoonful of cream of tartar to every gallon of water and boiling the articles you will remove all traces of color and make them white.

MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women have formed their scraggy undeveloped and flabby breasts into the firm, rounded, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth, as Miss O. W. of Brighton has done. "Please post a blank of Mamogen by return mail," she writes. "I received the first flask early and I am thrilled at the result of treatment, and thank you for sending it so quickly."

As I told you before, my bust has never developed properly, and I was very much worried and I tried many things without result, until my mother showed me the advertisement for Mamogen.

"I measured 38 inches round the bust before I started treatment, and have increased to 36 inches now. That is two inches in less than four weeks."

If your breasts are undeveloped, scraggy, or shapeless, send for a flask of Mamogen, and stroke this marvellous cream into your breasts each night with your fingers. Mamogen is prescribed by doctors to rejuvenate and beautify the breasts, and is prepared from the prescription of a famous specialist.

You can get large flasks of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. James Rogers Ltd., the well-known chemists of Sydney, who will give you all information.

If you can't call personally, pin a Postal Note to a piece of paper with your name and address, send it to W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 35A George Street, Sydney, and Mamogen will reach you by return post, plainly wrapped, with full directions for use.

(Mrs. Dawson) (Late of David Jones Ltd.) 438 George Street. Phone, M4100.

NEXT TO DYMCKS

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

A crank about dust and dirt careless of her teeth and gums... and she has "pink tooth brush"! *

HER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her teeth look, too? While she's taking good care of the house it might be wise for her to keep her teeth good-looking, too. White, bright teeth are essential to attractiveness, and your teeth depend for their good looks upon your gums. Gums need exercise... regular stimulation... to be firm and healthy, but to-day's foods, delicious as they are, are

too soft to stimulate them. Gradually your gums become flabby and tender. If you haven't "pink tooth brush" already, you probably will have it... unless you do something about those toothy gums of yours. And "pink tooth brush" not only spoils your smile, it can endanger perfectly sound teeth.

To-day... get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it, and each time with fingertip or tooth brush rub a little extra Ipana into those sickly gums of yours.

Ipana really cleans teeth... and with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the tissues and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

Before you have used up one tube of Ipana, and rubbed it regularly into your gums, your teeth will begin to gladden and your gums to show marked improvement. Keep on using Ipana with massage and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

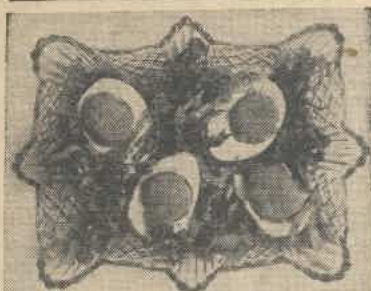
*"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender... that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS



Now EGGS are CHEAPER!

Serve these new, tempting Breakfast and Luncheon Dishes....and for Afternoon Tea, this delicious Sponge Cake!

By MARGARET SHEPHERD

VERY good housewife finds it much easier, from the standpoint of conscience, to experiment with new dishes when the chief ingredient is down in price. Eggs may be "down," but it is not a case of experimenting, since the recipes given here under have all been tested.

Though invitingly new, you will find them easy to prepare, inexpensive, and decidedly appetising. So try them—and surprise the family!

HAVE you ever stopped to consider what housekeeping would be like if eggs were excluded from the larder? In no other single product is there so much concentrated goodness. No product offers so many possibilities for producing at short notice tasty, nourishing meals.

The properties which enable an egg to hold air when beaten, cause custards to thicken, and keep mayonnaise from separating, are due to the colloidal nature of both yolk and white. The latter is mostly composed of water, albumen, and minerals. The yolk is of more value, nutritionally, as it contains protein, fat, minerals, and vitamins—especially vitamin D, which promotes bone formation. It is the sulphur in the egg that causes the discoloration of silver.

As eggs are a concentrated food, lacking in sugars and starches, they should be accompanied by foods like rice, flour, fresh fruits, and vegetables, as a basis.

Boiling and Poaching

CARELESS cooking toughens and makes eggs indigestible. To lightly cook, it is better to put into boiling water, return the lid, and stand on a warm part of stove, taking care not to boil or even simmer. Allow to stand six to eight minutes before serving.

When poaching, never allow to boil. Drop the egg into the boiling salted water, and stand aside or turn out the gas. See that there is sufficient water to cover the egg. Return the lid or taste frequently with the water in the pan.

Vegetable Macedoine and Eggs
One dessertspoon butter, 1 des-

sertspoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 slice onion, blade mace, 5 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 carrots, 2 sticks celery, 1 lb. peas, 4 eggs.

Wash and scrape carrots, cut into dice the size of peas; also the celery. Put into boiling, salted water, and cook until tender. Drain. Shell peas, and put into hot water with salt, sugar, and mint, adding a little bi-carb. soda, if necessary. When soft, drain, add to remainder of vegetables. Stand aside, and make sauce as follows:—

Put the milk into a saucepan with onion, salt, peppercorns, lemon rind, and mace. Simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, and stir until it boils. Allow to simmer five minutes. Add the vegetables, stir in lightly, and turn into a greased fireproof mould. Arrange poached eggs on top, garnish with parsley, and serve.

Stuffed Eggs

Three hard-boiled eggs, 2 table-spoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon vinegar, mustard, salt, and cayenne to taste, 1 cup white sauce.

Cut the hard-boiled eggs in halves, lengthwise. Remove the yolks. Mash, and add the cheese, salt, cayenne, mustard and vinegar, and enough butter to make into the right consistency and



shape. Form into balls, and re-fill the egg-whites. Arrange on a bed of well washed and drained watercress or finely chopped lettuce. Chopped mushrooms, curry powder, or finely-chopped ham can be added to the egg yolks if liked.

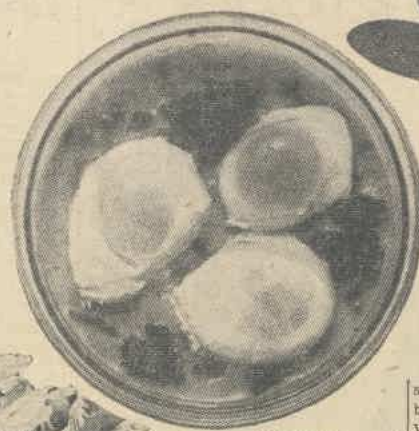
Egg Souffle

One tablespoon butter, 1 table-spoon flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 eggs, 1-cup milk, salt, pepper, celery salt, cayenne.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add flour. When mixed, add the milk and stir until it boils. Simmer four minutes and then add the very well beaten egg-yolks, follow with seasonings. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and fold into the above mixture. Turn into small buttered moulds, cover with greased paper, and set in a pan of boiling water. Bake in a slow oven until set and firm. Turn on to a dish and surround with tomato cream sauce.

Sponge Cake

Five eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 cup castor sugar, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons



PLENTIFUL, and so good! Yet served the same way day after day, eggs are apt to become monotonous. For delicious variation serve Vegetable Macedoine and Eggs, shown "bird's eye view" above; also, Stuffed Eggs as illustrated, top left.

lemon juice, 1 tablespoon water. Put the egg yolks into a mixing bowl and beat until they are stiff. Add the

sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, and beat 10 minutes after each addition. When the last of the sugar is added, beat until the mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape. Add the water and fruit juice, a little at a time, beating well. Add the flour gradually, about 2 tablespoons at a time, stirring until the flour is lost from sight. Then beat 10 minutes well. Now add the very stiffly beaten egg-whites, to which has been added the salt. Stir in lightly. When well out of sight, turn into unbuttered tins, which have been lightly sprinkled with castor sugar and then turned out. Bake in a hot oven half an hour, and then increase the heat a little for about five minutes, or until the sponge rebounds to a gentle touch. Turn out—well away from draughts until cold.



Add these to your Recipe List

Coffee Rolls—Ginger Bread—Orange Meringue Tart—Nut Shortbread—Sardine Savories

They are all quite easy to cook, and if you attend one of the Gas Company's free gas cookery demonstrations next week, you will learn all that is necessary to cook them to perfection. The lecturers will explain the preparation and cookery of these dainties in a manner clear to all; she will supply copies of the recipes free and furnish a host of kitchen "secrets."

The demonstrations will be held as follow:—

Head Showrooms, Pitt and Barlow Streets (Near Central Station)—Tuesday, October 10.

Branch Showroom, Beamish St., Campsie—October 9.

" " Bay St., Rockdale—October 11.

" " Elsie St., Burwood—October 12.

" " George St., Parramatta—Oct. 13.

H. T. Seymour Ltd., Marrickville Road, Marrickville—October 11.

Diment's Store, Forest Road, Hurstville—October 13.

(All Suburban Demonstrations commence at 2.15 p.m.)

Make a note of the time and place of the demonstration in your locality—and bring your friends.

If you have not yet received your copy of "Enduring Service," why not write for it to-day? It is free to all, and contains a lot of valuable kitchen hints and suggestions.

At your service always.

The AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Head Office and Showrooms:

Pitt and Barlow Streets (Nr. Central Station)

£5 WEEKLY for Best RECIPES

There's £5 in weekly prizes waiting for Australia's clever cooks. Spare a minute from the household routine to write down your favorite recipe, and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly.

The simple effort may bring a lucrative reward—in the form of a Cash Prize that will be a welcome addition to the family budget.

FIVE £1 prizes must be won by our readers each week.

Here are this week's winners:

Jellied Rabbit

Soak two young rabbits in cold, salted water for one hour. Wipe dry, and cut into neat pieces. Place in saucepan, cover with boiling water. Cook very gently for half an hour, then add some finely-sliced onion, a little young celery, and continue cooking slowly until the rabbit will come easily away from the bones. Line a mould with sliced, hard-boiled egg.

poek boned rabbit in. Measure the broth, and to every cup of liquid, add one dessertspoon of gelatine. Dissolve this in hot liquid and pour over rabbit. Turn out of mould when solid and set, garnish with lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, cherries, etc.
£1 prize to Mrs. W. Brady, Wendouree, Ballarat, Vic.

Passionfruit Trifle

Half-pound of jam roll, or small sponge cake (cream or plain), 1 pint of boiled custard, small tin of cream, well-whipped; white of an egg well beaten; one dozen passionfruit, juice of one lemon and orange.

NO ENTRY FEE—BUT MIND THE RULES

No entry fee is required for the Best Recipe Competition, but all entries should be accompanied by the appropriate section of the competition form on Page 45.

Post your entry to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, and mark the envelope, "Best Recipe" Competition.

Arrange cake in a glass dish; moisten with juice of lemon and orange, and contents of passion fruit, then pour over them the custard, hot, and let stand for at least an hour. Mix cream with egg white, and pile on top. Decorate with nuts or meringues.
£1 prize to Mrs. A. B. Paul, Plummer Road, Mentone, Vic.

Casserole Lamb's Fry

Soak a lamb's fry in salt and water for one hour, dry it well, then cut into small pieces, and roll each thickly in plain flour, and season with salt and pepper. Put into pan with about two table-spoons of butter or dripping and braise until brown. Keep it moving to prevent burning. Slice 1 large onion, 3 tomatoes, adding two or three slices of bacon. Cover with cold water, bring to the boil. Put into casserole and cook for two hours.
When cooked, and if desired, cover with short paste and bake until a golden brown. Delicieux!
£1 prize to Mrs. G. Dent, Bembala, N.S.W.

Old Man's Face

A delicious sweet, and loved by the children. Cook a teacup of rice. When cold, beat into it about ½-pint cream. Dissolve a small piece of chocolate in a double steamer, and pour over the rice and cream. Add pieces of angelica or cherries for the eyes and mouth, and serve with boiled custard.
£1 prize to Mrs. H. Bagnell, Park Street, Wey Woy, N.S.W.

Date Souffle

One pound dates, 4 egg whites, ½ cup sugar. Stone dates, and crush to a paste. Beat white of eggs stiff. Gradually add sugar, beating all the time, then put in crushed dates. Bake in a slow oven until firm. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla. Garnish with strips of dates.
£1 prize to Miss F. Frandenberg, Lutwyche Road, Brisbane.

The EMPIRE'S FINEST FRUIT SAUCE

Now made in Australia
A thick, rich, delicious fruit sauce, ideal for hot and cold meats, chops, steaks, bacon, poultry, salads, and sandwiches.

Try H.P. SAUCE and taste how good it is!

Free Book—You can secure a free copy of Lea & Perrins new cookery book by filling in this coupon and posting to

Lea & Perrins (Aust.) Ltd., 96 White St. Leichhardt, N.S.W.

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Whether your baby is artificially or breast-fed, Elliott's Special Clinic Emulsion is a vital aid to growth and health. This Emulsion contains 50 per cent. of the highest grade cod liver oil, which supplies the vitamins A and D, which give health and strength to your baby. Elliott's Clinic Emulsion is entirely free from hypophosphites and all other drugs—you can give it with entire confidence to babies four weeks old.

Make certain of your baby's welfare by giving Elliott's Clinic Emulsion, and visiting your nearest N.S.W. Baby Health Centre regularly. Order a bottle from your chemist to-day, and insist on genuine Elliott's Clinic Emulsion!

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STREET

TOWN

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Takes Terrible Toll

THE Blood Pressure of Australians is higher than that of any of the World's peoples—higher than that of the American negro, whose blood pressure exceeds that of all peoples except ours.

It is a curious fact that the blood pressure of emigrants to Australia increases from the normal in their own countries, and Japanese and Chinese, whose blood pressures have been normal in the countries of their birth, have experienced an increase in pressure after living for years here—to the level of that of native-born Australians.

In one year no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood Pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

- The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:—
1. Headaches at the top and back of the head.
 2. Head and above and behind the eyes.
 3. Head noise.
 4. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
 5. Flashes to head and throat.
 6. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
 7. Irritability and nervousness.
 8. Fainting, dizziness.
 9. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
 10. Fear of impending disaster.
 11. Irritability and depression.
 12. Loss of will power.
 13. Bladder weakness.
 14. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

High Blood Pressure, like cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has been high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

Watch Your Food

As we said before, High Blood Pressure is most frequently caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and so it is important to cleanse the body of these poisons and to keep it free from them when this has been done.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking Mrs. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids occasionally after meals. Menthoids being a most powerful herbal antiseptic medicine in convenient form, which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream, and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is sufficient for this purpose.

Undoubtedly many people make mistakes with the food which they eat. Generally because they do not know that some foods are not good for them, and that other foods are actual poisons when disease is present.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are procurable from every chemist and store in Australia in boxes of 50 Menthoids at 6/6 (sample boxes of 30 at 3/6), with the diet chart in every box.

If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postage note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 355 George Street, Sydney (opposite G.P.O.), and your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail, complete with diet chart enclosed.

Be sure to get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.

The STORY

(Continued from Page 8)

"If you've no objection, Harleek, you'll come with us the morning."

"Us?" queried the girl.

"I said just that. Do you think I'm leavin' the two of ye to—?"

He left unsaid the obvious, and Peter was aware of a hot wave of indignation. If MacDonald had been anybody else he would cheerfully have knocked him down. Instead he had to swallow his emotion and content himself with an honest comment on the foolishness of the attempt. MacDonald was contemplating. MacDonald raged.

"Ye've no call to criticise a man twice your age! I'm goin' after that axe and ye'll not stop me. If ye're afraid ye can stop behind and get ye to Para by yourself. I'm done wi' ye!"

And so Peter Harleek went north for a day's march with MacDonald and his daughter, leaving the river and the encampment to wait for them until they returned. They approached the Terapiti country at dusk, striking into a furious wilderness of swamp and desolation. Why the Crocodile Men were so named became obvious; the reptile-haunted waters testified the justice of it. Peter understood, when he experienced the Terapiti's surroundings, why the Terapiti were the kind of people story and legend pictured them. Savage nature in its worst form might survive in this place, but nothing that was friendly or faintly cultured. In four years he had not seen such a stretch of jungle.

The chief village of the Terapiti, in which the famous battle-axe was kept, lay at the end of a more or less clearly defined jungle track. The three advanced cautiously, on the look-out for outposts, MacDonald being of the opinion that if once he could get into communication with these men the rest would be easy. He was relying, with a queerly childish optimism, on being offered the hospitality of the village. He had never failed to be received in a friendly spirit by natives, and he could not believe that there existed any who would receive him otherwise. Peter gave up explaining things, and devoted himself to making Margaret's path as easy as possible.

They got into touch with the outposts all right, at a point perhaps four miles from the chief village. It happened very quickly, as such things inevitably do. Without the slightest warning the three Europeans surrounded by a party of six Terapiti warriors in full war paint, who proceeded to dance round the victims uttering the conventional cries of pleasure and anticipation. Peter wondered if he had ever heard sounds so dismal and at the same time so dangerous. The ovens of the head-hunters were waiting; the smoke-huts of the head-curing ceremony already fumed.

MacDonald began his overtures. He refused to allow Peter to draw his automatic, trusting to the dulcet tones of vocal persuasion. He tried half-a-dozen dialects on the Terapiti while they bound his arms and wrists, but without making much success of it. Peter suffered himself to be tied up because the natives did not remove his automatic, and it was still within reach of his fingers. Apparently they knew nothing about firearms. The sight of Margaret standing helpless in her thoughts all but unnerved him, and he cursed the obstinacy of her pig-headed father.

The Terapiti allowed the first excitement of their triumph to die down and made preparations for departure. They took no notice whatsoever of the linguistic juggling of the old Scot. Either they did not understand or they obeyed the rule never to converse with prisoners—which Peter felt was a wise precaution. Prisoners are apt to discuss terms, and human nature, even in the hinterland of the Amazon, is much the same as anywhere else.

They were marched to the village along the jungle track, one of their captives going on ahead to announce the glad tidings. Peter Harleek began to think very hard, for he understood readily enough that he was quite as much up against it as he had been at any moment during his previous adventures. He began to ask himself, for instance, why he was permitting MacDonald to spoil his life at a time when it promised so well. He thought

of the diamonds buried under the stump on the edge of the encampment; he was sure none of them would be ever seen again. More particularly he thought of Margaret, walking by his side.

"This is sheer stupidity!" he said aloud. "Young woman, I may as well tell you now, for I doubt if I will get a chance later, that I love you very much indeed, and that if it wasn't for your father I'd drill these five niggers through their unsavory hides and let the daylight in."

"Oh!" said the girl, and a new expression came into her face. You see, she had been thinking what a pity it would be to die—now that she had met Peter. And here he was telling her that he loved her. She had been wanting to know that, badly. It made a difference.

"I'm very frightened of father," she said softly. "But I'm more frightened of death—now."

AND with that she got out her revolver, and, holding it in her bound hands, killed two of the Terapiti before they realised what all the banging was about. Peter, in an ecstasy of relief, shot the remaining three, and while the old Scot jabbered with incoherent rage he untied the girl's wrists and arms. She immediately released his own and her father's. MacDonald shook his fists and stared at the dead natives.

"You've ruined it all, ye have. Why did you do that? We were perfectly safe. Perfectly. And now—they'll be out after us for certain. They'll no' be friendly to us, Girl! Girl!"

"She did it because she didn't want to die, and for the hundredth time I assure you that she would have died, along with the rest of us. Life's too short to fling it away uselessly."

"Uselessly? Ye call the acquisition of a battle-axe, such as the one I'm wanting—"

He stopped abruptly, for under his very eyes his only daughter was kissing the scallywag from the forests with unaffected and passionate relief. She seemed to be crying.

"We've got to get out of this!" cried Peter, when he had finished reassuring Margaret.

"Come on! We'll move down-river as soon as we get back. I'm sick to death of these unholy corners of the earth. I'm all for a home life." He looked at the girl. "You'll marry me?"

She smiled at him, and he caught the two, each by a hand, and hurried them down the track as fast as they could cover the ground, for he remembered that a messenger had gone ahead, and that the non-arrival of the captives and their escort would soon arouse suspicion.

At the end of a hundred yards MacDonald recovered his scared, terribly insulted self. He hurried all the determination of his obstinate nature into a denunciation of Peter Harleek, whom he rightly blamed for the sudden spoiling of the battle-axe hunt. He was breathless from his exertions, but he managed to make himself clear.

"Marry my daughter, ye thief? Marry her? Ye'll do no such thing while I'm alive to forbid it. I refuse my consent, and that's all there is to it. Who are you? Fought! Ye adventurer. I've a mind to shoot ye dead as ye stand—"

"I'm not standing, I'm running—and you'd better run, too. We can do it if we don't lag. We've several miles' start, apart from the time it will take the village to discover what's happened, but we can't afford to throw away our advantages—not with the Terapiti."

"Ye'll no' marry my daughter! Ye'll no' marry my daughter!" shrieked MacDonald; and it suddenly occurred to Peter that the old man meant it, and meant it with every fibre of his being.

The determination to get his obstinate way was a mania with the Scot; he would devote the rest of his life to the effort of keeping his daughter out of Peter Harleek's adventurous arms.

"He'll never let me," said the girl, and her voice was despairing.

It was the oddest conversation, considering the place they were in and what they were doing.

"What can I do to persuade you to let me have her?" asked Peter, and he was a lot more respectful of voice; he knew how ingrained was the daughter's fear and terror of her father.

MacDonald sensed the moral victory he had gained, and he checked himself in mid-stride, a man in the grip of a great idea.

"Ye can get me that battle-axe," he said slowly, and looked Peter Harleek straight in the eye.

(Please turn to Page 38)



GIVES YOU
MORE LEISURE AND
FAR BETTER RESULTS

Oxygen-charged suds
whiten, purify and
remove stains



here's a
solution to
your
problem!

GROWING children often have a way of refusing the foods that are essential to their health. They must have milk, for instance, and if they will not drink enough, give it to them in Hansen's Junket desserts. Light, easily digested, delicious—doctors recommend it. Hansen's Junket is the best quality—don't risk using substitutes.

Chocolate Gem Junket

1 Hansen's Junket Tablet, 1 quart milk, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon sugar, wheat biscuits. Break a biscuit into the bottom of individual dessert dishes. Mix cocoa and sugar and dissolve in a little hot milk. Prepare junket as directed on Hansen's tube, in lukewarm milk. Add cocoa mixture, mix well, and pour into dishes, over biscuits. Allow to set, then chill.

HANSEN'S Junket TABLETS

* Sold at all grocers and chemists.

They're for you to make

The LOVELIEST LAMP SHADES You Could Wish For

No need to be clever, at all. Contrary to their "difficult" look, they are, really, ever so simple to make. Whether you desire to bring additional charm to your rooms, or whether you are seeking novel ideas for pleasing Xmas gifts, at the cost of a shilling or two, here is your golden opportunity.

COLORFUL, artistically designed lamps are the loveliest things in a home—by day, charmingly decorative and, by night, glowingly attractive.

Candles may be flattering with their soft, mellow glow and old-time atmosphere; but, of course, they are not practical. We couldn't do without electricity, but we must admit its glare is often unflattering, and it imparts far from an atmosphere of peace and quiet. Here, then, is the happy medium—shades that foreshadow charm.

Before deciding on the color of your shades, however, there are two points to bear in mind—the color of your room, and the purpose for which you need the light.

A dressing-table or reading lamp requires lighter shades than a dinner table or merely ornamental lamp.

The cretonne shade (top left), flanking up as it does with curtains and cushions, is such a happy idea. It is glowingly decorative. To make this, simply cut the motif from the material, arrange, and paste it on to the plain, parchment shade. Then, varnish over for protection.

Buckram fashions the large shape showing immediately beneath the cretonne shade. You would never dream that millinery buckram would become the novelty of the moment. With its grained texture, however, it gives a soft, sympathetic, diffused light. Cover a wire frame with buckram, tint the inside with yellow and orange paint, and bind with jade-green, and trim with fine yellow braid, as shown.

The three novel shades shown at top right are decorated and treated with paint. Fruit and leaves, or little bouquets of flowers, can be painted on



The loveliest lamps will illuminate your home, or the rooms of friends at Christmas if you make such exquisite shades as are pictured above. There are various kinds from which to choose, but all are so very easy to make. Read the article and then set to work straight away!

parchment. Graduated tinting in colors would be equally appropriate.

Now take the two quaint shades illustrated at bottom right. There is no need to be an artist; these days when fancy silhouettes are smartly attractive. A little careful experimenting with paper and you will soon learn to make all manner of quaint designs which can be either glued or stitched on with fancy cotton. Practice in paper first, and then, if your attempts are successful, the same idea carried out in black satin will give pleasing results.

As illustrated in one of the designs, the paper is folded twice, first across the centre, and then downwards, until only the oblong in which is the part-outline of the man is seen. Of course, when you are experimenting, you have to fold the paper to this stage first of all, and then draw your own design. Keeping the paper folded, cut around the outline. When the paper is opened up you have a pair of acrobats.

And, finally, did you know that ginger jars, glass bowls, vases, and even old glass accumulator jars, make charmingly decorative bases for shades?

Easy as A.B.C. to Work!

Charming FLORVIAN Crochet Edging...

Not only will crochet lovers be intrigued with the beauty of its pattern, but with the utter simplicity of the directions.

WHAT is more, Florvian edging is fascinatingly adaptable to all sorts of dainty household accessories. Use Crochet No. 60 and No. 20 crochet hook for an edging about one inch wide. Now follow the instructions:

Begin with 14 chain.
1st row: 1 group in the 8th stitch from hook (a group is 1 tr., 1 picot of



5 ch., 3 ch., 1 tr., 1 picot), 3 ch., miss 4 stitches, 1 d.tr. in each of the next 2 stitches, 5 ch.; turn. (To make a picot do 5 ch., and s.s. into the 5th chain from the hook).

2nd row: Miss the first d.tr. over which the 5 ch. stands, 1 d.tr. on 2nd d.tr., 3 ch., 1 group under space of 3 ch. on group, 5 ch.; turn.

3rd row: 1 group on group, 3 ch., 1 d.tr. on next d.tr., and 1 d.tr. under 5 ch. that turned, 5 ch.; turn.

4th row: 1 d.tr., 3 ch., 1 group on group. Now, for the scallop, work 2 ch. and 2 ltr. 5 times in the loop of 6 ch. that turned, then 1 d.c. in the end loop of foundation, 6 ch.; turn.

5th row: Miss 2 ltr., 1 d.c., under first space of 2 ch., now 3 ch., 1 d.c., under the same place, then 5 ch., and repeat from * in next 3 spaces, now 5 ch., 1 d.c., under next 2 ch., 3 ch., 1 group on group, 3 ch., 2 d.tr. at end, 5 ch.; turn.

Now repeat from the 2nd row for length required, but after the last 1 ltr. on 4th row of second and each succeeding scallop work 1 d.c. under the last loop of 5 ch., which finishes the scallop in 5th row.

To turn a corner work 2 tr. instead of 2 d.tr. at end of the 5th row. Turn with 3 ch.

2nd row: 1 tr. on 2nd tr., 3 ch., 1 group on group, 5 ch.; turn.

3rd row: 1 group on group, 3 ch., 2 d.c. at end, the last one under 3 ch. that turned, 5 ch.; turn.

4th row: 1 tr. on the 2nd d.c., 3 ch., 1 group on group, now 2 ch., and for the corner scallop work 6 pairs of ltr., then d.c., under 5 ch., 5 ch.; turn.

Work the 5th row, ending with 2 tr., 5 ch.; turn, and this finishes the corner. Continue straight edging as before.

CACTUS pin cushions can be simply made by sewing green velvet tightly over a wad of cotton, leaving some spare material at the bottom to "plant." Narrow welts can be sewn from top to bottom to make cactus ridges. Place in a brightly covered jar with sand or little pebbles. This looks quite natural filled with pins—and handy, too!

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER

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... REXONA

Mrs. Elsie Campbell of Dee Why writes: "I think Rexona is wonderful. My little boy, aged 7 years had three boils on his knee, and all I did was to use Rexona, and I found it a good healing ointment."

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for ...

Scalds, blisters, bruises, sore feet, chapped hands, itching muscles, heat spots, itching and all skin complaints.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Regain the Slender FIGURE of YOUTH

Now Slimming Treatment that Rejuvenates as it Reduces.

CHARM and superfluous flesh do not go together... at all events the overweight woman finds herself severely handicapped. As the result of years of personal research, mainly in America, where fatness is regarded as almost the gravest of social offences, plus a great deal of assistance from famous medical men and certain great chemical laboratories, I offer the most effective reducing treatment ever devised. No one, knowing the composition of the Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment, can see the grateful letters I have had from users, could doubt that claim.

FAST OR GRADUAL REDUCTION—AS YOU WISH!

The Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment is 2-fold and is adaptable to individual requirements. Attention is given to the need of some people to reduce certain parts, such as fat ankles, and thick necks, while not slimming parts now normal. By means of this treatment not only is excess fat removed, but the face and body are rejuvenated in a truly remarkable manner. The features become more refined, and more defined, there is less liability to fatigue, while many other benefits such as improved intestinal action, and better memory, result. The cost is moderate, the Complete Outfit, for a full month's treatment, being only 12/6. In view of the rarity and extreme costliness of certain of the ingredients employed, this price is remarkably small. Order from your chemist or department store. If any difficulty, write direct to Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney, enclosing remittance, including 3d. extra for postage. The Outfit will be forwarded in plain wrapper. Get the Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment without delay—in a week you will see a great difference—in a month you will be a different woman.

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Have that damaged Suit or Frock
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WHEN SALT IS A POISON!

Who would have thought that ordinary table salt, that commonest of articles in the family kitchen, is actually a poison in cases of High Blood Pressure and diseases of the heart, brain, and kidneys?

Yet such is the fact, and it shows how important the question of diet in disease really is, and for that reason a copy of Dr. Mackenzie's Diet chart is enclosed with every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentibula.

Every person who suffers from High Blood Pressure, Diabetes, Heart Kidney, or Brain disease, should never use ordinary salt at table. Because ordinary salt raises the already High Blood Pressure, and causes extra strain on the Kidneys and Heart when they are already weakened by disease. You can get a special medicated salt, called **MENTIBULA SALT**, for your own use at table, which neutralises the effects of ordinary salt used in the cooking of your food, and which will not raise the blood pressure or affect the heart. You can get **MENTIBULA SALT** at all Chemists, in green-tinted powder flasks, at 2/6 per flask. Or if you are from a chemist, plus a postal note for 2/6 to this paper—send it to W. James Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 2, 355 George Street, Sydney, and **MENTIBULA SALT** will reach you by return mail.—***

SHOPPING

PASS That Worry On To Us.—Country and City Shopping Undertaken. Let us Personally help or advise you in making selections. Write for our Booklet, **Misses Tewksbury, Shopping Service and General Agency**, Box 3480R, G.P.O., Sydney. Phone BW1236. After Business Hours, UM7952.

The STORY

(Continued from Page 36)

PETER was several seconds grasping the full import of the old gentleman's demand. He saw in it a cunning plan to get rid of a troublesome young man; he saw that it was about the most impossible task that could have been set him. Something very like rage seized him, and it went straight to that particular thing in him that had kept him four years in the wilderness in pursuit of an ambition. His eyes felt red-hot in their sockets as he said—between his teeth:

"All right. All right. Wait for me in camp until to-morrow night. If I'm not back—clear out. Margaret, you know where the pebbles are buried. Take them with you when you go."

He turned on his heel without looking at the girl—he dared not look at her, of course, and he went back the way they had just come, toward the Terapi and the smoke-huts and the chance of certain and unpleasant death. He was very, very angry, and he remained very angry. Indeed, anger was the only emotion he knew for the next twelve hours, which were beyond all doubt the worst of his life. He went into the Terapi country with this anger and his automatic and twenty-five cartridges, to bring out the battle-axe.

Well, he did it. I can't give you many

details because, for all the vividness of his emotions, he is hazy about the sequence of events. Even the passage of time while he waited, fifty feet above the ground in the branches of a pophuna, until the village settled down for the night, made no clear impression on his mind. He just waited, and watched.

He spent a long time reaching the tree that he had decided must shelter him, for it was on the very edge of the village, standing by itself. From it he witnessed the bringing in of the dead men and the consternation and rage that followed. Towards dusk the Terapi arranged a punitive expedition, and most of the village's fighting personnel went with it. Peter did mental arithmetic and came to the conclusion, with all the thankfulness of which he was capable, that the MacDonalds were at a safe distance. As soon as they were in the swamps on the way to the river their tracks would be impossible to pick up.

He eyed the big hut in which he felt sure the axe was kept, and worked out several plans for entering it under cover of darkness. Three sentries stood guard over it. Luck, and luck only, would enable him to succeed. His position at the moment was fortunate. He was close to the axe and his presence was unknown. A quick swoop, and a quicker flight, and he might do it. He



"Well, there's one thing. Alf, wot with 'ol poultices every two hours an' yer medicine every three, the day'll be gone before yer know where yer are!"



I TOOK Betty's hand in mine again.

"That's exactly the point I was explaining when he came in, dear," I said. "I think it would be much safer if I—I married you—at Cameta, so to speak, in case when we get to Para, as it were, your father doesn't see eye to eye with me in the matter of my own fitness for the exalted position I intend to assume."

She faced me seriously enough. She knew, as well as I, that her father was a difficult man and that he had never been particularly enthusiastic about my friendship for her. She nodded, and so we went straight to the Faculty Office, when we reached Waterloo, and bought a special license, which we made haste to use before facing her father across the dinner-table.

Now, when I think about it, I believe that it was just as well we did it that way, and that I owe Peter Harleck a great debt of gratitude, although I cannot understand why he should have told us his story. Was it that we looked so very much in love when he came into the compartment?

(Copyright)

PERSPIRATION EMBARRASSMENT

SID IT "GOOD-BYE!"

Beneath your skin there are over 2 million sweat glands—nearly 1000 to the square inch! Under the arm, and wherever air cannot easily reach, the perspiration is unable to escape—hence, unpleasant odour! To combat this, certain liquid chemicals have been devised, but many women have found these unsatisfactory—some even dangerous. Moreover, liquid deodorants often ruin clothes. What then? Kathleen Court recommends her Superfine (and deodorant) TALCUM which soothes the skin yet, unlike ordinary talcs, removes the liability to perspiration odour. Remove it, not merely substitutes a perfume!

Kathleen Court's Superfine Talcum doesn't upset natural bodily processes. It is absorbent, refreshing, cooling, delightful. Only 1/6 a large, handsome tin, of all high-class toilet-goods counters. Adapt this safe, harmless, effective means of self-obliviousness. Be immaculate in the hottest weather by using Kathleen Court's Superfine Talcum.



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The New Books At a Glance

SCIENCE Is LIKE A Woman

... Searching for new fields of discovery ... changing her mind again and again.



It is often said, by men, of course, that women are illogical; that they cannot think clearly; and that they are always changing their minds; and that, therefore, they are incapable of grappling with scientific facts. This, of course, is nonsense. Some of the world's greatest scientists have been women. One could give a long list, headed by Madame Curie, who discovered radium, but this is not the point.

Reading Sir James Jeans' latest book, "The New Background of Science," one is impressed by two very significant facts. First of all, this great scientist, who has done more to bring the facts of science within the mental reach of the average person than anyone else, refers to Science as "She" and "Her," and, secondly, he tells a story, only too plainly, which reveals that Science behaves exactly the way in which women are supposed to behave. It is continuously exercising the well-known prerogative of any woman—the right to change her mind.

Periods of Science

Naturally, Sir James Jeans does not admit this in so many words, but he writes: "The layman sees Science, as it seems to him, for ever changing her mind, hesitating, turning back on her tracks, and repudiating her earlier opinions. The scientist sees her ever progressing through a succession of theories, each of which covers more phenomena than the predecessor it displaced, towards the goal of a single theory which shall embrace all the phenomena of nature."

In Chapter I of his book, Sir James Jeans gives a very neat description of these changes, which everyone should study. He says there are three broad periods of science—Animistic, Mechanical, and Mathematical. We are now in the third.

"Animistic period was characterised," he writes, "by the error of supposing that the course of nature was governed by the whims and passions of living beings, more or less like man himself. . . a storm at sea was not the result of a depression moving eastward from the Atlantic, but of Poseidon and Boreas (mythological gods) playing schoolboy jokes on their fellow immortals."

Gods and Demons

It was not until the time of Galileo that the science of Mechanics came into being. The behaviour of every object in this second broad period, which lasted right up to modern times, was thought to be determined entirely and completely by the pushes and pulls to which it was subjected. There was no longer any room for the pranks of gods and demons.

Newton's mechanistic theory of gravitation (1687) was later made to incorporate the whole universe. New data was accumulated, all of which fitted his theory, until, in the middle of the 19th century, the astronomer Leverrier found a discrepancy in the motion of the planet Mercury.

In time Einstein propounded yet another new hypothesis, the theory of relativity, which not only explained all the phenomena which Newton's theory of gravitation had already explained, but also gave an accurate account of the motion of Mercury, and explained a great number of other scientific facts as well.

So the mechanical universe, in which objects push one another about like girls playing basketball, proved to be as

illusory as the earlier animistic universe, in which gods and goddesses pushed objects about to gratify their whims.

To-day relativity and the quantum theory provides us with the "New Background to Science," but the modern mathematical scientist does not pretend to have discovered the basis of reality.

Sir James Jeans still reserves for science the woman's prerogative when he says: "We can never say that any theory is final or corresponds to absolute truth, because at any moment new facts may be discovered and compel us to abandon it. Although it seems unlikely, facts as yet undiscovered may in time compel us to abandon the theory of relativity."

"The New Background of Science" is a book which can be easily understood, in most parts, if read once or twice, and it is tremendously worthwhile. (Our copy, Dymock's).

SHORT REVIEWS

"The Many Colored Thread." Luke Allan. What happens when people win the lottery? This is the story of two young wage-slaves who are released from economic bondage by a substantial legacy. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"Changed Men." Paul Alverdes. War, love, and passion, and the stories that these things, in which all is fair, produce. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"Green Youth." F. Bancroft. Love is seldom an affair between two people. It entangles dozens. Like a whirlpool it sucks down all within its sphere. Two families are drawn into the vortex in this story. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"Tricolor." Dora Barford. If you like the French Revolution as a subject, here you are! (7/6. All booksellers.)

"Best Mystery Stories of the Year, 1932." A collection of the 25 best thrillers. Among the authors are Agatha Christie, Douglas Newton, E. L. White, Louis Kaye, L. P. Greene, Ben Hecht, Denis Mackail, and others. 485 pages. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"Peking Picnic." Ann Bridge. One of the many interesting books that have been written about China of late. This is a novel, however. A British General, his wife and niece, a jocular major, psychology professor, American woman novelist, and a passionate Frenchman live for you in this book. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"The Lord of Life." Neil Bell. A world disaster wipes out the population of the earth, leaving only 18 men and one girl. What happens? Watch for a detailed review of this book at a later date. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"This Thing Called Love." Elizabeth Carfrae. Not as philosophical as it sounds. An easily-read romance with a well-drawn interesting plot. (7/6. All booksellers.)

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Purest . . . its quality insures the complexion! . . .

In its price range there is none to compare with Roger and Gallet No. 10-10 Face Powder. Its purity and fine texture enables it not only to beautify at the moment but to assure you a protection of skin freshness in the years that follow.

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No. 10-10 TALCUM POWDER. For use after the bath. Its freshening coolness gives tone to the whole system and prevents odour from perspiration. For men it is an excellent after-shaving skin tonic and every mother knows it is best for Baby . . . a quality product at 1/6.

No. 10-10 ROUGE. In six smart modern shades—its quality assures its harmlessness when used on the finest skin textures—price 1/6.



TAKE NO RISKS — YOUR SKIN IS TOO PRECIOUS

FALLING STAR

(Continued from Page 6)

IN the silence that followed, the waves of the sea breathed deeply close to the house. Donca listened. She stepped out of her silver slippers and pulled at her toes with her dark red nails. Her feet were celebrated for their beauty. In her bare feet, impatiently laughing, she ran upstairs to her bedroom.

A man rose from a couch. It was Takus. Spartakus Lew was his full name. At the sight of him, Donca exploded.

"Have you gone crazy?" she cried, calling her fist. "Have I ordered a reception committee? Did you also call the fire department from Santa Monica?"

"Well, well, darling!" murmured Takus, perturbed.

He was a middle-aged man, in white flannel trousers and an old polo shirt over his baggy body. His beach slippers were wet, as if he had walked in them along the sand. His graying moist hair hung in strands over his forehead. That forehead was exceptionally beautiful. He had heavy grey Jewish eyes, and a much too large nose.

"Donca, I waited up for you, darling," he said with a Russian accent. "Maybe baby will still need old Takus. I thought, No, it's better you don't. How was the film? How was our hero? Was he ravishing, eh? He surely was—wasn't he?"

Donca threw a quick glance about, seeing everywhere the soggy traces of Takus' large flat feet.

"Takus! You are such a bother!" she scolded. "Don't you realise what a bother you are?"

"I know, I know. Don't you worry, I know. But I did think: There was a premiere. Ria Nara played. Ria Nara is a star. Donca's got to look on. So

I thought: Ria Nara will celebrate a triumph. It's Ria Nara's evening, I thought. So you better wait up for baby. Maybe she will need some one. Maybe she will want to talk a little Rumanian, or to drink something, or cry, or forget. So I waited."

"Aren't you drunk, Takus?" Donca asked as she went up to the mirror and began to undress without paying any more attention to the man.

HE looked at her with the devotion of a dog as her naked shoulders began to emerge from the green that had covered them. Then he looked aside.

"A little drunk, as you said, your Majesty. But the head is clear. You want to play a little chess? It's wonderful distraction. It takes one's mind off—"

"Takes one's mind off what? You think it was her evening? You are an idiot! It was my evening. Mine! Mine! Mine! I took that evening. Takus. It was my evening," she screamed, restraining herself a little, and doing a little dance in front of the mirror.

"And where's the booty?" Takus asked, all-knowing.

"May I ask you to disappear now?" Donca said imperiously, as if she had just noticed that she had undressed herself. "Ghost!" she called after him when his white-flannel trousers had disappeared.

There were people who believed that Spartakus Lew had once been the hus-

band of Donca. But that wasn't exactly true. She may have been involved with him at some time in her life, at the beginning of her career, way down on the East Side of New York, when she was still playing in a burlesque show in the Bowery. But she had forgotten about it—which was no wonder, considering the passion with which she threw herself into every one of her new love-affairs. Whether Takus still thought of the old days wasn't very certain and was never mentioned. She had met him again years later, in terrible circumstances, and had helped him out, and then taken him to live in her house. One person more or less didn't matter in that household. Takus could be very useful. But to find him in her bedroom when she returned home with Oliver was not agreeable.

As soon as Donca was alone, her infatuation for Oliver overcame her like a storm. She had known many kinds of men and many kinds of loves, but not such love, such intoxication, such happiness. Such heights of passion were reached only once in a lifetime. In the lifetime of a lucky one.

The clock struck—too many times for the clocks in Donca's house never struck correctly. This one was set in European time. Oliver was somewhere in the house. . . . The walls were vibrating. Donca went out to find him. Oliver disliked to be watched by anybody when he was with her. Good brave Pulu, who had stood by her like a soldier to his flag the whole evening! It must have been a torture to him! "Oliver," she called softly through the rooms.

No answer. It was late. The tide was gone. The



"My dear, since I came back from that cruise on the luxury liner I've been a positive nervous wreck, and my doctor has ordered me to go for a sea trip to calm my nerves!"

waves of the ocean under her window had settled. She crossed the grass of the verandah and stepped out under the pillars. It was dark and quiet. She listened. A gust of wind filled out her sheer pyjamas. She felt her eyes throwing out phosphorescent glints like those of a cat. She heard a short splash in the swimming-pool, and suppressed laughter. Her fingers felt along the wall until they touched something—a small lever wet with dew. The four reflectors on the edge of the swimming-pool lit up, throwing a white glare on the water.

Oliver ducked instantly and swam under the water, floating close to the blue-green bottom. He held his arms close to his body and moved only his hands and toes. He was slender and golden. His hair was lighter than his body. Ringed around the swimming-pool grew candle lilies whose tall stems and heavy yellow and red heads mirrored themselves in the water. They looked artificial. The beautiful flowers standing up straight on the edges of the pool, and this perfect golden statue—Oliver's body, swimming without any motion under the water illuminated by the reflectors—added to the artificiality of the picture. Donca waited quietly, in quivering impatience, to see him come up to the surface. But Oliver was after a new record as an underwater swimmer, remembering his Oxford days. Donca walked up to the edge of the springboard. Oliver was still underneath, his hands and feet moving like fins. He rose slowly on his back, hoisted himself out on the edge of the pool, and in one bound was on the springboard beside her. The water dripped down from his body on to hers.

"Where is your dress coat, you little fool?" she asked, looking at him, stark happiness in her eyes. He pointed his thumb behind him, to the sand, where his clothes were strewn about, and where his white vest was moving with the wind like a sleeping animal.

"My cutaway is done for. The crowd tore it. They tore it to pieces when we came out of the theatre," he complained like a child.

"You love that, don't you?" she asked, smiling.

"I hate it!" he answered indifferently.

DONCA stroked his wet spine with one finger, then sucked the moisture from her finger-tip. Oliver looked on, pleasantly interested. She allowed the salty water to dissolve itself on the tip of her tongue. Dawn was near. The morning air was there, and a thin green line showed on the horizon.

"Doesn't taste so good," she said, smiling wryly.

Suddenly she was in Oliver's arms; he was wet and cool, full of passion, full of the taste of the sea. The springboard moved as if it had come to life.

"Come under the water," he urged, freeing her and breathing deeply. "It's magnificent below."

"It's cold," she answered. She wanted to hold on to him and press him to herself.

But he had already freed himself and had dived into the water. The light of the reflectors broke on the green fatness of the pool's surface. Oliver came up again, his wet hair falling over his forehead.

"Come down," he called, a little out of breath. "Come, come!"

She hesitated for a moment, touching with her bare toes a mat on the springboard. Suddenly she stripped herself of her pyjamas which had become wet from Oliver's body. Her body was rich, full, ripe. Her knees, her shoulders, were magnificent. Her waist tapered. Her hips, her shoulders, had power. Her skin, exposed by the scant suit, was unbelievably white in the light of the four reflectors. She sprang. Oliver cried out in great glee and

swam towards her. She breathed deeply as she came up.

"It's cold. I want to go in," she begged breathlessly.

He swam beside her, making one stroke for every three of hers.

"Soon, soon. It's magnificent here!" he said.

"Donca should be carried into the house," she whispered.

"Yes, Donca will be carried. But you must duck first."

"No, I don't like to duck! Never!" she cried, swimming. "I can't duck. It's always the same. I can't duck. How does one duck, anyhow?"

"Come," he begged. It was an old problem of theirs, that had begun at Rhodes.

"To-day you will duck. You have courage. You have confidence in me. Make yourself heavy, and let yourself fall. Down to the bottom. I will be by you. Keep your eyes open. Come with me."

DONCA, raised in one of the poorest streets of a suburb of Bucharest, had a terrible fear of water, and of sports of any kind. One went riding; one went swimming; but it was all done only because it was part of the whole business! It was disgusting. Donca, who had stood up alone against a whole squadron of soldiers, Donca, who had been so provoking in Hollywood that night, so provoking and victorious, was a coward in the water.

"Just let myself sink?" she asked, full of anguish. "Simply sink, eh? You Englishman!"

"You water-shy gypsy!" Oliver retorted, not knowing how disdainful his mouth was at that moment.

"OK. Allons!" Donca cried furiously. Her heart was beating madly. "Let yourself sink," she thought. . . .

"Down, down." Maybe there were new sensations to be discovered at the bottom. She stopped moving. The water rushed to her temples. She felt how the water closed over her. She sank slowly, too slowly, into the rushing water. She had closed her eyes tight. Suddenly she felt herself embraced, and lips upon hers. She opened her eyes with difficulty. Oliver was holding her in his arms. His face was close by hers, curiously changed because of the breaking sheets of water, but still beautiful, still smiling, despite his closed lips. It was a strange, mysterious face, the face of her lover. The light of the reflectors reached way down to the bottom of the pool. Donca was in the grip of a strange sensation. And then they rose immediately upward, close together, holding one another close, becoming lighter, lighter, lighter, until her eyes were bathed in the air.

"Wasn't it beautiful?" Oliver asked. "Beautiful," she answered, as she began to breathe. . . .

Later, much later, when Donca ever thought of Oliver, she always thought of that moment—when she had ducked and let herself sink to the bottom, and had come up again in his arms. That moment was the most beautiful one she had ever had in her life. . . .

Next Week:

DONCA MORESCU, the Rumanian, has made her come-back. The Phoenix producers have been more than impressed, but will they offer her a part? Frances Dee, the "extra" who fainted from hunger, has made friends with Aldens, personal friend of the producer, Eisenlohr . . . but will it help her?

—TO BE CONTINUED—

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SOUND SLEEP is essential to growing children—every mother knows this, yet how many mothers realise that sound sleep depends on a proper diet. Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits provide baby with elements necessary for early growth. Easily digested, they cause no restless moments—baby's sleep will be peaceful and untroubled.

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Thin Captain
Adora Cream
Wafer

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

NEXT day, as promised, Fred visited Fairy Floss, and went for a delightful trip all over the sky. As night came on he wished the charming Queen "Good-night," and sped off home. Fred had told Wunderlust that he would be back early to help in the decorating of the dining-room at Mushroom Grove, so he had kept his promise.



That night the bearded men and the lost children were going to have a Royal time—it was Leonie's birthday. Fred had never seen Leonie, but he had heard quite a lot about her, and of her wicked aunt. He felt very sorry for Leonie, when he thought things over to himself, and really and truly detected the witch for the wicked way in which she had treated her.

As Fred went into the dining-room he saw all the wee men and children busily occupied in tying up balloons; placing big, queer shaped lanterns in the hall; hammering nails; and doing numerous other odd jobs as they laughed and talked to each other.

Fred immediately made himself useful, and began tying streamers from one corner of the room to the other. With so many helping hands the room was soon completed, and the men and children sat down to rest their tired limbs, and incidentally to admire their work.

At ten minutes to six Leonie came along. Everything was a surprise to her—she did not expect a birthday party, and, of course that made it all the more interesting.

Leonie sat at the top of the table and loved every minute of her party. Fred sat to the side of her, and he enjoyed himself thoroughly, too, for he broke bon bons with Leonie, changed fancy caps with her, and poured ginger beer into his glass every now and then.

Fred, on looking at her birthday cake, was astonished to see only four candles on it. "She must be much more than four," Fred said to himself, but Wunderlust told him later in the evening "that everybody only started living when they came to Mushroom Grove;

My Dear Pals,—
I was amazed this week at all the beautifully painted pictures you sent along. Several inquiries as to what kind of pictures Pals may paint, were also in the mail. Well, Pals, you paint or color with chalks any picture you like in The Australian Women's Weekly, then post it to me, and you have a chance of winning a prize of £1 or a beautiful prize card.

This week the prize of £1—for the best letter goes to Jean Gordon, 148 Jessie Street, Armidale.

I am so glad you are all liking the competitions.
Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

that they counted their age from the time they landed at the Grove." Fred thought this very funny, and laughed to himself as he said, "Goodness, I'm not even one year old yet!"

After everyone had eaten as much as they wanted, they began to chat, laugh, sing, and play games. These they did until Wunderlust interrupted them, suggesting they all go for a swim in the still blue waters of the Starlit Lake. Off all the children scrambled, and in no time reached the lake, clad only in swimming costumes and warm cloaks. What a beautiful lake it was! Starlit was certainly a good name for it. Looking down at the lake, Fred thought that the twinkly lights in the water must be diamonds, but later discovered that they were the reflections of the stars.

SWIMMING about in the lake for about fifteen minutes, Wunderlust (who always knew what the children liked doing best, and when they liked to do it), called out, "Now, children, we have all had a wonderful night-to-night, haven't we? You must all hurry off to bed or you'll be too tired to come with me to-morrow to visit the Moon Man. And you know how one of you, no run along, that's my good children." And joyfully they all skipped home.
(Next week Fred visits the moon).

TERRY and TEDDY THE TERRIBLE TWINS



SLEEP FAIRIES

By June Singer
THE night had stole o'er fairy glen
But it was bright as day,
For glow-worms hanging here and there
Lightened up the way.
Each fairy say had gone her way,
With feath'ry steps a-crooping,
To see that every tiny bed
Was well and truly sleeping.
Prize Card to June Singer (14), 1 Buckhurst Avenue, Point Piper.



Prize Card to Jean Mackenzie, 27 Fox Street, Lane Cove.

Painting Competition Results
PRIZE of £1 for the best colored picture goes to DAPHNE KIELY (14), 31 West Street, Hurstville.
BETTY FINLAYSON, Third Street, Sperry Point; BOBBY, VERA CARMON, 57 Jacob Street, Bankstown; SHIRLEY BOOTH, 23 Copeland Road, Newmarket; and JUAN HANCOCK, 74 Greenacre Road, Hurstville, sent along very good work, and are awarded Prize Cards.

A music hall artist was calling for long words. "Terminological," came a voice from the stalls.
"Thank you—another please."
"Musical," yelled a hoarse voice from the gallery.
"That isn't long enough."
"Then stretch it!"
Prize Card to Bertram Bees, Gunning.

Old Lady: Can you tell me what time the 2.45 train goes?
Porter: At a quarter to ten.
Old Lady: Rather these time-tables. They're never right.
Prize Card to Edna Tibbets, 41 Wilga Street, Carrimal.

Each week Prize Cards and Cash Prizes are awarded for the best entries. When a Pal has won twelve Prize Cards a prize of £5 will be given. Address all contributions to Connie, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST CHATTER

RAY WALDEN, of Penhurst, is fond of writing verse; Gladys McGrath, of Dee Why, is a very good writer of stories; Betty Smith, of Winton (Q'land), likes writing verse; Una Hawke, of North Sydney, recently baked through some very pretty country.
Daisy Etherington, of Manly, likes hearing a good joke; Jean Henscock, of Hurstville, collects photographs of actors; Jean Schlegler, of Bendigo (Vic.), is fond of painting pictures.
Nancy Clarke, of Lakemba, is studying hard for her yearly examination; Marie Tasker, of Brookvale, is a clever little artist; Nellie Munro, of Temora, welcomed the rain which fell last week.
Jean Stokes, of Rippington (Vic.), is eight years old; John Hopton, of Strathfield, likes going trick; Ellen Howe, of Hurstville, will be thirteen next January.

IRENE BURGESS, of Carnegie (Vic.), is twelve years old; Peggy D'Alton, of Waverley, won three prizes for tennis; Arnold Krom, of Hopy Glen, via Pittsworth, is very fond of drawing.
Jean Hines, of Mudgegully (Q'land), recently went for a very long hike; Marjorie Lambert, of Auburn, is ten years and a half years old; Kathleen Morrison, of Macquarie Fields, likes writing stories.
Iris Lardner, of Earlwood, has clever ideas; Marjorie Gray, of Cessnock, lives on a poultry farm; Betty Smith, of Winton (Q'land), is fond of life on a sheep station; Dulcie Messum, of Narrabri, is twelve years old.

Dorothy Lang, of Harwood Island, writes very good stories.
Mary Barry, of Narramatta, attends Our Lady of Mercy College; Pearl Bates, of Karuah, via Newcastle, is fond of going for long walks.
Gwendolyn Lever, of Northbridge, has quite recovered from her recent accident; Dorothy Coleman, of Brighton, is a member of the Junior Red Cross; Dulcie Brooks, of Burwood, writes interesting letters.

Introducing Judith Carr, of Whitton-crest.

FOR FUN & FANCY

WHAT are the oldest tops in the world?—Mountain tops.
What do we often drop but seldom stop to pick up?—A hint.
What is the difference between a cloud and a whipped boy?—One pours with rain and the other roars with pain.
Prize Card to McNeill, 25 York Street, Beecroft.

When is a tooth not a tooth?—When it is aching (a king).
Why are wheels on a lorry like the seasons of the year?—Because they keep rolling round.
Prize Card to E. Rowe, 16 Bellevue Parade, Hurstville.

Gentlemen: Doctor, how is a man to tell a



Prize of 10/- to Stan Broomham, 52 Robert Street, Willoughby, for this clever sketch.

If a man had 100 patches on his trousers, what time would it be?
Time he had a new pair.
Why aren't they going to have lamp-posts any longer in Sydney?
Because they're long enough already.
Prize Card to Molly Brain, 13 Wyalong Street, Burwood.

Chinaman (to dentist, over the phone): What time I come you take my tooth out?
Dentist: Two-thirty.
Chinaman: My-golly, yes, tooth hurt, velly bad.
Prize Card to Helen Robertson, "Rostrevor," 28 The Parade, Enfield.

Mushroom from a toadstool?
Doctor: By eating it. If you live it is a mushroom; if you die it is a toadstool.
Prize Card to Marian Steele, 21 Riley Street, North Sydney.

Teacher: Can you swim, Teddy?
Teddy: Yes, sir.
Teacher: Where did you learn?
Teddy: In the water, sir.
Mummy: Goodness Mr. Jackie, why are you eating your cakes so quickly?
Jackie: Well, you see, I want to eat them all before I lose my appetite.
Prize Card to Jack Wright, 111 Railway Road, 44, Pricers.



Happy, healthy MOTHERS Happy, healthy CHILDREN

HAPPY, healthy mothers usually affect the happiness of their children. On the other hand, when mothers are "nervy" and irritable, they have a depressing effect upon all in the house. In these worrying times when so many mothers get "run down" and easily over-tired, Clements Tonic is a marvellous boon, as thousands of women prove daily. Its wonderful powers of quickly restoring health and energy are told in countless letters received from grateful users everywhere, day after day.

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Clarence Bridge, N.Z., January 2, 1933.
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(Original letter on file for inspection)

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It's not laziness in most cases—but a condition brought about by sluggishness of the internal organs—the liver, bowels, and kidneys. As a result, poisons and harmful acids that kill vigour, ambition, and energy get into the blood—the whole general tone of the body is lowered and fat accumulates.

Thousands of overstout men and women find in Kruschen Salts, a perfectly safe, sure, and beneficial means of reducing.

The "little daily dose" of Kruschen keeps the organs functioning properly every day, and fills you with such a feeling of radiant vitality and vigour that before you know it you are fairly "jumping out of your skin" with energy, instead of moping around—and reduction follows as a matter of course. ***

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COUPLETS No. 3.

Witty Couplets Pour In £75 in Prizes for Couplets No. 3

First Results Next Week!

Hundreds of witty couplet lines have been selected out of the thousands of entries, from all over Australia, to Couplets No. 1, which closes this Saturday.

Judges will have to work hard to pick out the best. A difficult task. Winners' names will appear next week.

Meanwhile there is another week to go before the closing date for Couplets No. 2, and below are given the first lines for Couplets No. 3.

Each set of Couplets is entirely separate. You do not have to win consecutive awards. There is a £50 first prize, and £25 in consolation prizes, for every Couplets competition.

A MORE generous free competition has never been offered Australian readers. It is not linked up with any advertising campaign. The £75 awarded for Couplets and the £25 awarded each week for other features of The Australian Women's Weekly, making £100 a week in all, is an offering on the part of this paper to its readers—an appreciation of appreciation.

The best part of Couplets is that there is no correct solution to worry about. A sudden flash of inspiration may win you the prize, though you have never tried to write a verse in your life.

All you have to do is to make up lines that rhyme with any three or more of the first lines supplied each week, and you have qualified for a cash prize of £50 or a worthwhile cash consolation award.

Prizes will be awarded for what the judges consider the best "Couplets."

During the series of Couplets competitions, the third of which starts this week, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish each week ten first lines for readers to work on.

The fact that a reader may not have

entered before does not prevent her, or him, from starting now in either Couplets No. 2 or No. 3. Each competition is separate.

To win the £50 first prize or one of the consolation prizes, you have only to supply three good couplets. But with each competition you can, if you like, have ten chances.

Here are examples of first lines, and Couplets made up from two of this week's first lines, to show you how it is done and how amusing it can be.

First line: Our office boy went in to ask for a rise.

Reader's Couplet: He'd never have knocked at the door otherwise.

First line: "Fore!" yelled the Colonel, addressing his ball.

Reader's Couplet: "Oh hubby is cross," sighed the cow in her stall.

A good idea is to cut out or copy this week's first lines and carry them about. A sudden idea may give you a Couplet which will win you the first prize.

Two weeks is allowed for each series in order to give readers all over Australia a chance of entering.

Here are the lines for Couplets No. 3. Treat each one individually. Competitors are required to supply couplet lines to rhyme with at least three of these first lines.

When the beach inspector saw her suit.

On One Tree Hill, in Brisbane, I walked on a summer's eve.

Our office boy went in to ask for a rise.

"Times is 'ard," said the tramp, with a sigh.

Put a penny in the slot, and turn the handle, so.

Through the lovely Melbourne gardens, the River Yarra flows.

"Fore!" yelled the Colonel, addressing his ball.

The front bell rang as I got in the bath.

The car went all right till he jammed on the brakes.

"Have you seen our Bridge," the girl from Sydney said.

READ THESE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY

Only one entry from each person can win a prize. But you can send in as many entries as you like, providing each set of three Couplets is accompanied by a Couplet coupon, clipped from the competition entry form on Page 43.

Write your first lines and their corresponding Couplets on one side of one sheet of paper, with your full name and address at the top. Entries submitted under "pen-names" will not be considered.

It is not necessary to send in ten Couplets, but you must submit at least three. The Editor's decision will be

final in all matters relating to this competition.

When more than one reader sends in the same winning entry, the other two or more Couplets submitted will be taken into consideration in selecting the winner.

The results of Couplets No. 1 will be published on October 14. Closing date for No. 2 will be October 14. Results will appear on October 21. Closing date of No. 3 Couplets will be October 21. Endorse all entries "Couplets." No other matter must be enclosed. Address to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

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The Old Gardener Offers

New DAHLIAS For Your GARDEN

"NOW is the time for all good gardeners to be preparing for the planting of dahlias, Miss, and I suppose, like the rest of the womenfolk you want to be different, and have something new in your garden this season.

"Well, then, here's a long list for you to choose from. These are the novelty decorative dahlias for 1933:

FLAMINGO.—This is a nicely-shaped dahlia, light lavender shade, long stems and a good lasting flower.

DOROTHY.—This one is a first-class exhibition variety, very large flower with strong, wiry stems. The color is mauve.

G. A. PATRICK.—This is a yellow with cinnamon tint on tips with reverse petals having a slight twist which gives the flower a wonderful appearance. The flowers are very large and have strong, stiff stems. This one was the winner of the champion prize in the Sydney Town Hall, having won the Baptist medal and Canton Cup at the R.A.S. also.

A. E. PENNELL.—A rich apricot in color shading to bronze, and excellent show flower, being large and well formed—a grand garden variety.

AUDREY PHILLIPS.—An immense flower. Deep, rosy mauve pink. Good grower and was the runner-up for the Baptist prize at the R.A.S.

MRS. JOHN ROWLAND.—A large pure white. Petals are inclined to be quilled.

JUDGE LEON McCORD.—A bronze in color.

G. W. BEAN.—A blood-red, and is carried on beautiful strong stems.

RAMONIA.—A lemon shade.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Apricot and gold, a splendid grower.

SILVER CLOUD.—A very large flower. A very pretty pink, with a silver shade over the petals.

WHITE GLORY.—Another beautiful white. The flowers are very large.

The following are new novelty dahlias of the cactus variety of flowers:

FLORIDA.—A very large flower when well-grown. Would win a prize at any show. Cinnamon in color, with a suffusion of light salmon.

VALENCIA.—This is quite a distinct variety, being pink in color. The petals are fine and long, and the flowers beautiful in shape.

UNIQUE.—A deep red tipped with white. Large and attractive blooms.

VALLIANT.—A brilliant red. Very large.

MRS. A. DURHAM.—A ruby red. A good grower.

LOTTIE.—A light orange buff, with very long petals.

DAINTY.—Pink, with pale centre. A very attractive flower.

Other new ones are SNOWDON (white), VIRGIN (maroon), MRS. PEARSON (yellow), MILLIE (pink).

THE dahlia, Miss, is a native of Mexico, and was discovered by Humboldt, and was growing in sandy soil between four or five thousand feet above the sea level. It was introduced into Europe in 1789, and the first flower was grown by the great botanist, Cavanille, in Madrid. They were grown in Paris in 1802, and in the same year were grown in England from seed. The first year in England they were a failure, and in 1804 England secured more seed from France, which was successful.

The best situation to grow good dahlias, Miss, is a sunny position with an easterly aspect. Plenty of well-decayed cow manure incorporated with the soil and a double handful of blood and bone forked well in.

Plant the bulb twice the depth of its size. When the plants are about one foot high, mulch well with manure, leaves, or grass clippings. Keep well watered.

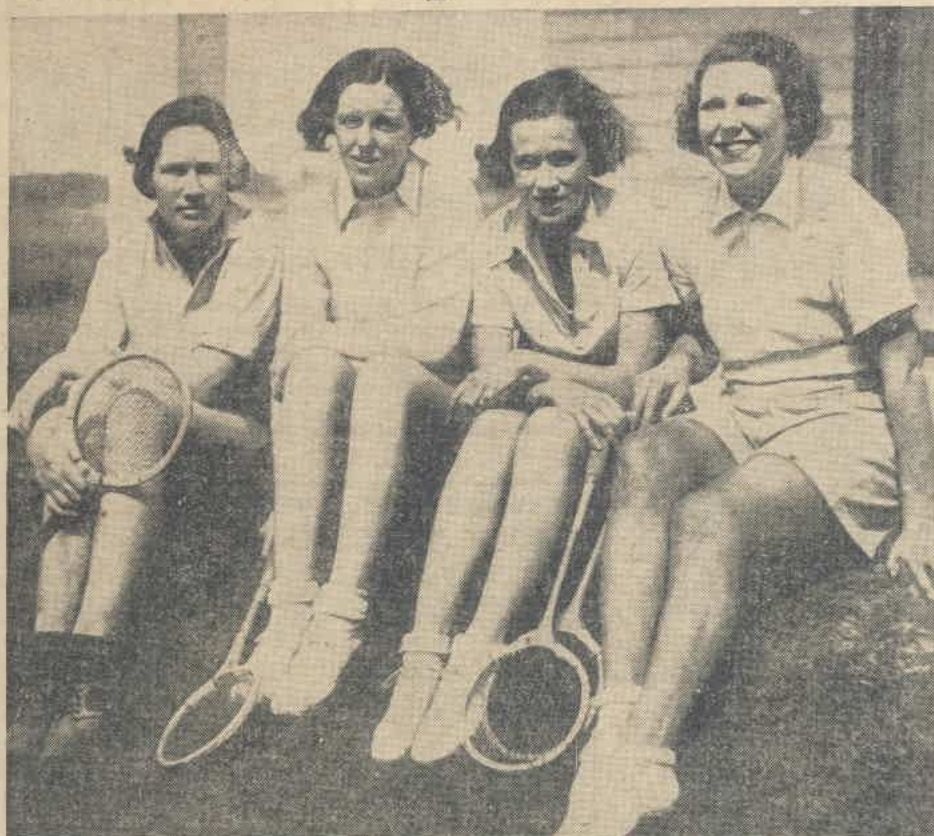
All dahlias need well-staking, and at flowering time, or when the buds begin to appear, give plenty of liquid manure.

If your plants do not look that healthy green color, you know immediately something is wrong. Examine carefully. On the leaf you will notice a tiny insect. To destroy it, Miss, mix to every four gallons of water a quarter-cup of kerosene, two tablespoons of phenol and spray the under parts of the leaves.

Try growing dahlias from seed. It is the most interesting study one can have in garden work. There is a possibility of securing a new one not known in Australia.

INTERSTATE *Squash* RACQUETS

SPORTING SHORTS



MRS. DARCY IRVINE, Misses M. Mackellar, J. Long-Innes, and B. Ross-Gore, rest on the grass at the Royal Sydney Golf Links, after a strenuous game of squash racquets.

PLAY is Strenuous
...Exhilarating, too

WOMEN'S sport is not bounded by the somewhat prosaic game of croquet on the one hand and the strenuous pursuit of baseball on the other.

The game that has become famous by reason of the favor with which it is regarded by the Prince of Wales has a definite following, both in Melbourne and in Sydney.

SQUASH racquets is a modish sport, embraced by the socially elect. The accepted costume consists of a white sports shirt and shorts. With these are worn abbreviated socks, rolled at the ankle, and sand shoes. Play is too strenuous to be continued through the summer months, and the interstate matches played in Melbourne at the Royal Melbourne Tennis Club mark the close of the present season.

THE N.S.W. team originally chosen consisted of Mrs. Walker, Miss Mackellar, and Miss Betty Ross Gore.

However, Miss Ross Gore was unable to make the trip, and Miss Long Innes was selected to go in her place.

Squash racquets has been played for the past five years in Victoria. In N.S.W. it is only eight months since the game was first started. The standard of play, therefore, has been much higher in the southern State, but the engagement of a professional coach and assiduous practice have shown very fine results among the N.S.W. players, and it is anticipated that the forthcoming interstate matches will be keenly contested.

Squash racquets is played within four walls, and without a net. It calls for a specially constructed room. So far there are only four courts in Sydney, two in private homes, one at Scottish House, and one at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. The latter is the usual rendezvous for the aspiring players to practice.

Mrs. A. V. Walker was the first woman in Sydney to play squash racquets, and has been most helpful to beginners in the art. Now, however, the girls are able to avail themselves of the services of the professional coach.

THE game is played with a racquet similar to a tennis racquet, but with a longer handle. The ball must bounce once on the floor before the wall is hit. A score of nine points wins the game, and love is as frequently called as it is in tennis. Five games constitute a match.

It is essentially a vigorous game. The players themselves maintain that half an hour at squash racquets is equal to

five hard-fought sets of singles at tennis. So strenuous is it that girls are not supposed to play for more than half an hour at a time, and a limit of three matches a week is set.

Various radical men have shaken their heads in disapproval in the contention that the game is too strenuous for girls; but this attitude has assumed something of the nature of the cry of "wolf" in the old fable, for it is a theory that has been advanced in regard to many women's sports and subsequently exploded.

It is essential, however, that players should be in excellent training. It calls, too, for the further attribute of perseverance, for the first stages of the game are admittedly difficult, and first attempts are prone to be discouraging.

One advantage that attaches to squash racquets is the fact that, being played indoors, it is not subject to the whims of the weather. The weather king may foretell the direst squalls and wind and rain without occasioning dismay to followers of the game.

Its popularity is steadily increasing, and the interstate matches will arouse wide interest. So that when next a member of our Royal family visits Australia, if he has the sporting proclivities of the H-r Apparent, he will find a partner at squash racquets as well as dancing.

HOST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrook's Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetiser***

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SKIRTS, NOT SHORTS,
OVERSEAS

CONTROVERSY regarding women's sporting attire is seemingly as heated in England as it is in Australia. Though recent overseas news reports various celebrities in the tennis world playing in shorts, the women's cricket association have taken a definite stand against any type of dress reform.

A cricket week was held in Colwell, England, recently, to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the formation of the Women's Cricket Association. The matches were more or less of the picnic variety, and the captains agreed that there would be no averages kept, either of the bowling or batting performances. This, however, did not deter the association from insisting on the rules of uniform being strictly observed.

Miss Stone, a Coventry schoolteacher, arrived in black shorts and blouse. It transpired that she had been on a cycling tour and her luggage, which she had forwarded by rail had gone astray. Eventually she bought a hairdresser's short-sleeved white overall, in which she played.

It would appear from reports received that New South Wales is the only association which allows its players to wear trousers for cricket, and these only in grade fixtures.

Last Saturday the Victorian Association opened their season with 320 members playing in "A" and "B" grades. New South Wales will not commence their grade fixtures until October 14.

Y.W.C.A. Summer Sports

WINTER sports have disbanded, and the Y.W.C.A. is now offering special summer recreation to girls. This will take the form of cricket, baseball, and rowing at the Albert Park Lake grounds. There are two tennis clubs about which further information may be obtained at the Y.W.C.A., and the swimming club meets at the City Baths at 7.30 p.m. each Tuesday evening. All of these groups have competent coaches, and interested girls are asked to get in touch with Miss Dorothy Bailey, sports secretary, at Y.W.C.A., 60 Russell Street.

Many Interstate Matches

THE coming season will be the occasion for various interchanges of visits arranged by the different women's sporting organisations. Interstate cricket matches will be played in Sydney in February. Victoria and Queensland have already signified their intention of sending a team, and it is hoped that a team from South Australia will also compete. The interstate competition will be played from the 17th to the 20th of February, and will be followed by matches between a representative Australian team and a team from New Zealand.

Cricketers Unfortunate

TWO of the best-known interstate women's cricketers will be debarrred from active participation in sport until after Christmas. Both the Victorian and the N.S.W. teams will lose the support of two of their finest players as a result.

Ruth Tucker, who plays with the Clarendon team, Melbourne, has been in hospital for an operation on her feet, and Barbara Peden, of the Kuring-Gai team, N.S.W., broke her leg during practice last week. As this player has been in rigorous training in anticipation of the opening of the cricket season, she will be keenly disappointed.

Bowlers

THE N.S.W. Women's Bowlers' Association has issued an invitation to the Adelaide, Brisbane and Maryborough Associations respectively to visit Sydney during the season, and a series of matches will be arranged. Owing to the centenary carnival to be held in Melbourne next year, a Victorian team will not be available for these events. Teams from South Australia, Queensland, N.S.W. and New Zealand have signified their intention of competing in the centenary tournament in Victoria.

When Mrs. J. S. Winter, first became honorary secretary and treasurer of the Ladies' Bowling Association, 16 years ago, there were only seven clubs; now there are 31 metropolitan and four country clubs affiliated.



MRS. GREY-SMITH, one of the foremost players of squash racquets in Melbourne.

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